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POETS  
ARE THE  
UNACKNOWLEDGED  
LEGISLATORS  
OF THE  
WORLD  
SHELLEY

PERCY'S  
RELIQUES  
OF ANCIENT  
ENGLISH  
POETRY  
VOLUME I



*Manuscript  
1721*

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

FIRST published in 1765, Percy's "*Reliques*" brought a fresh romantic impulse to the eighteenth century—an impulse which went on growing until, about 1782, it reached Sir Walter Scott, then a school-boy, and helped to determine his whole literary career. "The first time," he says in his *Autobiography*, "I could scrape a few shillings together, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm." This alone would be a reason, were one to seek, for maintaining the book among our secondary British classics. Thomas Percy, who became eventually Bishop of Dromore, was born, a grocer's son, at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, April 13, 1729. His name as originally spelt suggests a derivative from the Welsh and Border Pierces; but he was willing to remember that a grocer's son might be descended from an earl; and he did his best to establish his connection with the great Northumberland Percys. He became, indeed, chaplain to the Duke of Northumberland, and then to the King; before he was preferred to the deanery of Carlisle. His next step was to Dromore. It seems to have been Macpherson's *Ossian*, published in 1762-3, which gave Percy his idea of the "*Reliques*," as a consequence of the discovery of an old folio at Shifnall in Shropshire. (See edition of this folio Manuscript, edited by Prof. J. W. Hales and Dr. Furnivall in 1867 and 1868: which contains also a *Life of Percy* by the Rev. J. Pickford.) In producing his "*Reliques*," Percy found many willing contributors and helpers among his poetic contemporaries; and he met with some hard knocks from his critics, especially from Dr. Johnson, who was unfair, and Ritson, who was rancorous. It may be said that his very faults as a scientific editor helped to give life to his book, and to enrich its romantic atmosphere. Percy is said to have been a good bishop, faithful, earnest and extremely kind-hearted. He died in 1811. A list of his published works follows:

*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our Earlier Poets (chiefly of the Lyric kind), together with some few of the later date*, 3 vols., Dodsley, 1765; an edition appeared in London and Frankfort, omitting the dedication and Bishop Percy's name, 1790-91; fifth edition, 3 vols., 1812; Ed. R. A. Willmot, 1857; Ed. G. Gilfillan, 3 vols., 1858, with edition of text by C. Cowden Clarke, Cassel, 1877; Tauchnitz Edition, 1866; Ed. H. B. Wheatley, 3 vols., 1876; Ed. J. V. Pritchard, 2 vols., Bohn, 1876; Ed. E. Walford with Glossary and Life, 1880; Ed. R. A. Willmot, 1893.

There is also A Reprint of the original folio MS. Edited by J. W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall, assisted by Professor Child and others, with a *Life* by J. Pickford, 3 vols., 1867, 1868.

TO  
ELIZABETH,  
LATE DUCHESS AND COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,  
IN HER OWN RIGHT BARONESS PERCY, ETC. ETC. ETC.  
WHO, BEING NOBLE HEIRESS  
TO MANY GREAT FAMILIES OF OUR ANCIENT NOBILITY,  
EMPLOYED THE PRINCELY FORTUNE,  
AND SUSTAINED THE ILLUSTRIOUS HONOURS,  
WHICH SHE DERIVED FROM THEM,  
THROUGH HER WHOLE LIFE  
WITH THE GREATEST DIGNITY, GENEROSITY, AND SPIRIT;  
AND WHO FOR HER MANY PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUES  
WILL EVER BE REMEMBERED  
AS ONE OF THE FIRST CHARACTERS OF HER TIME,  
THIS LITTLE WORK  
WAS ORIGINALLY DEDICATED:  
AND, AS IT SOMETIMES AFFORDED HER AMUSEMENT,  
AND WAS HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED  
BY HER INDULGENT APPROBATION,  
IT IS NOW,  
WITH THE UTMOST REGARD, RESPECT, AND GRATITUDE,  
CONSECRATED  
TO HER BELOVED AND HONOURED  
MEMORY.

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# ADVERTISEMENT

## TO THE FOURTH EDITION

TWENTY years have nearly elapsed since the last edition of this work appeared. But, although it was sufficiently a favourite with the public, and had long been out of print, the original Editor had no desire to revive it. More important pursuits had, as might be expected, engaged his attention ; and the present edition would have remained unpublished, had he not yielded to the importunity of his friends, and accepted the humble offer of an Editor in a Nephew, to whom, it is feared, he will be found too partial.

These volumes are now restored to the public with such corrections and improvements as have occurred since the former impression ; and the Text in particular hath been emended in many passages by recurring to the old copies. The instances being frequently trivial, are not always noted in the margin ; but the alteration hath never been made without good reason : and especially in such pieces as were extracted from the folio Manuscript so often mentioned in the following pages, where any variation occurs from the former impression, it will be understood to have been given on the authority of that Manuscript.

The appeal publicly made to Dr. Johnson in the first page of the following Preface, so long since as the year 1765, and never once contradicted by him during so large a portion of his life, ought to have precluded every doubt concerning the existence of the Manuscript in question. But such, it seems, having been suggested, it may now be mentioned, that while this edition passed through his press, the Manuscript itself was left for nearly a year with Mr. Nicholls, in whose house, or in that of its possessor, it was examined with more or less attention by many gentlemen of eminence in literature. At the first publication of these volumes, it had been in the hands of all, or most of his friends ; but, as it could hardly be expected that he should continue to think of nothing else but these amusements of his youth, it was afterwards laid aside at his residence in the country. Of the many gentlemen above mentioned, who offered



to give their testimony to the public, it will be sufficient to name the Honourable Daines Barrington, the Reverend Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, and those eminent critics on Shakspeare, the Reverend Dr. Farmer, George Stevens, Esq. Edmund Malone, Esq. and Isaac Reed, Esq. to whom I beg leave to appeal for the truth of the following representation :

The Manuscript is a long narrow folio volume, containing one hundred and ninety-five Sonnets, Ballads, Historical Songs, and Metrical Romances, either in the whole or in part, for many of them are extremely mutilated and imperfect. The first and last leaves are wanting ; and of fifty-four pages nearly the beginning half of every leaf hath been torn away, and several others are injured towards the end ; besides that through a great part of the volume the top or bottom line, and sometimes both, have been cut off in the binding.

In this state is the Manuscript itself : and even where the leaves have suffered no injury, the transcripts, which seem to have been all made by one person (they are at least all in the same kind of hand), are sometimes extremely incorrect and faulty, being in such instances probably made from defective copies, or the imperfect recitation of illiterate singers ; so that a considerable portion of the song or narrative is sometimes omitted ; and miserable trash or nonsense not unfrequently introduced into pieces of considerable merit. And often the copyist grew so weary of his labour as to write on without the least attention to the sense or meaning ; so that the word which should form the rhyme is found misplaced in the middle of the line ; and we have such blunders as these, "want and will" for "wanton will" ;<sup>1</sup> even "pan and wale" for "wan and pale,"<sup>2</sup> &c. &c.

Hence the Public may judge how much they are indebted to the composer of this collection ; who, at an early period of life, with such materials and such subjects, formed a work which hath been admitted into the most elegant libraries ; and with which the judicious antiquary hath just reason to be satisfied, while refined entertainment hath been provided for every reader of taste and genius.

THOMAS PERCY,

Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

<sup>1</sup> Page 130, ver. 117. This must have been copied from a reciter.

<sup>2</sup> Page 139, ver. 164. viz.

"His visage waxed pan and wale."

# THE PREFACE

THE reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English bards and minstrels, an order of men who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near 200 poems, songs, and metrical romances. This manuscript was written about the middle of the last century ; but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.<sup>1</sup>

This manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether, in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the author of the "Rambler" and the late Mr. Shenstone.

Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected, as either show the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They are here distributed into three distinct SERIES, each of which contains an independent chain of poems, arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each SERIES is divided into THREE BOOKS, to afford so many pauses, or resting-places to the reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter time.

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer quotes the old Romance of "Libius Disconius," and some others, which are found in this manuscript. (See the Essay in vol. ii. page 175 et seqq.) It also contains several Songs relating to the Civil War in the last century, but not one that alludes to the Restoration.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these relics of antiquity will require great allowance to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics<sup>1</sup> have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and, if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each Series concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing : and, to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English minstrels ; and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class ; of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling minstrels, who composed their rhymes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no farther than for present applause, and present subsistence.

The reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in an Essay subjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgments to those gentlemen who were so kind as to impart extracts from them ; for, while this selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work, and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys,<sup>2</sup> Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes folio ; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection, he tells us, was “ begun by Mr. Selden ; im-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Addison, Mr. Dryden, the witty Lord Dorset, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive. The learned Selden appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things. See below.

<sup>2</sup> A Life of our curious collector, Mr. Pepys, may be seen in “ The Continuation of Mr. Collier’s Supplement to his Great Dictionary, 1715, at the end of vol. iii. folio. Art. PEP.”

proved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in time ; and the whole continued down to the year 1700 ; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. of the black-letter with pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside for that of the white-letter without pictures."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford is a small Collection of Ballads made by Anthony Wood in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than 200. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleian Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in manuscript, besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these, some of the best pieces were selected ; and from many private collections, as well printed as manuscript, particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness ; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies ; though often, for the sake of brevity, one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several. Where any thing was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is generally distinguished by two inverted ' commas.' And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful as the imperfect state of his materials would admit. For, these old popular rhymes being many of them copied only from illiterate transcripts, or the imperfect recitation of itinerant ballad-singers, have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care than any other writings in the world. And the old copies, whether manuscript or printed, were often so defective or corrupted, that a scrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonsense, or such poor meagre stuff as neither came from the Bard nor was worthy the press : when, by a few slight corrections or additions, a most beautiful or interesting sense hath started forth, and this so naturally and easily, that the Editor could seldom

prevail on himself to indulge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement : but must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in the amendments under some such general title as a "Modern Copy," or the like. Yet it has been his design to give sufficient intimation where any considerable liberties<sup>1</sup> were taken with the old copies, and to have retained either in the text or margin any word or phrase which was antique, obsolete, unusual, or peculiar, so that these might be safely quoted as of genuine and undoubted antiquity. His object was to please both the judicious antiquary and the reader of taste ; and he hath endeavoured to gratify both without offending either.

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. Shenstone, who was to have borne a joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him.<sup>2</sup> Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. The old folio MS. above mentioned was a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esq. of Prior's Lee, in Shropshire,<sup>3</sup> to whom this public acknowledgment is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. of Hailes, near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some obliging communications of the same kind were received from John Mac Gowan, Esq. of Edinburgh ; and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from John Davidson, Esq. of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of Kimbolton. Mr. Warton, who has twice done so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and Mr. Hest of Worcester College, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries.

<sup>1</sup> Such liberties have been taken with all those pieces which have three asterisks subjoined, thus \* \* \*.

<sup>2</sup> That the Editor hath not here underrated the assistance he received from his friend, will appear from Mr. Shenstone's own letter to the Rev. Mr. Graves, dated March 1, 1761. See his Works, vol. iii. letter ciii. It is doubtless a great loss to this work, that Mr. Shenstone never saw more than about a third of one of these volumes, as prepared for the press.

<sup>3</sup> Who informed the Editor that this MS. had been purchased in a library of old books, which was thought to have belonged to Thomas Blount, author of the "*Jocular Tenures*," 1679, 4to. and of many other publications enumerated in Wood's *Athenæ*, ii. 73 ; the earliest of which is "*The Art of making Devises*," 1646, 4to. wherein he is described to be "of the Inner Temple." If the collection was made by this lawyer, (who also published the "*Law Dictionary*," 1671, folio,) it would seem, from the errors and defects with which the MS. abounds, that he had employed his clerk in writing the transcripts, who was often weary of his task.

Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgments: to Mr. Blakeway, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library; and Mr. Farmer, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted, in favour of this little work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished.<sup>1</sup> Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the British Museum, and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of Thomas Astle, Esq. to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index annexed to the Harleian Catalogue.<sup>2</sup> The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Norris, deserves acknowledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In Mr. Garrick's curious collection of old plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor in the politest manner. To the Rev. Dr. Birch he is indebted for the use of several ancient and valuable tracts. To the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And, if the Glossaries are more exact and curious than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the supervisal of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for Northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. Mr. Lye, Editor of Junius's *Etymologicum*, and of the Gothic Gospels.

<sup>1</sup> To the same learned and ingenious friend, since Master of Emanuel College, the Editor is obliged for many corrections and improvements in his second and subsequent Editions; as also to the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmestone, near Salisbury, Editor of the curious edition of Don Quixote, with Annotations, in Spanish, in 6 vols. 4to.; to the Rev. Mr. Cole, formerly of Blecheley, near Fenny Stratford, Bucks; to the Rev. Mr. Lambe, of Noreham, in Northumberland (author of a learned "History of Chess," 1764, 8vo. and Editor of a curious "Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field," with learned Notes, 1774, 8vo.); and to G. Paton, Esq. of Edinburgh. He is particularly indebted to two friends, to whom the public, as well as himself, are under the greatest obligations; to the Honourable Daines Barrington, for his very learned and curious "Observations on the Statutes," 4to.; and to Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. whose most correct and elegant edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," 5 vols. 8vo. is a standard book, and shows how an ancient English classic should be published. The Editor was also favoured with many valuable remarks and corrections from the Rev. George Ashby, late fellow of St. John's College, in Cambridge, which are not particularly pointed out because they occur so often. He was no less obliged to Thomas Butler, Esq. F.A.S. agent to the Duke of Northumberland, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex; whose extensive knowledge of ancient writings, records, and history, has been of great use to the Editor in his attempts to illustrate the literature or manners of our ancestors. Some valuable remarks were procured by Samuel Pegge, Esq. author of that curious work the "Curialia," 4to.; but this impression was too far advanced to profit by them all; which hath also been the case with a series of learned and ingenious annotations inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1793, April, June, July, and October, 1794, and which, it is hoped, will be continued.

<sup>2</sup> Since Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

The names of so many men of learning and character, the Editor hopes, will serve as an amulet, to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent, the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

\*.\* Except in one Paragraph, and in the Notes subjoined, this Preface is given with little variation from the first edition in MDCCLXV.

# AN ESSAY

## ON

### THE ANCIENT MINSTRELS IN ENGLAND

I. THE Minstrels (A) were an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves, or others.<sup>1</sup> They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment (B). These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

The Minstrels seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards (C), who under different names were admired and revered, from the earliest ages, among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North; and indeed by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race;<sup>2</sup> but by none more than by our own Teutonic ancestors,<sup>3</sup> particularly by all the Danish tribes.<sup>4</sup> Among these they were distinguished by the name of Scalds, a word which denotes "Smootherers and Polishers of language."<sup>5</sup> The origin of their art was attributed to Odin or Woden, the father of their Gods; and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine; their persons were deemed sacred; their attendance was solicited by kings: and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards. In short, Poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to poetry and Song, from the earliest times, in those countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude, that

(A) The larger Notes and Illustrations referred to by the letters (A) (B) &c. are thrown together to the end of this Essay.

<sup>1</sup> Wedded to no hypothesis, the Author hath readily corrected any mistakes which have been proved to be in this Essay; and considering the novelty of the subject, and the time, and place, when and where he first took it up, many such had been excusable. That the term MINSTREL was not confined, as some contend, to a mere Musician, in this country, any more than on the Continent, will be considered more fully in the last Note (G G) at the end of this Essay.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. Pelloutier Hist. des Celtes, tom. i. l. 2. c. 6. 10.

<sup>3</sup> Tacit. de Mor. Germ. cap. 2.

<sup>4</sup> Vid. Bartholin. de Causis contemptæ a Danis Mortis, lib. 1. cap. 10. Wormij Literatura Runic. ad finem. See also "Northern Antiquities, or, A Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other Northern Nations; from the French of M. Mallet." London, printed for T. Carnan, 1770, 2 vol. 8vo.

<sup>5</sup> Torfæi Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist. Pref. to "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," &c.



they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the Saxons, soon after their establishment in this island, were converted to Christianity; in proportion as literature prevailed among them this rude admiration would begin to abate; and Poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons (D). Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately; and many of the most popular rhymes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman Conquest; and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great (E). There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors the Bards and Scalds (F). And though, as their art declined, many of them only recited the compositions of others, some of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic Ballads in this collection were composed by this order of men. For although some of the larger metrical Romances might come from the pen of the Monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the Minstrels, who sang them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of the old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each other's productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and therefore we might have concluded, that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if History had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors is well known to have lain chiefly in the Cimbric Chersonese, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the name of Jutland, Angelen, and Holstein.<sup>1</sup> The Jutes and Angles in particular, who composed two thirds of the conquerors of Britain, were a Danish people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark;<sup>2</sup> so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendants of their own ancestors.<sup>3</sup> From this near affinity we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations in their customs, manners, and even language; and, in fact, we find them to differ no more than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been severed in a rude uncivilized state, and had dropt all intercourse for three or four centuries: especially if we reflect that the colony here settled had adopted a new religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the mother-country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; and afterwards, among the Danish

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Chronic. Saxon. à Gibson, p. 12, 13, 4to. Bed. Hist. Eccles. à Smith, lib. i. c. 15. "Ealdsexe [Regio antiq. Saxonum] in cervice Cimbricæ Chersonesi, Holsatiam proprie dictam, Dithmarsiam, Stormariam, et Wagriam, complectens." Annot. in Bed. à Smith, p. 52. Et vid. Camdeni Britan.

<sup>2</sup> "Anglia Vetus, hodie etiam Anglen, sita est inter Saxones et Giotes [Jutos], habens oppidum capitale . . . Sleswick." Ethelwerd. lib. i.

<sup>3</sup> See Northern Antiquities, &c. vol. i. pag. 7, 8, 185, 259, 260, 261

## Essay on Ancient Minstrels II

invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic stock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic language.<sup>1</sup>

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners we might justly have wondered, if a character, so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes as the Scald or Bard, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this sister nation. And indeed this argument is so strong, and, at the same time, the early annals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective (G), that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular Bards were confessedly revered and admired in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common and numerous among the other descendants of the same Teutonic ancestors, can we do otherwise than conclude, that men of this order accompanied such tribes as migrated hither; that they afterwards subsisted here, though perhaps with less splendour than in the North; and that there never was wanting a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjunctures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was evidently the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern Scalds, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician, were all united, than appear to have been paid to the Minstrels and Harpers (H) of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert; while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen; yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour; and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word *GLEE*, which peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds (I).

II. Having premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject; and, whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume, that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the Conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to show that Minstrelsy and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons; and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened, which, if true, shows that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among this people; and that their princes themselves could, upon occasion, assume that character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in

<sup>1</sup> See Northern Antiquities, &c. Preface, p. xxvi.

the room of Hengist,<sup>1</sup> was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design, but to assume the character of a Minstrel. He therefore shaved his head and beard, and dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise, he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as a Harper. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and, making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Although the above fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth (κ): the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it; because, if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the British writers: for the first Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own; and Geoffry, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events that have escaped other annalists.

We do not, however, want instances of a less fabulous æra, and more indubitable authority; for later History affords two remarkable facts (L), which I think clearly show that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation; and that the privileges and honours which were so lavishly bestowed upon the Northern Scalds, were not wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music,<sup>2</sup> being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel (M); when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends disguised as a servant<sup>3</sup> (for in the early times it was not unusual for a Minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp), he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp; and, though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after,<sup>4</sup> a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel (N), Aulaff,<sup>5</sup> king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents; and, taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane (O). Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Aulaff bury the money which had been given him, either

<sup>1</sup> See Rapin's Hist. [by Tindal, fol. 1732, vol. i. p. 36.] who places the incident here related under the year 495.

<sup>2</sup> By Bale and Spelman. See note (M).

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Anno 938. Vid. Rapin, &c.

<sup>5</sup> So I think the name should be printed, rather than Anlaff the more usual form, (the same traces of the letters express both names in MS.) Aulaff being evidently the genuine northern name Olaff, or Olave, Lat. Olaus. In the Old Romance of "Horn-Childe," the name of the king his father is Allof, which is evidently Ollaf, with the vowels only transposed.

from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

Now if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Minstrels of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds, Aulaff would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle (P). From the uniform procedure then of both these kings, we may fairly conclude that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the Minstrel was a privileged character with each.

But, if these facts had never existed, it can be proved from undoubted records, that the Minstrel was a regular and stated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings; for in Doomesday book, *Joculator Regis*, the King's Minstrel, is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire; in which county it should seem that he had lands assigned him for his maintenance (Q).

III. We have now brought the inquiry down to the Norman Conquest; and as the Normans had been a late colony from Norway and Denmark, where the Scalds had arrived to the highest pitch of credit before Rollo's expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this adventurer, like the other northern princes, had many of these men in his train, who settled with him in his new duchy of Normandy, and left behind them successors in their art: so that, when his descendant, William the Bastard, invaded this kingdom in the following century,<sup>1</sup> that mode of entertainment could not but be still familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture will appear from a remarkable fact, which shows that the arts of Poetry and Song were still as reputable among the Normans in France, as they had been among their ancestors in the north; and that the profession of Minstrel, like that of Scald, was still aspired to by the most gallant soldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named Taillefer, who was distinguished no less for the Minstrel Arts (R) than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

Indeed the Normans were so early distinguished for their minstrel-talents, that an eminent French writer (S) makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of all modern Poetry, and shows that they were celebrated for their Songs near a century before the Troubadours of Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the Poets of Italy, France, and Spain.<sup>2</sup>

We see then that the Norman Conquest was rather likely to favour the establishment of the Minstrel profession in this kingdom, than to suppress it: and although the favour of the Norman conquerors would be probably confined to such of their own countrymen as excelled in the Minstrel Arts; and in the first ages after the Conquest no other

<sup>1</sup> Rollo was invested in his new duchy of Normandy A.D. 912. William invaded England A.D. 1066.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. "*Hist. des Troubadours*," 3 tom. passim; & vid. "*Fableaux ou Contes du XII. & du XIII. Siècle*, traduits, &c. avec des Notes historiques & critiques, &c. par M. Le Grand." Paris, 1781, 5 tom. 12mo.

songs would be listened to by the great nobility, but such as were composed in their own Norman French ; yet as the great mass of the original inhabitants were not extirpated, these could only understand their own native Gleemen or Minstrels ; who must still be allowed to exist, unless it can be proved that they were all proscribed and massacred, as, it is said, the Welsh Bards were afterwards by the severe policy of king Edward I. But this we know was not the case ; and even the cruel attempts of that monarch, as we shall see below, proved ineffectual (s 2).

The honours shown to the Norman or French Minstrels, by our princes and great barons, would naturally have been imitated by their English vassals and tenants, even if no favour or distinction had ever been shown here to the same order of men in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish reigns. So that we cannot doubt but the English Harper and Songster would, at least in a subordinate degree, enjoy the same kind of honours, and be received with similar respect among the inferior English gentry and populace. I must be allowed therefore to consider them as belonging to the same community, as subordinate members at least of the same college ; and therefore, in gleaning the scanty materials for this slight history, I shall collect whatever incidents I can find relating to Minstrels and their art, and arrange them, as they occur in our own annals, without distinction ; as it will not always be easy to ascertain, from the slight mention of them by our regular historians, whether the artists were Norman or English. For it need not be remarked that subjects of this trival nature are but incidentally mentioned by our ancient annalists, and were fastidiously rejected by other grave and serious writers ; so that, unless they were accidentally connected with such events as became recorded in history, they would pass unnoticed through the lapse of ages, and be as unknown to posterity as other topics relating to the private life and amusements of the greatest nations.

On this account it can hardly be expected that we should be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the Minstrel Art and its professors, or have sufficient information whether every Minstrel or Harper composed himself, or only repeated, the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other : and it would have been wonderful indeed, if men whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes which were the usual subjects of their recitation. Whoever examines any considerable quantity of these, finds them in style and colouring as different from the elaborate production of the sedentary composer at his desk or in his cell, as the rambling Harper or Minstrel was remote in his modes of life and habits of thinking from the retired scholar or the solitary monk (T).

It is well known that on the Continent, whence our Norman nobles came, the Bard who composed, the Harper who played and sang, and even the Dancer and the Mimic, were all considered as of one community, and were even all included under the common name of Minstrels.<sup>1</sup> I must therefore be allowed the same application of the term here, without being expected to prove that every singer composed, or every composer chanted, his own song ; much less that every one excelled in all the arts which were occasionally exercised by some or other of this fraternity.

<sup>1</sup> See Note (B) and (A A).

IV. After the Norman Conquest, the first occurrence which I have met with relating to this order of men is the founding of a priory and hospital by one of them : scil. the priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, by Royer or Raherus the King's Minstrel, in the third year of King Henry I. A.D. 1102. He was the first prior of his own establishment, and presided over it, to the time of his death (T 2).

In the reign of K. Henry II. we have upon record the name of Galfrid or Jeffrey, a Harper, who in 1180 received a corrody or annuity from the abbey of Hyde, near Winchester : and as in the early times every Harper was expected to sing, we cannot doubt but this reward was given to him for his Music and his Songs ; which, if they were for the solace of the monks there, we may conclude would be in the English language (U).

Under his romantic son, K. Richard I. the Minstrel profession seems to have acquired additional splendour. Richard, who was the great hero of chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of Poets and Minstrels. He was himself of their number, and some of his poems are still extant.<sup>1</sup> They were no less patronized by his favourites and chief officers. His chancellor, William bishop of Ely, is expressly mentioned to have invited Singers and Minstrels from France, whom he loaded with rewards ; and they in return celebrated him as the most accomplished person in the world (U 2). This high distinction and regard, although confined perhaps in the first instance to Poets and Songsters of the French nation, must have had a tendency to do honour to Poetry and Song among all his subjects, and to encourage the cultivation of these arts among the natives : as the indulgent favour shown by the monarch or his great courtiers to the Provençal Troubadour, or Norman Rymour, would naturally be imitated by their inferior vassals to the English Gleeman or Minstrel. At more than a century after the Conquest, the national distinctions must have begun to decline, and both the Norman and the English languages would be heard in the houses of the great (U 3) : so that probably about this æra, or soon after, we are to date that remarkable intercommunity and exchange of each other's compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels ; the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories, being found in the old metrical romances of both nations (V).

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his own Minstrels, in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of Poets and their art. This fact I shall relate in the following words of an ancient writer :<sup>2</sup>

"The Englishmen were more then a whole yeare without hearing any

<sup>1</sup> See a pathetic song of his in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Authors, vol. I. p. 5. The reader will find a translation of it into modern French, in *Hist. Littéraire des Troubadours*, 1774, 3 tom. 12mo. See vol. i. (p. 58.) where some more of Richard's poetry is translated. In Dr. Burney's *Hist. of Music*, vol. ii. p. 238, is a poetical version of it in English.

<sup>2</sup> Mons. Favine's *Theatre of Honour and Knighthood*, translated from the French. Lond. fol. 1623, tom. ii. p. 49. An elegant relation of the same event (from the French of Presid. Fauchet's *Recueil*, &c.) may be seen in "*Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, by Anna Williams," Lond. 1766, 4to. p. 46. It will excite the reader's admiration to be informed, that most of the pieces of that collection were composed under the disadvantage of a total deprivation of sight.

tydings of their King, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his court a Rimer or Minstrill,<sup>1</sup> called Blondell de Nesle : who (so saith the Manuscript of old Poesies,<sup>2</sup> and an auncient Manuscript French Chronicle) being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholly. Knowne it was, that he came backe from the Holy Land : but none could tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel, resolving to make search for him in many countries, but he would heare some newes of him ; after expense of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a towne<sup>3</sup> (by good hap) neere to the castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the castell appertained, and the host told him, that it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no ; for alwayes he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was one onely prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained there more then the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such meanes, that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as Minstrels doe easily win acquaintance any where :<sup>4</sup> but see the King he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell, where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which King Richard and Blondel had sometime composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it : and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the King ' began the other half and completed it.'<sup>5</sup> Thus Blondel won knowledge of the King his maister, and returning home into England, made the barons of the countrie acquainted where the King was.<sup>6</sup> This happened about the year 1193.

The following old Provençal lines are given as the very original song ;<sup>6</sup> which I shall accompany with an imitation offered by Dr. Burney, ii. 237.

<sup>1</sup> Favine's words are, "Jongleur appelé Blondiaux de Nesle." (Paris, 1620, 4to. p. 1106.) But Fauchet, who has given the same story, thus expresses it, "Or ce roy ayant nourri un Menestrel appelé Blondel," &c. liv. 2. p. 92. "Des anciens Poëtes François." He is however said to have been another Blondel, not Blondel (or Blondiaux) de Nesle ; but this no way affects the circumstances of the story.

<sup>2</sup> This the Author calls, in another place, "An ancient MS. of old Poesies, written about those very times." From this MS. Favine gives a good account of the taking of Richard by the Duke of Austria, who sold him to the Emperor. As for the MS. chronicle, it is evidently the same that supplied Fauchet with this story. See his "Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue & Poësie Française, Ryme, et Romans," &c. Par. 1581.

<sup>3</sup> Tribales. "Retrudi eum præcepit in Triballis : a quo carcere nullus ante dies istos exivit." Lat. Chron. of Otho of Austria : apud Favin.

<sup>4</sup> "Comme Menestrels s'accointent legerement." Favine. (Fauchet expresses it in the same manner.)

<sup>5</sup> I give this passage corrected ; as the English translator of Favine's book appeared here to have mistaken the original :—Scil. "Et quant Blondel eut dit la moitie de la Chanson, le Roy Richard se prist a dire l'autre moitie et l'acheva." Favine, p. 1106. Fauchet has also expressed it in nearly the same words. Recueil, p. 93.

<sup>6</sup> In a little romance or novel, entitled, "La Tour Tenebreuse, et les Jours Lumineux, Contes Angloises, accompagnez d'Historiettes, & tirez d'une ancienne Chronique composée par Richard, surnomme Cœur de Lion, Roy d'Angleterre," &c. Paris, 1705, 12mo. In the Preface to this Romance the Editor has given another song of Blondel de Nesle, as also a copy of the song written by K. Richard, and published by Mr. Walpole, mentioned above (in note 1, page 15), yet the two last are not in Provençal like the sonnet printed here ; but in the old French, called *Langage Roman*.

## BLONDEL.

Domna vostra beutas	Your beauty, lady fair,
Elas bellas faissos	None views without delight ;
Els bels oils amoros	But still so cold an air
Els gens cors ben taillats	No passion can excite :
Don sieu empresenats	Yet this I patient see
De vostra amor que mi lia.	While all are shunn'd like me.

## RICHARD.

Si bel trop affansia	No nymph my heart can wound
Ja de vos non portrai	If favour she divide,
Que major honorai	And smiles on all around
Sol en votre deman	Unwilling to decide :
Que sautra des beisan	I'd rather hatred bear
Tot can de vos volria.	Than love with others share.

The access which Blondel so readily obtained in the privileged character of a Minstrel, is not the only instance upon record of the same nature (v 2). In this very reign of K. Richard I. the young heiress of D'Evreux, Earl of Salisbury, had been carried abroad and secreted by her French relations in Normandy. To discover the place of her concealment, a knight of the Talbot family spent two years in exploring that province, at first under the disguise of a pilgrim; till having found where she was confined, in order to gain admittance he assumed the dress and character of a Harper, and being a jocose person exceedingly skilled in "the Gestes of the ancients;"<sup>1</sup> so they called the romances and stories, which were the delight of that age; he was gladly received into the family; whence he took an opportunity to carry off the young lady, whom he presented to the King; and he bestowed her on his natural brother William Longespee, (son of fair Rosamond) who became in her right Earl of Salisbury (v 3).

The next memorable event which I find in history reflects credit on the English Minstrels; and this was their contributing to the rescue of one of the great Earls of Chester, when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of K. John, and is related to this effect:<sup>2</sup>

Hugh, the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's Abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection occasioning a multitude of loose people to resort to that fair, was afterwards of signal benefit to one of his successors; for Ranulph, the last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan (or Rhuydland), to which the Welsh forthwith laid siege. In this distress he sent for help to the Lord De Lacy, Constable of Chester: "Who, making use of the Minstrells of all sorts, then met at Chester fair; by the allurements of their musick, got together a vast number of such loose people, as, by reason of the before specified privilege, were then in that city; whom he forthwith sent under the

<sup>1</sup> The words of the original, viz. "Citharisator homo jocosus in Gestis antiquorum valde peritus," I conceive to give the precise idea of the ancient Minstrel. See Note (v 2.) That Gesta was appropriated to romantic stories, see Note (i) Part iv. (1.)

<sup>2</sup> See Dugdale (Bar. i. 42. 101), who places it after 13 John, A.D. 1212. See also Plot's Staffordsh. Camden's Britann. (Cheshire.)



conduct of Dutton (his steward)" a gallant youth, who was also his son-in-law. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired.

For this good service, Ranulph is said to have granted to De Lacy, by charter, the patronage and authority over the Minstrels and the loose and inferior people: who retaining to himself that of the lower artificers, conferred on Dutton the jurisdiction of the Minstrels and Harlots;<sup>1</sup> and under the descendants of this family the Minstrels enjoyed certain privileges, and protection for many ages. For even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the Minstrels under the jurisdiction of the family of Dutton are expressly excepted out of all acts of Parliament made for their suppression; and have continued to be so excepted ever since (w).

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction are thus described by Dugdale,<sup>2</sup> as handed down to his time, viz. "That at Midsummer fair there, all the Minstrels of that countrey resorting to Chester do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to St. John's church, (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the countrey) one of 'the Minstrels' walking before him in a surcoat of his arms depicted on taffata; the rest of his fellows proceeding (two and two) and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. And after divine service ended, give the like attendance on him back to his lodging: where a court being kept by his [Mr. Dutton's] steward, and all the Minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that society, with penalties on those who transgress."

In the same reign of K. John we have a remarkable instance of a Minstrel, who to his other talents super-added the character of sooth-sayer, and by his skill in drugs and medicated potions was able to rescue a knight from imprisonment. This occurs in Leland's Narrative of the Gestes of Guarine (or Warren) and his sons, which he "excerptid owte of an old Englisch boke yn ryme"<sup>3</sup> and is as follows:

Whittington Castle in Shropshire, which together with the co-heiress of the original proprietor had been won in a solemn tournament by the ancestor of the Guarines,<sup>4</sup> had in the reign of K. John been seized by the Prince of Wales, and was afterwards possessed by Morice, a retainer of that prince, to whom the King, out of hatred to the true heir Fulco Guarine (with whom he had formerly a quarrel at chess),<sup>5</sup> not only confirmed the possession, but also made him Governor of the Marches, of which Fulco himself had the custody in the time of K. Richard. The Guarines demanded justice of the King, but obtaining

<sup>1</sup> See the ancient record in Blount's Law Dictionary. (Art. Minstrel.)

<sup>2</sup> Bar. i. p. 101.

<sup>3</sup> Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. pages 261, 266, 267.

<sup>4</sup> This old feudal custom of marrying an heiress to the knight who should vanquish all his opponents in solemn contest, &c. appears to be burlesqued in the Tournament of Totenham (see Series III. Book i. Poem 4.), as is well observed by the learned author of Remarks, &c. in Gent. Mag. for July, 1794, p. 613.

<sup>5</sup> "John, sun to K. Henry, and Fulco felle at variance at Chestes [r. Chesel]; and John brake Fulco [s] hed with the Chest borde: and then Fulco gave him such a blow, that he had almost killid hym." (Lel. Coll. i. p. 264.) A curious picture of courtly manners in that age! Notwithstanding this fray, we read in the next paragraph, that "K. Henry dubbid Fulco and three of his bretherne Knights at Winchester." Ibid.

no gracious answer, renounced their allegiance and fled into Bretagne. Returning into England, after various conflicts, "Fulco resortid to one John of Raumpayne, a Sothsayer and Jocular and Minstrelle, and made hym his spy to Morice at Whittington." The privileges of this character we have already seen, and John so well availed himself of them, that in consequence of the intelligence which he doubtless procured, "Fulco and his brethrene laide waite for Morice, as he went toward Salesbyri, and Fulco ther woundid him : and Bracy," a knight, who was their friend and assistant, "cut of Maurice [s] hedde." This Sir Bracy being in a subsequent rencounter sore wounded, was taken and brought to K. John ; from whose vengeance he was however rescued by this notable Minstrel ; for "John Rampayne found the meanes to cast them, that kepte Bracy, into a deadely slepe ; and so he and Bracy cam to Fulco to Whittington," which on the death of Morice had been restored to him by the Prince of Wales. As no further mention occurs of the Minstrel, I might here conclude this narrative : but I shall just add, that Fulco was obliged to flee into France, where assuming the name of Sir Amice, he distinguished himself in Justs and Turnaments ; and, after various romantic adventures by sea and land ; having in the true style of chivalry rescued "certayne ladies owt of prison ;" he finally obtained the King's pardon, and the quiet possession of Whittington Castle.

In the reign of K. Henry III. we have mention of Master Ricard the King's Harper, to whom in his thirty-sixth year (1252) that monarch gave not only forty shillings and a pipe of wine, but also a pipe of wine to Beatrice his wife.<sup>1</sup> The title of Magister, or Master, given to this Minstrel, deserves notice, and shows his respectable situation.

V. The Harper, or Minstrel, was so necessary an attendant on a royal personage, that Prince Edward, (afterwards K. Edward I.) in his Crusade to the Holy Land, in 1271, was not without his Harper : who must have been officially very near his person ; as we are told by a contemporary historian,<sup>2</sup> that in the attempt to assassinate that heroic prince, when he had wrested the poisoned knife out of the Sarazen's hand, and killed him with his own weapon ; the attendants, who had stood apart while he was whispering to their master, hearing the struggle, ran to his assistance, and one of them, to wit his Harper, seizing a tripod or trestle, struck the assassin on the head and beat out his brains.<sup>3</sup> And though the Prince blamed him for striking the man after he was dead, yet his near access shows the respectable situation of this officer ; and his affectionate zeal should have induced Edward to entreat his brethren the Welsh Bards afterwards with more lenity.

Whatever was the extent of this great Monarch's severity towards the professors of Music and of Song in Wales ; whether the executing by martial law such of them as fell into his hands was only during the

<sup>1</sup> Burney's Hist. ii. p. 355. Rot. Pip. An. 36 H. III. "Et in uno dolio vini empto & dato Magistro Ricardo Citharistæ Regis, xl. sol. per br. Reg. Et in uno dolio empto & dato Beatrici uxori ejusdem Ricardi."

<sup>2</sup> Walter Hemmingford (vixit temp. Edw. I.), in Chronic. cap. 35. inter V. Hist. Ang. Scriptores, vol. ii. Oxon. 1687. fol. pag. 591.

<sup>3</sup> "Accurrentes ad hæc Ministri ejus, qui a longe steterunt, invenerunt eum [scil. Nuntium] in terra mortuum, et apprehendit unus eorum tripodem, scilicet Cithareda suus, & percussit eum in capite, et effundit cerebrum ejus. Increpavitque eum Edwardus quod hominem mortuum percussisset." Ibid. These Ministri must have been upon a very confidential footing, as it appears above in the same chapter, that they had been made acquainted with the contents of the letters which the assassin had delivered to the Prince from his master.

heat of conflict, or was continued afterwards with more systematic rigour;<sup>1</sup> yet in his own court the Minstrels appear to have been highly favoured: for when, in 1306, he conferred the order of knighthood on his son and many others of the young nobility, a multitude of Minstrels were introduced to invite and induce the new knights to make some military vow (x). And

Under the succeeding reign of K. Edward II. such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in A.D. 1315 (y). Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that Minstrels still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stow (z):

"In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall: where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a Minstrel, sitting on a great horse trapped, as Minstrels then used; who rode round about the tables shewing pastime; and at length came up to the King's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one and departed." The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the King on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The privileged character of a Minstrel was employed on this occasion, as sure of gaining an easy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to assume it, that, in the case of detection, her sex might disarm the King's resentment. This is offered on a supposition that she was not a real Minstrel; for there should seem to have been women of this profession (A A) as well as of the other sex; and no accomplishment is so constantly attributed to females, by our ancient Bards, as their singing to, and playing on, the Harp (A A 2).

In the fourth year of K. Richard II. John of Gaunt erected, at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, a Court of Minstrels, similar to that annually kept at Chester (see p. 17.) and which, like a Court-Leet or Court-Baron, had a legal jurisdiction, with full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them as should refuse to appear at the said court annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a King of the Minstrels with four officers to preside over them (B B). These were every year elected with great ceremony; the whole form of which, as observed in 1680, is described by Dr. Plot:<sup>2</sup> in whose time however they appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have confined all their skill to "wind and string music."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Gray's Ode; and the Hist. of the Gwedir Family in "Miscellanies," by the Hon. Daines Barrington, 1781, 4to. p. 386; who in the Laws, &c. of this Monarch could find no instances of severity against the Welsh. See his observations on the Statutes, 4to. 4th edit. p. 358.

<sup>2</sup> Hist. of Staffordshire, ch. 10. § 69—76. p. 433 et seqq. of which see extracts in Sir J. Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. ii. p. 64; and Dr. Burney's Hist. vol. ii. 360 et seqq.

N.B. The barbarous diversion of bull-running was no part of the original institution, &c. as is fully proved by the Rev. Dr. Pegge, in *Archæologia*, vol. ii. No. xiii. page 86.

<sup>3</sup> See the charge given by the steward, at the time of the election, in Plot's Hist., ubi supra; and in Hawkins, p. 67. Burney, p. 363-4.

The Minstrels seem to have been in many respects upon the same footing as the Heralds; and the King of the Minstrels, like the King at Arms, was both here and on the Continent an usual officer in the courts of princes. Thus we have in the reign of K. Edward I. mention of a King Robert, and others. And in 16 Edw. II. is a grant to William de Morlee "the King's Minstrel, styled *Roy de North*,"<sup>1</sup> of houses which had belonged to another king, John le Boteler (B B 2). Rymer hath also printed a licence granted by K. Richard II. in 1387, to John Caumz, the King of his Minstrels, to pass the seas, recommending him to the protection and kind treatment of all his subjects and allies.<sup>2</sup>

In the subsequent reign of K. Henry IV. we meet with no particulars relating to the Minstrels in England, but we find in the Statute Book a severe law passed against their brethren the Welsh Bards; whom our ancestors could not distinguish from their own *Rimours Ministrallx*; for by these names they describe them (B B 3). This act plainly shows, that far from being extirpated by the rigorous policy of K. Edward I., this order of men were still able to alarm the English government, which attributed to them "many diseases and mischiefs in Wales," and prohibited their meetings, and contributions.

When his heroic son K. Henry V. was preparing his great voyage for France, in 1415, an express order was given for his Minstrels, fifteen in number, to attend him;<sup>3</sup> and eighteen are afterwards mentioned, to each of whom he allowed 12*d.* a day, when that sum must have been of more than ten times the value it is at present.<sup>4</sup> Yet when he entered London in triumph after the battle of Agincourt, he, from a principle of humility, slighted the pageants and verses which were prepared to hail his return; and, as we are told by Holingshed,<sup>5</sup> would not suffer "any dities to be made and song by Minstrels, of his glorious victory; for that he would whollie have the praise and thankes altogether given to God." (B B 4.) But this did not proceed from any disregard for the professors of music or of song; for at the feast of Pentecost, which he celebrated in 1416, having the Emperor, and the Duke of Holland for his guests, he ordered rich gowns for sixteen of his Minstrels, of which the particulars are preserved by Rymer.<sup>6</sup> And having before his death orally granted an annuity of 100 shillings to each of his Minstrels, the grant was confirmed in the first year of his son K. Henry VI. A.D. 1423, and payment ordered out of the Exchequer.<sup>7</sup>

The unfortunate reign of K. Henry VI. affords no occurrences respecting our subject; but in his 34th year, A.D. 1456, we have in Rymer<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> So among the Heralds *Norrey* was anciently styled *Roy d'Armes de North*. (Anstis, ii. 300.) And the Kings at Arms in general were originally called *Reges Heraldorum* (ibid. p. 302), as these were *Reges Ministrallorum*.

<sup>2</sup> Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. vii. p. 555.

<sup>3</sup> Rymer, ix. 255.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid. p. 260.

<sup>5</sup> See his *Chronicle*, sub anno 1415, (p. 1170.) He also gives this other instance of the King's great modesty, "that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, and shewed to the people, that they might behold the dintes and cuttes whiche appeared in the same, of such blowes and stripes, as hee received the daye of the battell." Ibid. Vid. T. de Elmham, c. 29. p. 72.

The prohibition against vain and secular songs would probably not include that inserted in Series II. Book i. No. 5, which would be considered as a hymn. The original notes engraven on a plate at the end of the vol. may be seen reduced and set to score in Mr. Stafford Smith's "Collection of English Songs for three and four Voices," and in Dr. Burney's *Hist. of Music*, ii. 384.

<sup>6</sup> Tom. ix. 336.

<sup>7</sup> Rymer, tom. x. 287. They are mentioned by name, being ten in number: one of them was named Thomas Chatterton.

<sup>8</sup> Tom. xi. 375.

a commission for impressing boys or youths, to supply vacancies by death among the King's Minstrels; in which it is expressly directed that they shall be elegant in their limbs, as well as instructed in the Minstrel art, wherever they can be found, for the solace of his Majesty.

In the following reign, K. Edward IV. (in his 9th year, 1469) upon a complaint that certain rude husbandmen and artificers of various trades had assumed the title and livery of the King's Minstrels, and under that colour and pretence had collected money in divers parts of the kingdom, and committed other disorders, the King grants to Walter Haliday, Marshal, and to seven others his own Minstrels whom he names, a Charter,<sup>1</sup> by which he creates, or rather restores, a Fraternity or Perpetual Guild (such as, he understands, the Brothers and Sisters of the Fraternity of Minstrels had in times past) to be governed by a Marshal appointed for life, and by two Wardens to be chosen annually; who are empowered to admit Brothers and Sisters into the said Guild, and are authorized to examine the pretensions of all such as affected to exercise the Minstrel profession; and to regulate, govern, and punish them throughout the realm (those of Chester excepted). This seems to have some resemblance to the Earl Marshal's Court among the Heralds, and is another proof of the great affinity and resemblance which the Minstrels bore to the members of the College of Arms.

It is remarkable that Walter Haliday, whose name occurs as Marshal in the foregoing Charter, had been retained in the service of the two preceding Monarchs, K. Henry V.<sup>2</sup> and VI.<sup>3</sup> Nor is this the first time he is mentioned as Marshal of the King's Minstrels, for in the third year of this reign, 1464, he had a grant from K. Edward of 10 marks per annum during life, directed to him with that title.<sup>4</sup>

But besides their Marshal we have also in this reign mention of a Sergeant of the Minstrels, who upon a particular occasion was able to do his royal master a singular service, wherein his confidential situation and ready access to the King at all hours is very apparent: for "as he [K. Edward IV.] was in the north contray in the monneth of Septembre, as he lay in his bedde, one namid Alexander Carlile, that was Sariaunt of the Mynstellis, cam to him in grete hast, and badde hym aryse for he hadde enemyes cummyng for to take him, the which were within vi. or vii. mylis, of the which tydinges the king gretely marveyld, &c." <sup>5</sup> This happened in the same year, 1469, wherein the King granted or confirmed the Charter for the Fraternity or Guild above mentioned; yet this Alexander Carlile is not one of the eight Minstrels to whom that Charter is directed.<sup>6</sup>

The same Charter was renewed by K. Henry VIII. in 1520, to John Gilman, his then Marshal, and to seven others his Minstrels:<sup>7</sup> and on the death of Gilman, he granted, in 1529, this office of Marshal of his Minstrels to Hugh Wodehouse,<sup>8</sup> whom I take to have borne the office of his Sergeant over them.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See it in Rymer, tom. xi. 642. and in Sir J. Hawkins, vol. iv. p. 366, note. The above Charter is recited in letters patent of K. Charles I. 15 July (11 Anno Regni), for a Corporation of Musicians, &c. in Westminster, which may be seen *ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> Rymer, ix. 255.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* xi. 375.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* xi. 512.

<sup>5</sup> Here unfortunately ends a curious fragment (an. 9 E. IV.), ad calcem Spottii Chron. Ed. Hearne, Oxon. 1719, 8vo. Vid. T. Warton's Hist. ii. p. 134. Note (c).

<sup>6</sup> Rymer, xi. 642.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* xiii. 705.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* xiv. 2, 93.

<sup>9</sup> So I am inclined to understand the term *serviens noster Hugo Wodehouse* in the original Grant. (See Rymer *ubi supra.*) It is needless to observe that *serviens* expressed a sergeant as well as a servant. If this interpretation of *serviens* be allowed, it will account for his placing Wodehouse at the head of his Guild, although

VI. In all the establishments of royal and noble households, we find an ample provision made for the Minstrels; and their situation to have been both honourable and lucrative. In proof of this it is sufficient to refer to the household book of the Earl of Northumberland, A.D. 1512 (C C). And the rewards they received so frequently recur in ancient writers that it is unnecessary to crowd the page with them here (C C 2).

The name of Minstrel seems however to have been gradually appropriated to the musician only, especially in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; yet we occasionally meet with applications of the term in its more enlarged meaning, as including the singer, if not the composer, of heroic or popular rhymes.<sup>1</sup>

In the time of K. Henry VIII. we find it to have been a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches, learned for that purpose, by a set of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who *did not sing* their compositions; but the others that *did*, enjoyed, without doubt, the same privileges (D D).

For even long after, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual "in places of assembly" for the company to be "desirous to heare of old adventures and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as those of King Arthur, and his knights of the round table, Sir Bevy of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke and others like," in "short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions, [sc. FITS<sup>2</sup>] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe," as the reader may be informed, by a courtly writer, in 1589;<sup>3</sup> who himself had "written for pleasure a little brief romance or historicall ditty, of the Isle of Great Britaine," in order to contribute to such entertainment. And he subjoins this caution: "Such as have not premonition hereof" (viz. that his poem was written in short metre, &c. to be sung to the harp in such places of assembly), "and consideration of the causes alleged, would peradventure prove and disgrace every romance, or short historicall ditty, for that they be not written in long meeters or verses Alexandrins," which constituted the prevailing versification among the poets of that age, and which no one now can endure to read.

And that the recital of such romances sung to the harp was at that time the delight of the common people, we are told by the same writer,<sup>4</sup> who mentions that "common rimers" were fond of using rhymes at short distances, "in small and popular musickes song by these Cantabanqui" [the said common rhymers] "upon benches and barrels heads," &c. "or else by blind Harpers or such like taverne Minstrels that give a FIT of mirth for a groat; and their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the Tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances, or historicall rimes," &c.; "also they be used in carols and rounds, and such light or lascivious poemes, which are commonly more commodiously uttered

he had not been one of the eight Minstrels who had had the general direction. The Serjeant of his Minstrels, we may presume, was next in dignity to the Marshal, although he had no share in the government of the Guild.

<sup>1</sup> See below, and Note (G G).

<sup>2</sup> See an essay on the word FIT at the end of No. x. Series II. Book ii.

<sup>3</sup> Puttenham, in his "Arte of English Poesie," 1589, 4to. p. 33. See the quotation, in its proper order, in the essay on the word FIT, as above.

<sup>4</sup> Puttenham, &c. p. 69. See the essay on the word FIT ibid.

by these buffons, or vices in plays, then by any other person. Such were the rimes of Skelton (usurping the name of a poet laureate), being in deede but a rude railing rimer, and all his doings ridiculous."<sup>1</sup>

But although we find here that the Minstrels had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect; yet that they still sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads, I think, may be inferred from the following representation:

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were contrived for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was to have been that of an ancient Minstrel; whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present,<sup>2</sup> and gives us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large (E E).

"A person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a xlv years old, apparelled partly as he would himself. His cap off; his head seemingly rounded tonsterwise:<sup>3</sup> fair kembered, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's grease was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaven: and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked and glistening like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side [*i. e.* long] gown of Kendal green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a' two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin<sup>4</sup> edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D for Damian, for he was but a batchelor yet.

"His gown had side [*i. e.* long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted: upon them a pair of poynets<sup>5</sup> of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden points, a wealt towards the hand of fustian-a-napes. A pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns: not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shining as a shoing horn.

"About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His wrest<sup>6</sup> tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain [pewter,<sup>7</sup> for] silver, as a Squire Minstrel of Middlesex, that travelled the country this summer season, unto fairs and worshipful men's houses.

<sup>1</sup> Puttenham, &c. p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> See a very curious "Letter: whearin, part of the entertainment untoo the Queenz Maiesty, at Killingwoorth Castl, in Warwick Sheer, in this soomerz Progress 1575, iz signified," &c. bl. l. 4to. vid. p. 46 & seqq. (Printed in Nichols's Collection of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, &c. in 2 vols. 4to.) We have not followed above the peculiar and affected orthography of this writer, who was named Ro. Laueham, or rather Langham; see p. 84.

<sup>3</sup> I suppose "tonsure-wise," after the manner of the monks.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* handkerchief. So in Shakspeare's Othello, passim.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps, points.

<sup>6</sup> The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

<sup>7</sup> The reader will remember that this was not a real Minstrel, but only one personating that character; his ornaments therefore were only such as outwardly represented those of a real Minstrel.

From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Islington."

This Minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families wore the arms of their patrons hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge.<sup>1</sup> From the expression of Squire Minstrel above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as Yeoman Minstrels, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, after "three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem, and wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand, for 'filing his napkin, tempered a string or two with his wrest, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, &c." This song the reader will find printed in Series III. Book i. No. 3.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth,<sup>2</sup> a statute was passed by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession (E E 2).

VII. I cannot conclude this account of the ancient English Minstrels, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the north of England. There is scarce an old historical song or ballad (F F) wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "of the north countrey :"<sup>3</sup> and indeed the prevalence of the northern dialect in such compositions, shews that this representation is real.<sup>4</sup> On the other hand the scene of

<sup>1</sup> As the house of Northumberland had anciently three Minstrels attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so they still retain three in their service in Northumberland, who wear the badge of the family (a silver crescent on the right arm), and are thus distributed, viz. One for the barony of Prudhoe, and two for the barony of Rothbury. These attend the court-leets and fairs held for the lord, and pay their annual suit and service at Alnwick Castle; their instrument being the ancient Northumberland bagpipe (very different in form and execution from that of the Scots; being smaller, and blown, not with the breath, but with a small pair of bellows).

This, with many other venerable customs of the ancient Lord Percys, was revived by their illustrious representatives the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

<sup>2</sup> Anno Dom. 1597. Vid. Pult. Stat. p. 1110, 39 Eliz.

<sup>3</sup> See Series I. Book i. No. 6.

<sup>4</sup> Giraldus Cambrensis, writing in the reign of K. Henry II. mentions a very extraordinary habit or propensity, which then prevailed in the north of England, beyond the Humber, for "symphonious harmony," or singing "in two parts, the one murmuring in the base, and the other warbling in the acute or treble." (I use Dr. Burney's version, vol. ii. p. 108.) This he describes, as practised by their very children from the cradle; and he derives it from the Danes (so *Daci* signifies in our old writers) and Norwegians, who long over-ran and in effect new-peopled the northern parts of England, where alone this manner of singing prevailed. (Vide Cambriae Descriptio, cap. 13. and in Burney ubi supra.) Giraldus is probably right as to the origin or derivation of this practice, for the Danish and Icelandic Scalds had carried the arts of poetry and singing to great perfection at the time the Danish settlements were made in the north. And it will also help to account for the superior skill and fame of our northern Minstrels and Harpers afterwards: who had preserved and transmitted the arts of their Scaldic ancestors. See Northern Antiquities, vol. i. c. 13. p. 386. and Five Pieces of Runic Poetry, 1763, 8vo. Compare the original passage in Giraldus, as given by Sir John Hawkins, i. 438, and by Dr. Burney, ii. 108. who are both at a loss to account for this peculiarity, and therefore doubt the fact. The credit of Giraldus, which hath been attacked by some partial and bigoted antiquaries, the reader will find defended in that learned and curious work, "Antiquities of Ireland," by Edward Ledwich, LL.D. &c. Dublin, 1790, 4to. p. 207 et seqq.



the finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland; which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish Minstrels. In the old song of Maggy Lawder, a piper is asked, by way of distinction, *Come ze frae the Border?*<sup>1</sup> The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our southern metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern countries, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are so peculiarly described.

The reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this Collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable license of varying the accents of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhymes; as

<i>Countrie</i>	<i>harper</i>	<i>battel</i>	<i>morning</i>
<i>Ladie</i>	<i>singer</i>	<i>damsel</i>	<i>loving,</i>

instead of *country*, *lady*, *harper*, *singer*, &c. This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of heroical ballads; I mean, by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old Minstrelsy that I can discover, are No. 3 and 4, of Series I. Book iii. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel Ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost license of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. The other sort are written in exacter

<sup>1</sup> This line being quoted from memory, and given as old Scottish poetry is now usually printed (see the note at the end of the Glossary, vol. ii.), would have been readily corrected by the copy published in "Scottish Songs," 1794, 2 vols. 12mo. vol. i. p. 267, thus (though apparently corrupted from the Scottish idiom),

"Live you upo' the border?"

had not all confidence been destroyed by its being altered in the "Historical Essay" prefixed to that publication (p. cx.) to

"Ye live upo' the border,"

the better to favour a position, that many of the pipers "might live upon the border, for the conveniency of attending fairs, &c. in both kingdoms." But whoever is acquainted with that part of England, knows that on the English frontier, rude mountains and barren wastes reach almost across the island, scarcely inhabited by any but solitary shepherds; many of whom durst not venture into the opposite border on account of the ancient feuds and subsequent disputes concerning the debatable lands which separated the boundaries of the two kingdoms, as well as the estates of the two great families of Percy and Douglas, till these disputes were settled, not many years since, by arbitration between the present Lord Douglas and the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners. To be sensible of the difference between them, let the reader compare No. 3, of Book iii. Series I. with No. 11, of Book ii. Series I.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign (as is mentioned above) the genuine old Minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of Garlands, and at length to be written purposely for such collections (F F 2).

P.S. *By way of Postscript, should follow here the discussion of the question whether the term Minstrels was applied in English to singers, and composers of Songs, &c. or confined to musicians only. But it is reserved for the concluding Note (G G).*

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

REFERRED TO IN

### THE FOREGOING ESSAY

(A) "The Minstrels," &c.] The word *Minstrel* does not appear to have been in use here before the Norman Conquest; whereas it had long before that time been adopted in France.<sup>1</sup> *Menestrel*, so early as the eighth century, was a title given to the *Maestro di Capella* of K. Pepin, the father of Charlemagne: and afterwards to the Coryphæus, or leader of any band of musicians. (Vid. Burney's Hist. of Music, ii. 268.) This term *Menestrel*, *Menestrier*, was thus expressed in Latin, *Ministellus*, *Ministrellus*, *Ministrallus*, *Menesterellus*, &c. Vid. Gloss. Du Cange & Supplem.

Menage derives the French words above mentioned from *Ministerialis* or *Ministeriarius*, barbarous Latin terms, used in the middle ages to express a workman or artificer (still called in Languedoc *Ministral*), as if these men were styled artificers or performers by way of excellence. (Vid. Diction. Etym.) But the origin of the name is given perhaps more truly by Du Cange: "Ministelli, . . . quos vulgo *Menestreux* vel *Menestriers* appellamus, quod minoribus aulæ *Ministris* accense-rentur." (Gloss. iv. p. 769.) Accordingly, we are told, the word "*Minister*" is sometimes used "pro *Ministellus*" (*ibid.*), and an instance is produced which I shall insert at large in the next paragraph.

<sup>1</sup> The Anglo-Saxon and primary English name for this character was *Gleeman* (see below, Note (i) sect. I), so that, wherever the term *Minstrel* is in these pages applied to it before the Conquest, it must be understood to be only by anticipation. Another early name for this profession in English was *Jogeler*, or *Jocular*, Lat. *Joculator*. (See p. 13, as also Note (v 2) and Note (Q). To prevent confusion, we have chiefly used the more general word *Minstrel*: which (as the author of the Observ. on the Statutes hath suggested to the Editor) might have been originally derived from a diminutive of the Lat. *Minister*, scil. *Ministerellus*, *Ministrellus*.

Minstrels sometimes assisted at divine service, as appears from the record of the 9th of Edw. IV. quoted above in p. 22, by which Haliday and others are erected into a perpetual Gild, &c. (See the original in Rymer, xi. 642.) By part of this record it is recited to be their duty "to pray (*exorare*: which it is presumed they did by assisting in the chant, and musical accompaniment, &c.) in the king's chapel, and particularly for the departed souls of the king and queen when they shall die, &c." The same also appears from the passage in the Supplem. to Du Cange, alluded to above. "Minister . . . pro *Ministrellus* Jocularor.<sup>1</sup> Vetus Ceremoniale MS. B. M. deauratæ Tolos. "Item, etiam congregabuntur Piscatores, qui debent interesse isto die in processione cum *Ministris* seu Jocularioribus; quia ipsi Piscatores tenentur habere isto die *Joculatores*, seu *Mimos* ob honorem Crucis—et vadunt primi ante processionem cum *Ministris* seu Jocularioribus semper pulsantibus usque ad Ecclesiam S. Stephani." (Gloss. 773.) This may perhaps account for the clerical appearance of the Minstrels, who seem to have been distinguished by the Tonsure, which was one of the inferior marks of the clerical character.<sup>2</sup> Thus Jeffery of Monmouth, speaking of one who acted the part of a Minstrel, says, "Rasit capillos suos et barbam." (See Note (κ). Again, a writer in the reign of Elizabeth, describing the habit of an ancient Minstrel, speaks of his head as "rounded tonster-wise" (which I venture to read tonsure-wise), "his beard smugly shaven." See above, p. 24.

It must however be observed, that notwithstanding such clerical appearance of the Minstrels, and though they might be sometimes countenanced by such of the clergy as were of more relaxed morals, their sportive talents rendered them generally obnoxious to the more rigid ecclesiastics, and to such of the religious orders as were of more severe discipline; whose writings commonly abound with heavy complaints of the great encouragement shown to those men by the princes and nobles, and who can seldom afford them a better name than that of *Scurræ*, *Famelici*, *Nebulones*, &c. of which innumerable instances may be seen in Du Cange. It was even an established order in some of the monasteries, that no Minstrel should ever be suffered to enter the gates.<sup>3</sup>

We have however innumerable particulars of the good cheer and great rewards given to the Minstrels in many of the convents, which are collected by T. Warton (i. 91, &c.) and others. But one instance, quoted from Wood's Hist. Antiq. Univ. Ox. i. 67 (sub an. 1224), deserves particular mention. Two itinerant priests, on a supposition of

<sup>1</sup> Ministers seems to be used for Minstrels in the Account of the enthronization of App. Neville (An. 6. Edw. IV.): "Then all the chaplains must say grace, and the Ministers do sing." Vid. Lelandi Collectanea, by Hearne, vol. vi. p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> It has however been suggested to the Editor by the learned and ingenious author of "Irish Antiquities," 4to. that the ancient *Mimi* among the Romans had their heads and beards shaven, as is shown by Salmassius in *Notis ad Hist. August. Scriptores* VI. Paris, 1620, fol. p. 385. So that this peculiarity had a classical origin, though it afterwards might make the Minstrels sometimes pass for ecclesiastics, as appears from the instance given below. Dr. Burney tells us that *Histriones*, and *Mimi*, abounded in France in the time of Charlemagne (ii. 221), so that their profession was handed down in regular succession from the time of the Romans, and therewith some leading distinctions of their habit or appearance; yet with a change in their arts of pleasing, which latterly were most confined to singing and music.

<sup>3</sup> Yet in St. Mary's church at Beverley, one of the columns hath this inscription: "Thys Pillar made the Mynstrylls;" having its capital decorated with figures of five men in short coats; one of whom holds an instrument resembling a lute. See Sir J. Hawkins's, Hist. ii. 298.

their being *Mimi* or *Minstrels*, gained admittance. But the cellarer, sacrist, and others of the brethren, who had hoped to have been entertained with their diverting arts, &c. when they found them to be only two indigent ecclesiastics, who could only administer spiritual consolation, and were consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them and turned them out of the monastery (ibid. p. 92). This passage furnishes an additional proof that a Minstrel might by his dress or appearance be mistaken for an ecclesiastic.

(B) "The Minstrels use mimicry and action, and other means of diverting," &c.] It is observable, that our old monkish historians do not use the words *Cantator*, *Citharædus*, *Musicus*, or the like, to express a Minstrel in Latin, so frequently as *Mimus*, *Histrion*, *Joculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it might be inferred, that the Minstrels set off their songs with all the arts of gesticulation, &c. or, according to the ingenious hypothesis of Dr. Brown, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. See his History of the Rise of Poetry, &c.

But indeed all the old writers describe them as exercising various arts of this kind. Joinville, in his life of St. Lewis, speaks of some Armenian Minstrels, who were very dextrous tumblers and posture-masters. "Avec le prince vinrent trois Menestriers de la Grande Hyermenie (Armenia). . . . et avoient trois cors—Quand ils encommençoient a corner, vous dissiez que ce sont les voix de cygnes, . . . . et fesoient les plus douces melodies.—Ils fesoient trois merveilleux saus, car on leur metoit une touaille desous les piez, et tournoient tout debout . . . . Les deux tournoient les testes arrieres," &c. See the extract at large, in the Hon. D. Barrington's Observations on the Anc. Statutes, 4to. 2d edit. p. 273. omitted in the last impression.

This may also account for that remarkable clause in the press warrant of Henry VI. "De Ministrallis propter solatium Regis providendis," by which it is required, that the boys, to be provided "in arte Ministrallatûs instructos," should also be "membris naturalibus elegantes." See above p. 21. Observ. on the Anc. Stat. 4th edit. p. 337.

Although by Minstrel was properly understood, in English, one who sung to the harp, or some other instrument of music, verses composed by himself or others; yet the term was also applied by our old writers to such as professed either music or singing separately, and perhaps to such as practised any of the sportive arts connected with these.<sup>1</sup> Music however being the leading idea, was at length peculiarly called minstrelsy, and the name of Minstrel at last confined to the musician only.

In the French language all these arts were included under the general name of *Menestrandie*, *Menestrandise*, *Jonglerie*, &c. (Med. Lat. *Menestellorum Ars*, *Ars Joculatoria*, &c.)—"On peut comprendre sous le nom de *Jonglerie* tout ce qui appartient aux anciens chansonniers Provençaux, Normands, Picards, &c. Le corps de la Jonglerie étoit formé des *Trouveres*, ou *Troubadours*, qui composoient les chansons, et parmi lesquels il y avoit des *Improvisateurs*, comme on en trouve en *Italie*; des *Chanteurs* ou *Chanterres* qui exécutoient ou chantoient ces compositions; des *Conteurs* qui faisoient en vers ou en prose les contes, les recits, les histoires; des *Jongleurs* ou *Menestrels* qui accompagnoient

<sup>1</sup> Vid. infra, Not. (A A).

de leurs instruments. L'art de ces Chantres ou Chansonniers, étoit nommé la Science Gaie, *Gay Saber*," (Pref. Anthologie Franç. 1765, 8vo. p. 17). See also the curious Fauchet (*De l'Orig. de la Lang. Fr. p. 72, &c.*) "Bien tost apres la division de ce grand empire François en tant de petits royaumes, duches, et comtez, au lieu des Poetes commencerent a se faire cognoistre les *Trouverres*, et *Chanterres*, *Conteurs*, et *Juglours*: qui sont *Trouveurs*, *Chantres*, *Conteurs*, *Jongleurs*, ou *Jugleurs*, c'est à dire, *Menestriers* chantans avec la viole."

We see then that *Jongleur*, *Jugleur* (Lat. *Joculator*, *Juglator*), was a peculiar name appropriated to the Minstrels. "Les *Jongleurs* ne faisoient que chanter les poesies sur leurs instrumens. On les appelloit aussi *Menestrels*;" says Fontenelle, in his Hist. du Theat. Franc. prefixed to his Life of Corneille.

(c) "Successors of the ancient Bards." That the Minstrels in many respects bore a strong resemblance both to the British Bards and to the Danish Scalds, appears from this, that the old monkish writers express them all without distinction by the same names in Latin. Thus Geoffery of Monmouth, himself a Welshman, speaking of an old Pagan British king, who excelled in singing and music so far as to be esteemed by his countrymen the patron Deity of the Bards, uses the phrase *Deus Jocularum*; which is the peculiar name given to the English and French Minstrels.<sup>1</sup> In like manner, William Malmesbury, speaking of a Danish king's assuming the profession of a Scald, expresses it by *Professus Minum*; which was another name given to the Minstrels in middle Latinity.<sup>2</sup> Indeed Du Cange, in his Glossary, quotes a writer, who positively asserts that the Minstrels of the middle ages were the same with the ancient Bards. I shall give a large extract from this learned glossographer, as he relates many curious particulars concerning the profession and arts of the Minstrels; whom, after the monks, he stigmatizes by the name of *Scurræ*; though he acknowledges their songs often tended to inspire virtue.

"*Ministelli*, dicti præsertim *Scurræ*, Mimi, *Joculatores*." . . . .  
 "Ejusmodi *Scurrarum* munus erat principes non suis duntaxat ludicris oblectare, sed et eorum aures variis avorum, adeoque ipsorum principum laudibus, non sine *assentatione*, cum cantilenis et musicis instrumentis demulcere. . . .

"Interdum etiam virorum insignium et heroum gesta, aut explicata et jocunda narratione commemorabant, aut suavi vocis inflexione, fidi-busque decantabant, quo sic dominorum, cæterorumque qui his intererant ludicris, nobilium animos ad *virtutem* capessendam, et summorum virorum imitationem accenderent: quod fuit olim apud Gallos Bardorum ministerium, ut auctor est Tacitus. Neque enim alios à *Ministellis*, veterum Gallorum *Bardos* fuisse pluribus probat Henricus Valesius ad 15 Ammiani. . . . .Chronicon Bertrandi Guesclini.

Qui veut avoir renom des bons et des vaillans  
 Il doit aler souvent a la pluie et au champs  
 Et estre en la bataille, ainsy que fu Rollans,  
 Les Quatre Fils Haimon, et Charlon li plus grans,  
 Li dus Lions de Bourges, et Guions de Connans,  
 Perceval li Galois, Lancelot, et Tristans,  
 Alixandres, Artus, Godfroi li Sachans,  
 De quoy cils *Menestriers* font les nobles *Romans*."

"Nicolaus de Braia describens solenne convivium, quo post inaugura-

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Note (B) (κ) (Q).

<sup>2</sup> Vid. Note (N).

tionem suam proceres excepit Lud. VIII. rex Francorum, ait inter ipsius convivii apparatus, in medium prodiisse *Mimum*, qui regis laudes ad cytharam decantavit."

Our author then gives the lines at length, which begin thus—

"Dumque fovent genium geniali munere Bacchi,  
Nectare commixto curas removente Lyæo  
Principis a facie, citharæ celeberrimus arte  
Assurgit *Minus*, ars musica quem decoravit.  
Hic ergo chorda resonante subintulit ista;  
Inclyte rex regum, probitatis stemmate vernans,  
Quem vigor et virtus extollit in æthera famæ," &c.

The rest may be seen in Du Cange, who thus proceeds, "Mitto reliqua similia, ex quibus omnino patet ejusmodi Mimorum et Ministellorum cantilenas ad virtutem principes excitasse. . . . Id præsertim in pugna præinctu, dominis suis occinebant, ut martium ardorem in eorum animis concitarent: cujusmodi cantum *Cantilenam Rollandi* appellat Will. Malmesb. lib. 3. Aimoinus, lib. 4. de Mirac. S. Bened. c. 37. 'Tanto vero illis securitas . . . ut *Scurram* se precedere facerent, qui musico instrumento res fortiter gestas et priorum bella præcineret, quatenus his acrius incitarentur, &c.'" As the writer was a monk, we shall not wonder at his calling the Minstrel, *Scurram*.

This word *Scurra*, or some one similar, is represented in the glossaries as the proper meaning of *Leccator* (Fr. *Leccour*) the ancient term by which the *Minstrel* appears to be expressed in the Grant to Dutton, quoted above in page 18. On this head I shall produce a very curious passage, which is twice quoted in Du Cange's Glossary (sc. ad verb. *Menestellus* et ad verb. *Lecator*). "Philippus Mouskes in Philip. Aug. fingit Carolum M. Provincie comitatum *Scurris* et *Mimis* suis olim donasse, indeque postea tantum in hac regione poetarum numerum excrevisse.

Quar quant li buens Rois Karlemaigne  
Ot toute mise a son demaine  
Provence, qui mult iert plentive  
De vins, de bois, d'aigue, de rive,  
As *Leccours* as *Menestreus*  
Qui sont auques luxurieux  
Le donna toute et departi."

(D) "The Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons."] The word *Scald* comprehended both characters among the Danes, nor do I know that they had any peculiar name for either of them separate. But it was not so with the Anglo-Saxons. They called a poet *Sceop*, and *Leoðpyhta*: the last of these comes from *Leoð*, a song; and the former answers to our old word *Maker* (Gr. *ποιητής*) being derived from *Scippan* or *Sceopan*, *formare*, *facere*, *ingere*, *creare* (Ang. to shape). As for the Minstrel, they distinguished him by the peculiar appellation of *Elygman*, and perhaps by the more simple title of *Heappene*, Harper. (See below, Notes (H) (1). This last title, at least, is often given to a Minstrel by our most ancient English rhymists. See in this work vol. i. p. 37, &c. and Series III. Book i. No. 7.

(E) "Minstrels . . . at the houses of the great, &c.]" Du Cange affirms, that in the middle ages the courts of princes swarmed so much with this kind of men, and such large sums were expended in maintaining and rewarding them, that they often drained the royal treasuries; especially, he adds, of such as were delighted with their

flatteries ("præsertim qui ejusmodi Ministellorum assentationibus delectabantur"). He then confirms his assertion by several passages out of monastic writers, who sharply inveigh against this extravagance. Of these I shall here select only one or two, which show what kind of rewards were bestowed on these old songsters.

"Rigordus de Gestis Philippi Aug. an 1185. Cum in curiis regum seu aliorum principum, frequens turba *Histrionum* convenire soleat, ut ab eis *aurum, argentum, equos, seu vestes*,<sup>1</sup> quos persæpe mutare consueverunt principes, ab eis extorqueant, verba jocularia variis adulationibus plena proferre nituntur. Et ut magis placeant, quicquid de ipsis principibus probabiliter fingi potest, videlicet omnes delitias et lepores, et visu dignas urbanitates et cæteras ineptias, trutinantibus buccis in medium eructare non erubescunt. Vidimus quondam quosdam principes, qui *vestes* diu excogitatas, et variis florum picturationibus artificiosè elaboratas, pro quibus forsitan 20 vel. 30 marcas argenti consumpserant, vix revolutis septem diebus, *Histrionibus*, ministris diaboli, ad primam vocem dedisse, &c."

The curious reader may find a similar, though at the same time a more candid account, in that most excellent writer, Presid. Fauchet (Recueil de la Lang. Fr. p. 73), who says that, like the ancient Greek *Aoidoi*, "Nos Trouverres, ainsi que ceux la, prenaient leur subject sur les faits des vaillans (qu'ils appelloient Geste, venant de *Gesta* Latin) alloyent . . . par les cours jouir les Princes . . . Remportans des grandes recompences des seigneurs, qui bien souvent leur donnoient jusques aux *robes* qu'ils avoyent vestues : et lesquelles ces Juggleurs ne failloyent de porter aux autres cours, à fin d'inviter les seigneurs a pareille liberalité. Ce qui a duré si longuement, qu'il *Me souvient avoir veu* Martin Baraton (ja viel Menestrier d'Orleans) lequel aux festes et nopces batoit un tabourin d'argent, semé des plaques aussi d'argent, gravees des armoiries de ceux a qui il avoit appris a *dancer*." Here we see that a Minstrel sometimes performed the function of a Dancing-master.

Fontenelle even gives us to understand, that these men were often rewarded with favours of a still higher kind, "Les princesses & les plus grandes dames y joignoient souvent leurs faveurs. Elles estoient fort foibles contre les beaux esprits." (Hist. du Théat.) We are not to wonder then that this profession should be followed by men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houses. "Tel qui par les partages de sa famille n'avoit que la moitié ou le quart d'une vieux chateaux bien seigneurial, alloit quelque temps courir le monde en rimant, et revenoit acquerir le reste de Chateau." (Fontenelle Hist. du Théat.) We see then, that there was no improbable fiction in those ancient songs and romances, which are founded on the story of Minstrels being beloved by kings' daughters, &c. and discovering themselves to be the sons of some foreign prince, &c.

(F) The honours and rewards lavished upon the Minstrels were not confined to the continent. Our own countryman Johannes Sarisburi-

<sup>1</sup> The Minstrels in France were received with great magnificence in the 14th century. Froissart describing a Christmas entertainment given by the Comte de Foix, tells us, that "there were many Mynstrels, as well of hys own as of straungers, and each of them dyd their devoyre in their faculties. The same day the Erle of Foix gave to Haraulds and Minstrelles the som of Fyve Hundred Frankes: and gave to the Duke of Tourayns Mynstreles Gownes of Clothe of Gold furred with Ermyne valued at Two Hundred Frankes." B. iii. c. 31. Eng. Trans. Lond. 1525. (Mr. C.,

ensis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims no less than the monks abroad, against the extravagant favour shewn to these men. "Non enim more nugatorum ejus seculi in *Histriones et Mimos*, et hujusmodi monstra hominum, ob famæ redemptionem et dilatationem nominis effunditis opes vestras," &c. Epist. 247.<sup>1</sup>

The monks seem to grudge every act of munificence that was not applied to the benefit of themselves and their convents. They therefore bestow great applauses upon the Emperor Henry, who, at his marriage with Agnes of Poictou, in 1044, disappointed the poor Minstrels, and sent them away empty. "Infinitam Histrionum et Joculatorum multitudinem sine cibo et muneribus vacuam et moerentem abire permisit." (Chronic. Vitziburg.) For which I doubt not but he was sufficiently stigmatized in the songs and ballads of those times. Vid. Du Cange, Gloss. tom. iv. p. 771, &c.

(G) "The annals of the Anglo-Saxons are scanty and defective." Of the few histories now remaining that were written before the Norman Conquest, almost all are such short and naked sketches and abridgements, giving only a concise and general relation of the more remarkable events, that scarce any of the minute circumstantial particulars are to be found in them: nor do they hardly ever descend to a description of the customs, manners, or domestic œconomy of their countrymen. The Saxon Chronicle, for instance, which is the best of them, and upon some accounts extremely valuable, is almost such an epitome as Lucius Florus and Eutropius have left us of the Roman history. As for Ethelward, his book is judged to be an imperfect translation of the Saxon Chronicle;<sup>2</sup> and the *Pseudo-Asser*, or Chronicle of St. Neot, is a poor defective performance. How absurd would it be then to argue against the existence of customs or facts, from the silence of such scanty records as these! Whoever would carry his researches deep into that period of history, might safely plead the excuse of a learned writer, who had particularly studied the Ante-Norman historians. "Conjecturis (licet nusquam verisimili fundamento) aliquoties indulgemus . . . utpote ab Historicis jejune nimis et indiligenter res nostras tractantibus coacti . . . Nostri . . . nudâ factorum commemoratione plerumque contenti, reliqua omnia, sive ob ipsarum rerum, sive meliorum literarum, sive Historicorum officii ignorantiam, fere intacta prætereunt." Vide plura in Præfat. ad Ælfr. Vitam à Spelman. Ox. 1678. fol.

(H) "Minstrels and Harpers." That the Harp (*Cithara*) was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons, might be inferred from the very word itself, which is not derived from the British, or any other Celtic language, but of genuine Gothic original, and current among every branch of that people: viz. Ang. Sax. *Heanpe*, *Heanpa*. Iceland. *Harpa*, *Harpur*. Dan. and Belg. *Harpe*. Germ. *Harpf*, *Harpf*. Gal. *Harpe*. Span. *Harpa*. Ital. *Arpa*. (Vid. Jun. Etym.—Menage Etym. &c.) As also from this, that the word *Heanpe* is constantly used, in the Anglo-Saxon versions, to express the Latin words *Cithara*, *Lyra*, and even *Cymbalum*: the word *Psalmus* itself being sometimes translated *Heanp rang*, Harp Song. Gloss. Jun. R. apud Lye Anglo-Sax. Lexic.

<sup>1</sup> Et vid. Policraticon, cap. 8, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. Nicolson's Eng. Hist. Lib. &c.



But the fact itself is positively proved by the express testimony of Bede, who tells us that it was usual at festival meetings for this instrument to be handed round, and each of the company to sing to it in his turn. See his Hist. Eccles. Anglor. Lib. 4. c. 24. where speaking of their sacred poet Cædmon, who lived in the times of the Heptarchy (ob. circ. 680), he says :—

“Nihil unquam frivoli et supervacui poematis facere potuit ; sed ea tantummodo, quæ ad religionem pertinent, religiosam ejus linguam decebant. Siquidem in habitu sæculari, usque ad tempora provectionis ætatis constitutus, nil Carminum aliquando didicerat. Unde nonnunquam in convivio, cum esset lætitiæ causa decretum ut omnes per ordinem *cantare* deberent, ille ubi appropinquare sibi *citharam* cernebat surgebat à mediâ cænâ, et egressus, ad suam domum repedabat.”

I shall now subjoin king Alfred's own Anglo-Saxon translation of this passage, with a literal interlineary English version.

“He . . . næfre noht leaſunga, ne ideler leoðer pyncean ne  
He . . . never no leasings, nor idle songs compose ne  
mihte, ac efne ða an ða ðe to æfternesse be-  
might ; but lo ! only those things which to religion [piety] be-  
lumpdon. 7 his ða æftertan tunzan gedafenode ringan : Wær he  
long, and his then pious tongue became to sing : He was  
re man in peopold-have gereted oð ða tide ðe he  
the [a] man in worldly [secular] state set to the time in which he  
pær of gelyfedne ylde. 7 he næfre ænig leoþ geleornode. 7  
was of an advanced age ; and he never any song learned. And  
he forþon oft in gebeornſcipe ðonne ðær pær bliſſe  
he therefore oft in an entertainment, when there was for mer-  
intunga gedemed þ hi ealle ſceoldan ðurh  
riment-sake adjudged [or decreed] that they all should through  
endebyrdnesse be heapan ringan. ðonne he gereah ða  
their turns by [to the] harp sing ; when he saw the  
heapan him nealcecan. ðonne aþar he for ſceome fram  
harp him approach, then arose he for shame from  
ðam rymle. 7 ham eode to his huſe.”  
the supper, and home yode [went] to his house.

Bed. Hist. Eccl. a Smith. Cantab. 1722. fol. p. 597.

In this version of Alfred's it is observable (1) that he has expressed the Latin word *cantare*, by the Anglo-Saxon words “be heapan ringan,” sing to the harp ; as if they were synonymous, or as if his countrymen had no idea of singing unaccompanied with the harp : (2) That when Bede simply says, *surgebat a mediâ cænâ* ; he assigns a motive, “aþar for ſceome,” arose for shame : that is, either from an austerity of manners, or from his being deficient in an accomplishment, which so generally prevailed among his countrymen.

(1) “The word *Glee*, which peculiarly denoted their art, &c.”] This word *Glee* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Glīg* [Glīg], *Musica*, Music, *Minstrelsy* (Somn). This is the common radix, whence arises such a variety of terms and phrases relating to the Minstrel art, as affords the strongest internal proof, that this profession was extremely common and popular here before the Norman Conquest. Thus we have

## I.

(1) *Glip* [*Gliw*], *Mimus*, a Minstrel.

*Glizman*, *glizmon*, *gluman*, [*Gleeman*<sup>1</sup>] *Histrion*, *Mimus*, *Pantomimus*; all common names in middle Latin for a Minstrel: and Somner accordingly renders the original by a Minstrel; a Player on a *Cimbral* or *Taber*. He adds, a *fidler*; but although the *Fythel* or *Fiddle* was an ancient instrument, by which the *Jogelar* or Minstrel sometimes accompanied his song (see Warton, i. 17), it is probable that Somner annexes here only a modern sense to the word, not having at all investigated the subject.

*Glumen*, *gluzmen*, [*Gleemen*]. *Histriones*, Minstrels. Hence *Glizmanna-ýppe*. *Orchestra vel Pulpitus*. The place where the Minstrels exhibited their performances.

(2) But their most proper and expressive name was

*Gliphleoppnend*. *Musicus*, a Minstrel; and

*Gliphleoppnendica*. *Musicus*, musical.

These two words include the full idea of the Minstrel character, expressing at once their music and singing, being compounded of *Glip*, *Musicus*, *Mimus*, a Musician, Minstrel, and *Leod*, *Carmen*, a Song.

(3) From the above word *Glizg*, the profession itself was called

*Glizcraeft*, [*Glig-* or *Glee-craft*]. *Musica*, *Histrionia*, *Mimica*, *Gesticulatio*; which Somner rightly gives in English, *Minstrelsy*, *Mimical Gesticulation*, *Mummery*. He also adds, *Stage-playing*; but here again I think he substitutes an idea too modern, induced by the word *Histrionia*, which in middle Latin only signifies the Minstrel art.

However, it should seem that both mimical gesticulation and a kind of rude exhibition of characters were sometimes attempted by the old Minstrels: But

(4) As musical performance was the leading idea, so

*Glhopian*, *Cantus musicos edere*; and

*Glizbeam*, *glizbeam*, [*Glig-* or *Glee-beam*]. *Tympanum*; a *Cimbral* or *Taber*. (So Somn.) Hence

*Glypan*. *Tympanum pulsare*; and

*Glip-meden*, *Glypiende-maden* [*Glee-maiden*]; *Tympanistria*: which Somner renders a *she Minstrel*; for it should seem that they had females of this profession; one name for which was also *Glypbydeneftna*.

<sup>1</sup> *Gleeman* continued to be the name given to a Minstrel both in England and Scotland almost as long as this order of men continued.

In De Brunne's metrical version of Bishop Grossthead's *Manuel de Peche*, A.D. 1303, (see Warton, i. 61), we have this,

—Code men, ye shall lere  
When ye any Gleman here.

Fabyan, (in his Chronicle, 1533, f. 32), translating the passage from Geoffrey of Monmouth, quoted below in p. 38. Note (κ), renders *Deus Joculatorum*, by God of Gleemen. Warton's Hist. Eng. Poet, Diss I. Fabyan died in 1592.

Dunbar, who lived in the same century, describing, in one of his poems, intitled, "The Dauncer," what passed in the infernal regions "amangis the Feyndis," says

Na Menstralls playit to thame, but dowl  
For Gle-men thaire wer haldin out,  
Be day and eke by nycht.

See poems from Bannatyne's MS. Edinb. 1770. 12mo. page 30.  
Maitland's MS at Cambridge reads here, Glewe men.

(5) Of congenial derivation to the foregoing, is

Glypc [Glywc]. *Tibia*, a Pipe or Flute.

Both this and the common radix *Glygg*, are with great appearance of truth derived by Junius from the Icelandic *Gliggur*, *Flatus*: as supposing the first attempts at music among our Gothic ancestors were from wind-instruments. Vid. Jun. Etym. Ang. v. Glee.

## II.

But the Minstrels, as is hinted above, did not confine themselves to the mere exercise of their primary arts of music and song, but occasionally used many other modes of diverting. Hence, from the above root was derived, in a secondary sense,

(1) *Gleo*, and *pinrum* *grip*. *Facetia*.

*Gleopian*, *jocari*; to jest or be merry (Somn.); and

*Gleopend*, *jocans*; jesting, speaking merrily (Somn.);

*Gligman*, also signified *jocista*, a Jester.

*Glyg-gamen* (Glee-games), *joci*. Which Somner renders, Merriments, or merry jests, or Tricks or Sports; Gambols.

(2) Hence, again, by a common metonymy of the cause for the effect,

*Glie*, *gaudium*, *alacritas*, *letitia*, *facetia*: Joy, Mirth, Gladness, Cheerfulness, Glee. [Somner]. Which last application of the word still continues, though rather in a low debasing sense.

## III.

But however agreeable and delightful the various arts of the Minstrels might be to the Anglo-Saxon laity, there is reason to believe that before the Norman Conquest at least, they were not much favoured by the clergy; particularly by those of monastic profession. For, not to mention that the sportive talents of these men would be considered by those austere ecclesiastics as tending to levity and licentiousness, the Pagan origin of their art would excite in the monks an insuperable prejudice against it. The Anglo-Saxon Harpers and Gleemen were the immediate successors and imitators of the Scandinavian Scalds; who were the great promoters of Pagan superstition, and fomented that spirit of cruelty and outrage in their countrymen the Danes, which fell with such peculiar severity on the religious and their convents. Hence arose a third application of words derived from *Glygg*, minstrelsy, in a very unfavourable sense, and this chiefly prevails in books of religion and ecclesiastic discipline. Thus

(1) *Glyg* is *Ludibrium*, laughing to scorn.<sup>1</sup> So in S. Basil. Regul. 11. Hī hæfdon him to *glyge* halpende minegunge. *Ludibrio habebant salutarem ejus admonitionem*. (10.) This sense of the word was perhaps not ill-founded; for as the sport of rude uncultivated minds often arises from ridicule, it is not improbable but the old Minstrels often indulged in a vein of this sort, and that of no very delicate kind. So again,

*Glyg-man* was also used to signify *Scurra*, a saucy Jester. (Somn.)

*Glyg-geonn*. *Dicax*, *Scurriles jocos supra quam par est amans*. Officium Episcopale, 3.

*Glypian*. *Scurrilibus oblectamentis indulgere*; *Scurram agere*. Canon. Edgar, 58.

<sup>1</sup> To *gleek*, is used in Shakspeare, for "to make sport, to jest," &c.

(2) Again, as the various attempts to please, practised by an order of men who owed their support to the public favour, might be considered by those grave censors as mean and debasing: Hence came from the same root,

Глиpeн. *Parasitus, Assentator*; a *Subner*, a *Cogger*, a *Parasite*, a *Flatterer*.<sup>1</sup> (Somn.)

## IV

To return to the Anglo-Saxon word *Glizz*; notwithstanding the various secondary senses in which this word (as we have seen above) was so early applied: yet

The derivative *Glee* (though now chiefly used to express merriment and joy) long retained its first simple meaning, and is even applied by Chaucer to signify music and Minstrelsy.—(vid. Jun. Etym.) e. g.

For though that the best harper upon live  
Would on the beste sound jolly harpe  
That evir was, with all his fingers five  
Touch aie o string, or aie o warble harpe,  
Were his nailes poincted nevir so sharpe  
It shoulde makin every wight to dull  
To heare is *Glee*, and of his strokes ful.  
Troyl. lib. ii. 1030.

Junius interprets *Glees* by *Musica Instrumenta*, in the following passages of Chaucer's Third Boke of Fame.

. . . Stoden . . . the castell all aboutin  
Of all maner of Mynstrales  
And Jestours that tellen tales  
Both of wepyng and of game,  
And of all that longeth unto fame;  
There herde I play on a harpe  
That sowned both well and sharpe  
Hym Orpheus full craftily;  
And on this syde fast by  
Sat the harper Orion;  
And Eacides Chirion;  
And other harpers many one,  
And the Briton Glaskyrion.

After mentioning these, the great masters of the art, he proceeds;

And small harpers with her *Glees*  
Sat under them in divers sees.

\* \* \* \*

Again, a little below, the poet having enumerated the performers on all the different sorts of instruments, adds,

There sawe I syt in other sees  
Playing upon other sundry *Glees*,  
Which that I cannot nevyn<sup>2</sup>  
More than starres ben in heven, &c.

Upon the above lines I shall only make a few observations:

(1) That by *Jestours*, I suppose we are to understand *Gestours*; scil.

<sup>1</sup> The preceding list of Anglo-Saxon words, so full and copious beyond any thing that ever yet appeared in print on this subject, was extracted from Mr. Lye's curious Anglo-Saxon Lexicon, in MS. but the arrangement here is the Editor's own. It had however received the sanction of Mr. Lye's approbation, and would doubtless have been received into his printed copy, had he lived to publish it himself.

It should also be observed, for the sake of future researches, that without the assistance of the old English interpretations given by Somner, in his Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the Editor of this book never could have discovered that *Glee* signified *Minstrelsy*, or *Glifman* a *Minstrel*.

<sup>2</sup> Nevyn, i. e. name.

the relaters of Gestes (Lat. *Gesta*) or stories of adventures both comic and tragical; whether true or feigned; I am inclined to add, whether in prose or verse (compare the record below, in marginal note subjoined to (v 2). Of the stories in prose, I conceive we have specimens in that singular book the *Gesta Romanorum*, and this will account for its seemingly improper title. These were evidently what the French called *Conteurs*, or Story-tellers, and to them we are probably indebted for the first prose romances of chivalry: which may be considered as specimens of their manner.

(2) That the "Briton Glaskeryon," whoever he was, is apparently the same person with our famous harper Glasgerion, of whom the reader will find a tragical ballad, in Series III. Book i. No. 7. In that song may be seen an instance of what was advanced above in Note (E), of the dignity of the Minstrel Profession, or at least of the artifice with which the minstrels endeavoured to set off its importance.

Thus "a king's son is represented as appearing in the character of a Harper or Minstrel in the court of another king. He wears a collar (or gold chain) as a person of illustrious rank; rides on horseback, and is admitted to the embraces of a king's daughter."

The Minstrels lost no opportunity of doing honour to their heart.

(3) As for the word *Glees*, it is to this day used in a musical sense, and applied to a peculiar piece of composition. Who has not seen the advertisements proposing a reward to him who should produce the best Catch, Canon, or *Glee*?

(K) "Comes from the pen of Geoffrey of Monmouth."] Geoffrey's own words are, "Cum ergo alterius modi aditum [Boldulphus] non haberet, rasit capillos suos et barbam,<sup>1</sup> cultumque *Joculatoris* cum Cythara fecit. Deinde intra castra deambulans, modulis quos in Lyra componebat, sese *Cytharistam* exhibebat." Galf. Monum. Hist. 4to. 1508, lib. vii. c. i. That *Joculator* signifies precisely a Minstrel appears not only from this passage, where it is used as a word of like import to *Citharista* or Harper (which was the old English word for Minstrel), but also from another passage of the same author, where it is applied as equivalent to *Cantor*. See lib. i. cap. 22, where speaking of an ancient (perhaps fabulous) British king, he says, "Hic omnes *cantores* quos præcedens ætas habuerat et in modulis et in omnibus musicis instrumentis excedebat; ita ut Deus *Joculatorum* videretur." Whatever credit is due to Geoffrey as a relater of facts, he is certainly as good authority as any for the signification of words.

(L) "Two remarkable facts."] Both of these facts are recorded by William of Malmesbury; and the first of them, relating to Alfred, by

<sup>1</sup> Geoffrey of Monmouth is probably here describing the appearance of the *Joculatores* or Minstrels, as it was in his own time. For they apparently derived this part of their dress, &c. from the *Mimi* of the ancient Romans, who had their heads and beards shaven (see above, p. 28. note 2), as they likewise did the mimicry, and other arts of diverting, which they superadded to the composing and singing to the harp heroic songs, &c. which they inherited from their own progenitors the bards and scalds of the ancient Celtic and Gothic nations. The Longobardi had, like other northern people, brought these with them into Italy. For in the year 774, when Charlemagne entered Italy and found his passage impeded, he was met by a Minstrel of Lombardy, whose song promised him success and victory. "Contigit *Joculatorem* ex Longobardorum gente ad Carolum venire, et *Cantiunculam* a se compositam, rotando in conspectu suorum cantare." Tom. ii. p. 2. Chron. Monast. Noval. lib. iii. cap. x. p. 717. T. Warton's Hist. vol. ii. Emend. of vol. i. p. 113.

Ingulphus also. Now Ingulphus (afterwards abbot of Croyland) was near forty years of age at the time of the Conquest,<sup>1</sup> and consequently was as proper a judge of the Saxon manners, as if he had actually written his history before that event; he is therefore to be considered as an Ante-Norman writer: so that whether the fact concerning Alfred be true or not, we are assured from his testimony, that the *Joculator* or Minstrel was a common character among the Anglo-Saxons. The same also may be inferred from the relation of William of Malmesbury, who outlived Ingulphus but thirty-three years.<sup>2</sup> Both these writers had doubtless recourse to innumerable records and authentic memorials of the Anglo-Saxon times which never descended down to us; their testimony therefore is too positive and full to be overturned by the mere silence of the two or three slight Anglo-Saxon epitomes that are now remaining. Vid. Note (G).

As for Asser Menevensis, who has given a somewhat more particular detail of Alfred's actions, and yet takes no notice of the following story, it will not be difficult to account for his silence, if we consider that he was a rigid monk, and that the Minstrels, however acceptable to the laity, were never much respected by men of the more strict monastic profession, especially before the Norman Conquest, when they would be considered as brethren of the Pagan scalds.<sup>3</sup> Asser therefore might not regard Alfred's skill in minstrelsy in a very favourable light; and might be induced to drop the circumstance related below, as reflecting in his opinion no great honour on his patron.

The learned Editor of Alfred's Life, in Latin, after having examined the scene of action in person, and weighed all the circumstances of the event, determines from the whole collective evidence, that Alfred could never have gained the victory he did, if he had not with his own eyes previously seen the disposition of the enemy by such a stratagem as is here described. Vid. Annot. in *Ælfr. Mag. Vitam*, p. 33. Oxon. 1678, fol.

(M) "Alfred . . . assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel." ] "*Fingens se Joculatorem assumpta cithara*," &c. Ingulphi Hist. p. 869.—"Sub specie *Mimi* . . . ut *Joculatoria* professor artis." Gul. Malmesb. l. ii. c. 4. p. 43. That both *Joculator* and *Mimus* signify literally, a Minstrel, see proved in Notes (B) (K) (N) (Q), &c. See also Note (G G).

Malmesbury adds, "*Unius tantum fidelissimi fruebatur conscientiâ*." As this confidant does not appear to have assumed the disguise of a Minstrel himself, I conclude that he only appeared as the Minstrel's attendant. Now that the Minstrel had sometimes his servant or attendant to carry his harp, and even to sing to his music, we have many instances in the old metrical romances, and even some in this present collection. (See Series I. No. 6; Series III. No. 7, &c.) Among the French and Provençal Bards, the *Trouverre*, or Inventor, was generally attended with his singer, who sometimes also played on the harp, or other musical instrument. "*Quelque fois durant le repas d'un prince on voyoit arriver un Trouverre inconnu avec ses Menestrels ou Jongleurs, et il leur faisoit chanter sur leurs harpes ou vielles les vers*

<sup>1</sup> Natus 1030, scripsit 1091, obiit 1109. Tanner.

<sup>2</sup> Obiit anno 1142. Tanner.

<sup>3</sup> (See above, p. 36). Both Ingulph. and Will. of Malmesb. had been very conversant among the Normans, who appear not to have had such prejudices against the Minstrels as the Anglo-Saxons had.

qu'il avoit composés. Ceux qui faisoient les *soms* aussi bien que les *mots* étoient les plus estimés." Fontenelle Hist. du Théâtre.

That Alfred excelled in music is positively asserted by Bale, who doubtless had it from some ancient MS. many of which subsisted in his time that are now lost: as also by Sir J. Spelman, who, we may conclude, had good authority for this anecdote, as he is known to have compiled his life of Alfred from authentic materials collected by his learned father: this writer informs us that Alfred "provided himself of musitians, not common, or such as knew but the practick part, but men skilful in the art itself, whose skill and service he yet further improved with his own instruction." p. 199. This proves Alfred at least to have understood the theory of music; and how could this have been acquired without practising on some instrument? which we have seen above, Note (H), was so extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons, even in much ruder times, that Alfred himself plainly tells us, it was *shameful* to be ignorant of it. And this commonness might be one reason, why Asser did not think it of consequence enough to be particularly mentioned in his short life of that great monarch. This rigid monk may also have esteemed it a slight and frivolous accomplishment savouring only of worldly vanity. He has however particularly recorded Alfred's fondness for the oral Anglo-Saxon poems and songs ("Saxonica poemata die nocteque . . . audiens . . . memoriter retinebat." p. 16. "Carmina Saxonica memoriter discere," &c. p. 43, et ib). Now the poems learnt by rote, among all ancient unpolished nations, are ever songs chanted by the reciter, and accompanied with instrumental melody.<sup>1</sup>

(N) "With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel.]" "Assumptâ manu citharâ . . . professus *Mimus*, qui hujusmodi arte stipem quotidianam mercaretur . . . Jussus abire pretium *Cantus* accepit." Malmesb. l. ii. c. 6. We see here that which was rewarded was (*not* any mimicry or tricks, but) his *singing* (*Cantus*); this proves, beyond dispute, what was the nature of the entertainment Aulaff afforded them. Perhaps it is needless by this time to prove to the reader, that *Mimus* in middle Latinity, signifies a Minstrel, and *Mimia*, Minstrelsy or the Minstrel Art. Should he doubt it, let him cast his eye over the two following extracts from Du Cange

"*Mimus*: Musicus, qui instrumentis musicis canit. Leges Palatinæ Jacobi II. Reg. Majoric. In domibus principum, ut tradit antiquitas, *Mimi* seu Jocolatores licitè possunt esse. Nam illorum officium tribuit lætitiâ . . . Quapropter volumus et ordinamus, quod in nostra curia *Mimi* debeant esse quinque, quorum duo sint tubicinatores, et tertius sit tabelerius (*i. e.* a player on the tabor<sup>2</sup>). Lit. remiss. ann. 1374.

<sup>1</sup> Thus *Leod*, the Saxon word for a poem, is properly a song, and its derivative *lied* signifies a ballad to this day in the German tongue: And *cantare*, we have seen above, is by Alfred himself rendered *Be heappan rîngan*.

<sup>2</sup> The *tabour* or *tabourin* was a common instrument with the French Minstrels, as it had also been with the Anglo-Saxon (vid. p. 37). Thus in an ancient Fr. MS. in the Harl. collection (2253, 75), a Minstrel is described as riding on horseback and bearing his *tabour*.

Entour son col porta son *tabour*,  
Depeynt de Or, e riche Açour.

See also a passage in Menage's Diction. Etym. (v. *Menestriers*), where *tabours* is used as synonymous to *Menestriers*.

Another frequent instrument with them was the *viele*. This, I am told, is the name of an instrument at this day, which differs from a guitar, in that the player turns

Ad *Mimos* cornicitanes, seu bucinantes accesserunt."

*Mimia*, Ludus Mimicus, Instrumentum (potius, Ars Jocularia).  
Ann. 1482 . . . . . "*Mimia* et cantu victum acquirō."

Du Cange, Gloss. tom. iv. 1762. Supp. c. 1225.

(o) "To have been a Dane."] The northern historians produce such instances of the great respect shown to the Danish scalds in the courts of our Anglo-Saxon kings, on account of their musical and poetic talents (notwithstanding they were of so hateful a nation), that if a similar order of men had not existed here before, we cannot doubt but the profession would have been taken up by such of the natives as had a genius for poetry and music.

"Extant Rhythmi hoc ipso (Islandico) idiomate *Angliæ*, Hybernique Regibus oblatis et liberaliter compensati, &c. Itaque hinc colligi potest linguam Danicam in aulis vicinorum regum, principumque familiarem fuisse, non secus ac hodie in aulis principum peregrina idiomatica in deliciis haberi cernimus. Imprimis Vita Egilli Skallagrimii id invicto argumento adstruit. Quippe qui interrogatus ab *Adalsteino*, Angliæ rege, quomodo manus Eirici Blodoxii, Northumbriæ regis, postquam in ejus potestatem venerat, evasisset, cujus filium propinquosque occiderat, . . . rei statim ordinem metro, nunc satis obscuro, exposuit nequam ita narraturus non intelligenti." Vid. plura apud Torfæii Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist. fol.

The same Egill was no less distinguished for his valour and skill as a soldier, than for his poetic and singing talents as a scald; and he was such a favourite with our king Athelstan that he at one time presented him with "duobus annulis et scriniis, duobus bene magnis argento repletis . . . . Quinetiam hoc addidit, ut Egillus quidvis præterea a se petens, obtineret; bona mobilia, sive immobilia, præbendam vel præfecturas. Egillus porro regiam munificentiam gratus excipiens, Carmen Encomiasticon, à se linguâ Norvegicâ (quæ tum his regnis communis) compositum, regi dicat; ac pro eo, duas marcas auri puri (pondus marcæ . . . 8 uncias æquabat) honorarii loco retulit." Arngr. Jon. Rer. Islandic, lib. ii. 129.

See more of Egill, in the "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," p. 45, whose poem, there translated, is the most ancient piece all in rhyme, that is, I conceive, now to be found in any European language, except Latin. See Egil's Islandic original, printed at the end of the English Version in the said Five Pieces, &c.

(P) "If the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Minstrels of their own . . . . and to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds,"] If this had not been the case, we may be assured, at least, that the stories given in the text could never have been recorded by writers who lived so near the Anglo-Saxon times as Malmesbury and Ingulphus, who, though they might be deceived as to particular facts, could not be so as to the general manners and customs which prevailed so near their own times among their ancestors.

round a handle at the top of the instrument, and with his other hand plays on some keys that touch the chords and produce the sound.

See Dr. Burney's account of the *vielle*, vol. ii. p. 263, who thinks it the same with the *rote*, or wheel. See p. 270 in the note.

"Il ot un Jogleor a Sens,  
Qui navoit pas sovent robe entiere;  
Sovent estoit sans sa *vielle*." Fabliaux et Cont. ii. 184, 5.



(Q) "In Doomesday Book," &c.] Extract. ex Libro Domesday; Et vid. Anstis Ord. Gart. ii. 304.

Gloucestershire.

Fol. 162. Col. 1. *Herbie Joculator Regis habet iii billas, et ibi v. sar. nil redd.*

That *Joculator* is properly a Minstrel, might be inferred from the two foregoing passages of Geoffrey of Monmouth (v. Note (κ), where the word is used as equivalent to *Citharista* in one place, and to *Cantor* in the other: this union forms the precise idea of the character.

But more positive proofs have already offered, vid. supra, p. 29, 33, 41, note. See also Du Cange's Gloss. vol. iii. c. 1543. "*Joculator pro Joculator*.—Consilium Masil. an. 1381. Nullus Ministreys, Jogulator, audeat pinsare vel sonare instrumentum cujuscumque generis," &c. &c.

As the Minstrel was termed in French *Jongleur* and *Jugleur*, so he was called in Spanish *Jutglar* and *Juglar*. "Tenemos canciones y versos para recitar muy antiguos y memorias ciertas de los *Juglares*, que assistian en los banquetes, como los que pinta Homero." Prolog. a las Comed. de Cervantes, 1749, 4to.

"El anno 1328, en las siestas de la Coronacion del Rey, Don Alonso el IV. de Aragon, . . .<sup>1</sup> el *Juglar Ramaset* cantò una Villanesca de la Composicion del . . . infante [Don Pedro]: y otro *Juglar*, llamado *Novellet*, recitò y representò en voz y sin cantar mas de 600 versos, que hizo el Infante en el metro, que llamaban *Rima Vulgar*." Ibid.

"Los *Trobadores* inventaron la *Gaya Ciencia* . . . estos *Trobadores*, eran casi todos de la primera Nobleza.—Es verdad, que ya entonces se havian entrometido entre las diversiones Cortesanos, los *Contadores*, los *Cantores*, los *Juglares*, los *Truanes*, y los *Bufones*." Ibid.

In England the King's Juglar continued to have an establishment in the royal household down to the reign of Henry VIII. (vide Note (c c)). But in what sense the title was there applied, does not appear. In Barklay's Egloges, written circ. 1514, Juglers and Pipers are mentioned together. Egl. iv. vide T. Warton's Hist. ii. 254.

(R) "A valiant warrior, named Taillefer," &c.] See Du Cange, who produces this as an instance, "Quod Ministellorum munus interdum præstabant milites probatissimi." Le Roman *De Vace*, MS.

"Quant il virent Normanz venir  
Mout veissiez Engleiz fremir . . .  
*Taillefer* qui mout bien chantoit,  
Sur un cheval, qui tost alloit,  
Devant euls aloit chantant  
De Kallemaigne et de Roullant,  
Et d'Olivier de Vassaux,  
Qui moururent en Rainschevaux.

Qui quidem *Taillefer* a Gulielmo obtinuit ut primus in hostes irrueret, inter quos fortiter dimicando occubuit." Gloss. tom. iv. 769, 770, 771.

"Les anciennes chroniques nous apprennent, qu'en premier rang de l'Armée Normande, un écuyer nommé *Taillefer*, monté sur un cheval armé, chanta la *Chanson de Roland*, qui fut si long tems dans les bouches des François, sans qu'il soit resté le moindre fragment. Le

<sup>1</sup> "*Romanset Jutglar* canta alt veux . . . devant lo senyor Rey." Chron. d'Aragon, apud Du Cange, iv. 771.

*Taillefer* après avoir *entonné* la chanson que les soldats répétoient, se jetta le premier parmi les Anglois, et fut tué." Voltaire Add. Hist. Univ. p. 69.

The reader will see an attempt to restore the *Chanson de Roland*, with musical notes, in Dr. Burney's Hist. ii. p. 276. See more concerning the Song of Roland, vol. ii. p. 174. Note §.

(s) "An eminent French writer," &c.] "M. l'Evêque de la Ravalierre, qu avoit fait beaucoup de recherches sur nos anciennes Chansons, prétend que c'est à la Normandie que nous devons nos premiers Chansonniers, non à la Provence, et qu'il y avoit parmi nous des Chansons en langue vulgaire avant celles de Provençaus, mais postérieurement au Regne de Philippe I, ou à l'an 1100." (Vid. Révolutions de la Langue François, à la suite des *Poésies du Roi de Navarre*.) "Ce seroit une antériorité de plus d'une demi siecle à l'époque des premiers Troubadours, que leur historien Jean de Nostredame fixe à l'an 1162," &c. Pref. à l'Anthologie Franc. 8vo. 1765.

This subject hath since been taken up and prosecuted at length in the Prefaces, &c. to Mr. Le Grand's "Fabliaux ou Contes du XIIe et du XIIIe Siecle, Paris, 1788," 5 tom. 12mo. who seems pretty clearly to have established the priority and superior excellence of the old *Rimeurs* of the north of France over the *Troubadours* of Provence, &c.

(s 2) "Their own native Gleemen or Minstrels must be allowed to exist." Of this we have proof positive in the old metrical romance of Horn-Child (vol. ii. No. i. p. 180), which, although from the mention of Sarazens, &c. it must have been written at least after the first crusade in 1096, yet, from its Anglo-Saxon language or idiom, can scarce be dated later than within a century after the Conquest. This, as appears from its very exordium, was intended to be sung to a popular audience, whether it was composed by, or for, a Gleeman, or Minstrel. But it carries all the internal marks of being the production of such a composer. It appears of genuine English growth; for, after a careful examination, I cannot discover any allusion to French or Norman customs, manners, composition, or phraseology: no quotation, "As the romance sayth:" not a name or local reference, which was likely to occur to a French Rimeur. The proper names are all of northern extraction. Child *Horn* is the son of *Allof* (i. e. Olaf or Olave) King of *Sudenne* (I suppose Sweden), by his queen *Godylde*, or *Godylt*. *Athulf* and *Fykenyld* are the names of subjects. *Eylmer* or *Aylmere* is king of *Westnesse* (a part of Ireland), *Rymenyld* is his daughter; as *Erminyld* is of another king *Thurstan*; whose sons are *Athyld* and *Beryld*. *Athelbrus* is steward of K. Aylmer, &c. &c. All these savour only of a northern origin, and the whole piece is exactly such a performance as one would expect from a Gleeman or Minstrel of the north of England, who had derived his art and his ideas from his scaldic predecessors there. So that this probably is the original from which was translated the old French fragment of *Dan Horn*, in the Harleian MS. 527, mentioned by Tyrwhitt (Chaucer, iv. 68), and by T. Warton (Hist. i. 38), whose extract from Horn-Child is extremely incorrect.

Compare the style of Child-Horn with the Anglo-Saxon specimens in short verses and rhyme, which are assigned to the century succeeding the Conquest, in Hicckes's Thesaurus, tom. i. cap. 24, p. 224 and 231.

(τ) "The different production of the sedentary composer and the rambling Minstrel." Among the old metrical romances, a very few are addressed to readers, or mention reading: these appear to have been composed by writers at their desk, and exhibit marks of more elaborate structure and invention. Such is *Eglamour of Artas* (vol. ii. No. xx. p. 185), of which I find in a MS. copy in the Cotton Library, A 2, folio 3, the second fitte thus concludes,

. . . thus fer have I red.

Such is *Ipomydon* (vol. ii. No. xxiii. p. 185), of which one of the divisions (Sign. E. ii. b. in pr. copy) ends thus,

Let hym go, God him spede  
Tyll este-soone we of him reed [*i. e. read*].

So in *Amys and Amylion*<sup>1</sup> (vol. ii. No. xxxi. p. 186), in sta. 3d, we have

In Geste as we rede,

and similar phrases occur in stanzas 34, 125, 140, 196, &c.

These are all studied compositions, in which the story is invented with more skill and ingenuity, and the style and colouring are of superior cast to such as can with sufficient probability be attributed to the Minstrels themselves.

Of this class I conceive the Romance of *Horn Child* (mentioned in the last note (s 2), and in vol. ii. No. i. p. 180), which, from the naked unadorned simplicity of the story, I would attribute to such an origin.

But more evidently is such the *Squire of Lowe Degree* (vol. ii. No. xxiv. p. 186) in which is no reference to any French original, nothing like the phrase, which so frequently occurs in others, "As the romance sayth,"<sup>2</sup> or the like. And it is just such a rambling performance as one would expect from an itinerant bard. And

Such also is *A lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, &c. in eight fyttes, of which are extant two editions, 4to., in black-letter, described more fully in the

<sup>1</sup> It ought to have been observed in its proper place in vol. ii. No. xxxi. p. 186, that *Amys and Amylion* were no otherwise "brothers" than as being fast friends: as was suggested by the learned Dr. Samuel Pegge, who was so obliging as to favour the Essayist formerly with a curious transcript of this poem accompanied with valuable illustrations, &c.; and that it was his opinion that both the fragment of the *Lady Bellesent* mentioned in the same No. xxxi, and also the mutilated tale, (No. xxxvii. p. 187), were only imperfect copies of the above romance of *Amys and Amylion*, which contains the two lines quoted in No. xxxvii.

<sup>2</sup> Wherever the word *romance* occurs in these metrical narratives, it hath been thought to afford decisive proof of a translation from the *romance* or French language. Accordingly it is so urged by T. Warton (i. 146, note), from two passages in the printed copy of *Sir Eglamour*, viz. Sign. E. i.

In romaunce as we rede.

Again in fol. ult.

In romaunce this cronycle is.

But in the Cotton MS. of the original the first passage is

As I herd a clerke rede.

And the other thus,

In Rome this gest cronycled ys.

So that I believe references to "the romaunce," or the like, were often mere expletive phrases inserted by the oral reciters; one of whom I conceive had altered or corrupted the old *Syr Eglamour* in the manner that the copy was printed.

preface to No. 8, Book i. Series I. This is not only of undoubted English growth, but, from the constant satire aimed at abbots and their convents, &c. could not possibly have been composed by any monk in his cell.

Other instances might be produced ; but especially of the former kind is *Syr Launfal* (vol. ii. No. xi. p. 183), the 121st stanza of which has

In romances as we rede.

This is one of the best invented stories of that kind, and I believe the only one in which is inserted the name of the author.

(T 2) "Royer or Raherus the king's Minstrel."] He is recorded by Leland under both these names, in his *Collectanea*, scil. vol. i. p. 61.

"*Hospitale S. Bartholomæi in West Smithfelde in London.*

"Royer Mimus Regis fundator."

"*Hosp. Sti. Barthol. Londini.*

"Raherus Mimus Regis H. i. primus fundator, an. 1102, 3 H. i. qui fundavit etiam Priorat. Sti. Barthol." Ibid. p. 99.

The *Mimus* is properly a Minstrel in the sense affixed to the word in this Essay, one extract from the accounts (Lat. *Computis*) of the priory of Maxtock, near Coventry, in 1441, will sufficiently show.—Scil. "Dat. Sex. *Mimis* Dni. Clynton cantantibus, citharisantibus, ludentibus, &c. iiiis." (T. Warton, ii. 106, note q). The same year the prior gave to a *doctor prædicans*, for a sermon preached to them, only 6d.

In the *Monasticon*, tom. ii. p. 166, 167, is a curious history of the founder of this priory, and the cause of its erection ; which seems exactly such a composition as one of those which were manufactured by Dr. Stone, the famous legend-maker, in 1380 (see T. Warton's curious account of him, in vol. ii. p. 190, note), who required no materials to assist him in composing his narratives, &c. for in this legend are no particulars given of the founder, but a recital of miraculous visions exciting him to this pious work, of its having been before revealed to King Edward the Confessor, and predicted by three Grecians, &c. Even his Minstrel profession is not mentioned, whether from ignorance or design, as the profession was perhaps falling into discredit when this legend was written. There is only a general indistinct account that he frequented royal and noble houses, where he ingratiated himself *suavitate joculari* (this last is the only word that seems to have any appropriated meaning). This will account for the indistinct incoherent account given by Stow : "Rahere, a pleasant-witted gentleman, and therefore in his time called the king's Minstrel." Survey of Lond. Ed. 1598, p. 308.

(U) "In the early times, every harper was expected to sing."] See on this subject K. Alfred's Version of Cædmon, above in Note (H) page 34.

So in Horn-Child, K. Allof orders his steward Athelbrus to

—teche him of harpe and of song.

In the Squire of Lowe Degree the king offers to his daughter,

Ye shall have harpe, sautry,<sup>1</sup> and song.

<sup>1</sup> The Harp (Lat. *Cithara*) differed from the Sautry, or Psaltry (Lat. *Psalterium*) in that the former was a stringed instrument, and the latter was mounted with wire : there was also some difference in the construction of the bellies, &c. See "*Bartholomæus de proprietatibus rerum*," as Englished by Trevisa and Batman, ed. 1584, in Sir J. Hawkins's Hist. ii. p. 285.

And Chaucer, in his description of the Limitour or Mendicant Friar, speaks of harping as inseparable from singing, i. p. 11, ver. 268.

—in his harping, whan that he hadde songe.

(U 2) "As the most accomplished," &c.] See Hoveden (p. 103), in the following passage, which had erroneously been applied to K. Richard himself, till Mr. Tyrwhitt (Chaucer, iv. p. 62) showed it to belong to his Chancellor. "*Hic ad augmentum et famam sui nominis, emendicata carmina, et rhythmos adulatorios comparabat; et de regno Francorum Cantores et Joculatores muneribus allexerat, ut de illo canerent in plateis: et jam dicebatur ubique, quod non erat talis in orbe.*" For other particulars relating to this Chancellor, see T. Warton's Hist. vol. ii. Addit. to p. 113 of vol. i.

(U 3) "Both the Norman and English languages would be heard at the houses of the great." A remarkable proof of this is, that the most diligent inquirers after a *cient* English rhymes find the earliest they can discover in the mouths of the Norman nobles. Such as that of Robert Earl of Leicester, and his Flemings in 1173, temp. Hen. II. (little more than a century after the Conquest) recorded by Lambarde in his Dictionary of England, p. 36.

Hoppe Wyliken, hoppe Wyliken  
Ingland is thine and myne, &c.

And that noted boast of Hugh Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, in the same reign of K. Henry II. vid. Camdeni Britannia (art. Suffolk), 1607, folio.

Were I in my castle of Bungey  
Vpon the riuer of Waueney  
I would ne care for the king of Cockeney.

Indeed many of our old metrical romances, whether originally English, or translated from the French to be sung to an English audience, are addressed to persons of high rank, as appears from their beginning thus—"Listen, Lordings," and the like. These were prior to the time of Chaucer, as appears from vol. ii. p. 175 et seqq. And yet to his time our Norman nobles are supposed to have adhered to their French language.

(v) "That intercommunity, &c. between the French and English Minstrels," &c.] This might perhaps, in a great measure, be referred even to the Norman Conquest, when the victors brought with them all their original opinions and fables; which could not fail to be adopted by the English Minstrels and others, who solicited their favour. This interchange, &c. between the Minstrels of the two nations would be afterwards promoted by the great intercourse produced among all the nations of Christendom in the general crusades, and by that spirit of chivalry which led knights and their attendants the heralds, and Minstrels, &c. to ramble about continually from one court to another, in order to be present at solemn tournaments, and other feats of arms.

(v 2) "Is not the only instance," &c.] The constant admission granted to Minstrels was so established a privilege, that it became a ready expedient to writers of fiction. Thus, in the old Romance of Horn-Child, the Princess Rymenyld being confined in an inaccessible castle, the prince her lover and some assistant knights with concealed

arms assume the Minstrel character, and approaching the castle with their "gleyinge" or minstrelsy, are heard by the lord of it, who being informed they were "harpeirs, jogelers, and fythelers,"<sup>1</sup> has them admitted, when

Horn sette him abenche [*i. e.* on a bench.]  
Is [*i. e.* his] harpe he gan clenche  
He made Ryemenild a lay.

This sets the princess a-weeping, and leads to the catastrophe; for he immediately advances to "the Borde" or table, kills the ravisher, and releases the lady.

(v 3) . . "assumed the dress and character of a Harper, &c.]" We have this curious *Historiette* in the records of Lacock Nunnery, in Wiltshire, which had been founded by this Countess of Salisbury. See Vincent's *Discovery of Errors in Brooke's Catalogue of Nobility, &c.* folio, pag. 445, 6, &c. Take the following extract, and see Dugdale's *Baron.* i. p. 175.

"Ela uxor Gulliemi Longespee primi, nata fuit apud Ambresbiriam, patre et matre Normannis.

"Pater itaque ejus defectus senio migravit ad Christum A.D. 1196. Mater ejus ante biennium obiit. . . . Interea Domina charissima clam per cognatos adducta fuit in Normanniam, et ibidem sub tutâ et arcâ custodiâ nutrita. Eodem tempore in Anglia fuit quidam miles nomine Gulielmus Talbot, qui induit se habitum *Peregrini*, [Anglice, *a Pilgrim*] in Normanniam transfretavit et moratus per duos annos, huc atque illuc vagans, ad explorandam dominam Elam Sarum. Et illâ inventâ, exiit habitum *Peregrini*, et induit se quasi *Cytharisator* et curiam ubi morabatur intravit. Et ut erat homo *Jocosus*, in *Gestis Antiquorum* valde peritus, ibidem gratanter fuit acceptus quasi familiaris. Et quando tempus aptum invenit, in Angliam repatriavit, habens secum istam venerabilem dominam Elam et hæredem comitatus Sarum; et eam Regi Richardo præsentavit. Ac ille lætissime eam suscepit, et *Fratri* suo Guillelmo Longespee maritavit. . . .

"A.D. 1226, Dominus Guill. Longespee primus nonas Martii obiit. Ela vero uxor ejus 7 annis supervixit . . . . Una die *Duo* monasteria fundavit primo mane xvi Kal. Maii, A.D. 1232, apud Lacock, in quo sanctæ degunt Canonissæ . . . Et Henton post nonam, Anno vero ætatis suæ xlv. &c."

(w) For the preceding account, Dugdale refers to *Monast. Angl.* i. (r. ii.) p. 185, but gives it as enlarged by D. Powel in his *Hist. of Cambria* (p. 196,) who is known to have followed ancient Welsh MSS. The words in the Monasticon are—"Qui accersitis *Sutoribus* Cestriæ et *Histrionibus*, festinanter cum exercitu suo venit domino suo facere

<sup>1</sup> Jogeler (Lat. *Joculator*) was a very ancient name for a Minstrel. Of what nature the performance of the *Joculator* was we may learn from the Register of St. Swithin's Priory at Winchester. (T. Warton, i. 69.) "Et cantabat *joculator* quidam nomine Herebertus Canticum *Colbrondi*, necnon *Gestum Emme* regine a judicio ignis liberate, in aula Prioris." His instrument was sometimes the Fythle, or Fiddle, Lat. *Fidicula*: which occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Lexicon. On this subject we have a curious passage from a MS. of the Lives of the Saints in metre, supposed to be earlier than the year 1200. (T. Warton's *Hist.* i. p. 17,) viz.

Christofre him served longe  
The kynge loved melodye much of fithle and of songe:  
So that his Jogeler on a day beforen him gon to pleye faste,  
And in a tyme he nemped in his song the devil at laste.

succursum. Walenses vero videntes multitudinem magnam venientem, relictâ obsidione fugerunt. . . . Et propter hoc dedit Comes antedictus, . . . Constabulario dominationem Sutorum et Histriorum. Constabularius vero retinuit sibi et hæredibus suis dominationem Sutorum: et Histriorum dedit vero Seneschallo." (So the passage should apparently be pointed; but either *et* or *vero* seems redundant.)

We shall see below in note (z) the proper import of the word *Histriones*: but it is very remarkable that this is not the word used in the grant of the constable De Lacy to Dutton, but "Magisterium omnium *Leccatorum* et *Meretricium* totius Cestreshire, sicut liberius illum [sic] Magisterium teneo de Comite." (Vid. Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, p. 156.) Now, as under this Grant the heirs of Dutton confessedly held for many ages a *magisterial* jurisdiction over all the Minstrels and Musicians of that county, and as it could not be conveyed by the word *Meretrices*, the natural inference is that the Minstrels were expressed by the term *Leccatores*. It is true, Du Cange, compiling his Glossary, could only find in the writers he consulted, this word used in the abusive sense, often applied to every synonyme of the sportive and dissolute minstrel, viz. *Scurra*, *vaniloquus*, *parasitus*, *epulo*, &c. (This I conceive to be the proper arrangement of these explanations, which only express the character given to the Minstrel elsewhere: see Du Cange *passim*, and Notes (c) (E) (F) (I), and vol. iii. 2, &c.) But he quotes an ancient MS. in French metre, wherein the *Leccour* (Lat. *Leccator*) and the Minstrel are joined together, as receiving from Charlemagne a grant of the territory of Provence, and from whom the Provençal Troubadours were derived, &c. See the passage above in Note (c) pag. 31.

The exception in favour of the family of Dutton is thus expressed in the statute, Anno 39 Eliz. chap. iv. entitled, "An Act for punishment of rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

"§ II. . . . All fencers, bearwards, common players of enterludes, and minstrels, wandering abroad, (other than players of enterludes belonging to any baron of this Realm, or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and seal of arms of such baron or personage :) all juglers, tinkers, pedlers, &c. . . . shall be adjudged and deemed rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, &c."

"§ X. Provided always that this Act, or any thing therein contained, or any authority thereby given, shall not in any wise extend to disinherit, prejudice, or hinder John Dutton of Dutton, in the county of Chester, Esquire, his heirs or assigns, for, touching or concerning any liberty, preeminence, authority, jurisdiction, or inheritance, which the said John Dutton now lawfully useth, or hath, or lawfully may or ought to use within the county-palatine of Chester, and the county of the city of Chester, or either of them, by reason of any ancient charters of any kings of this land, or by reason of any prescription, usage, or title whatsoever."

The same clauses are renewed in the last Act on this subject, passed in the present Reign of Geo. III.

(x) "Edward I. . . . at the knighting of his son," &c.] See Nic. Triveti *Annales*, Oxon. 1719, 8vo. p. 342.

"In festo Pentecostes Rex filium suum armis militaribus cinxit, et cum eo Comites Warenniæ et Arundeliæ, aliosque, quorum numerus ducentos et quadraginta dicitur excessisse. Eodem die cum sedisset Rex in mensa, novis militibus circumdatus, ingressa *Ministrellorum Multitudo*,

portantium multiplici ornatu amictum, ut milites præcipue novos invitarent, et inducerent, ad vovendum factum armorum aliquod coram signo."

(y) "By an express regulation," &c.] See in Hearne's Append. ad Lelandi Collectan. vol. vi. p. 36. "A Dietarie, Writtes published after the Ordinance of Earls and Barons, Anno Dom. 1315."

'Edward by the grace of God, &c. to sheriffes, &c. greetyng, Forasmuch as . . . many idle persons, under colour of Mynstrelsie, and going in messages, and other faigned busines, have ben and yet be receaved in other mens houses to meate and drynke, and be not therewith contented yf they be not largely consydered with gyftes of the lordes of the houses: &c. . . . We wylling to restrayne suche outrageous enterprises and idleness, &c. have ordeyned . . . that to the houses of prelates, earles, and barons, none resort to meate and drynke, unlesse he be a Mynstrel, and of these Minstrels that there come none except it be three or four Minstrels of honour at the most in one day, unlesse he be desired of the lorde of the house. And to the houses of meaner men that none come unlesse he be desired, and that such as shall come so, holde themselves contented with meate and drynke, and with such curtesie as the maister of the house wyl shewe unto them of his owne good wyll, without their askyng of any thyng. And yf any one do agaynst this Ordinaunce, at the firste tyme he to lose his *Minstrelsie*, and at the second tyme to forswear his craft, and never to be receaved for a Minstrel in any house . . . . Yeven at Langley the vi. day of August, in the ix yere of our reigne.'

These abuses arose again to as great a height as ever in little more than a century after, in consequence, I suppose, of the licentiousness that crept in during the civil wars of York and Lancaster. This appears from the Charter 9 E. IV. referred to in this vol. p. 22. "*Ex querulosâ insinuatione. . . Ministrallorum nostrorum accipimus qualiter nonnulli rudes agricolæ et artifices diversarum misterarum regni nostri Angliæ, finxerunt se fore Ministrалlos, quorum aliqui Liberatam nostram eis minime datam portarent, seipsos etiam fingentes esse Ministrалlos nostros proprios, cujus quidem Liberatæ ac dictæ artis sive occupationis Ministrallorum colore, in diversis partibus regni nostri prædicti grandes pecuniarum exactiones de ligeis nostris deceptive colligunt, &c.*"

Abuses of this kind prevailed much later in Wales, as appears from the famous commission issued out in 9 Eliz. (1567), for bestowing the Silver Harp on the best *Minstrel*, *Rythmer*, or *Bard*, in the principality of North Wales; of which a fuller account will be given below in Note (B B 3).

(z) "It is thus related by Stow." ] See his Survey of London, &c. fol. 1633, p. 521. (Acc. of Westm. Hall.) Stow had this passage from Walsingham's Hist. Ang. . . . "Intravit quædam mulier ornata *Histrionali* habitu, equum bonum insidens *Histrionaliter* phaleratum, quæ mensas more *Histrionum* circuivit: et tandem ad Regis mensam per gradus ascendit, et quandam literam coram rege posuit, et retracto fræno (salutatis ubique discumbentibus) prout venerat ita recessit," &c. Anglic. Norm. Script. &c. Franc. 1603, fol. p. 109.

It may be observed here that Minstrels and others often rode on horseback up to the royal table, when the kings were feasting in their great halls. See Series I. Book i. No. 6.



The answer of the porters (when they were afterwards blamed for admitting her) also deserves attention. "Non esse moris domus regiæ *Histriones* ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere," &c. Walsingh.

That Stow rightly translated the Latin word *Histrion* here by *Minstrel*, meaning a musician that sung, and whose subjects were stories of chivalry, admits of easy proof: for in the *Gesta Romanorum*, chap. cxi. Mercury is represented as coming to Argus in the character of a Minstrel; when he "*incepit more Histrionico, fabulas dicere, et plerumque cantare.*" (T. Warton, iii. p. 51.) And Muratori cites a passage in an old Italian chronicle, wherein mention is made of a stage erected at Milan—"Super quo *Histriones cantabant, sicut modo cantatur de Rolando et Oliverio.*" Antich. Ital. ii. p. 6, Observ. on the Statutes, 4th edit. p. 362.

See also (E) pag. 32. &c. (F) p. 33. &c.

(A A) "There should seem to have been women of this profession."] This may be inferred from the variety of names appropriated to them in the middle ages, viz.: Anglo-Saxon *Glipmeden* [Glee-maiden], &c. *gлыпмеден, глыпмеденна* (vid. supra, p. 35). Fr. *Jengleresse*, Med. Lat. *Joculatrix, Ministrallissa, Fæmina Ministerialis*, &c. Vid. Du Cange Gloss. and Suppl.

See what is said in page 22, concerning the "sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels:" see also a passage quoted by Dr. Burney (ii. 315), from Muratori, of the chorus of women singing through the streets accompanied with musical instruments in 1268.

Had the female described by Walsingham been a *Tombestere*, or Dancing-woman, (see Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. 307, and v. Gloss.) that Historian would probably have used the word *Saltatrix*. (See T. Warton, i. 240, Note (M).)

These *Saltatrices* were prohibited from exhibiting in churches and church-yards along with *Joculatores, Histriones*, with whom they were sometimes classed, especially by the rigid ecclesiastics, who censured, in the severest terms, all these sportive characters. Vid. T. Warton, in loco citato, et vide supra Note (E) (F), &c.

And here I would observe, that although Fauchet and other subsequent writers affect to arrange the several members of the Minstrel Profession under the different classes of *Trouverres* (or *Troubadours*) *Chanterres, Conteours, and Jugeurs*, &c. (vid. p. 30.) as if they were distinct and separate orders of men, clearly distinguished from each other by these appropriate terms, we find no sufficient grounds for this in the oldest writers; but the general names in Latin, *Histrion, Mimus, Joculator, Ministrallus*, &c. in French, *Menestrier, Menestrel, Jongleur, Jugeur*, &c. and in English, *Jogeleur, Jugler, Minstrel*, and the like, seem to be given them indiscriminately. And one or other of these names seems to have been sometimes applied to every species of men whose business it was to entertain or divert (*joculari*) whether with poesy, singing, music, or gesticulation, singly, or with a mixture of all these. Yet as all men of this sort were considered as belonging to one class, order, or community (many of the above arts being sometimes exercised by the same person), they had all of them doubtless the same privileges, and it equally throws light upon the general history of the profession, to show what favour or encouragement was given, at any particular period of time, to any one branch of it. I have not therefore thought it needful to inquire, whether in the various passages

quoted in these pages, the word *Minstrel*, &c. is always to be understood in its exact and proper meaning of a singer to the harp, &c.

That men of very different arts and talents were included under the common name of *Minstrels*, &c. appears from a variety of authorities. Thus we have *Menestrels de Trompes* and *Menestrels de Bouche* in the Suppl. to Du Cange, c. 1227, and it appears still more evident from an old French Rhymur, whom I shall quote at large.

Le Quens<sup>1</sup> manda les *Menestrels*;  
Et si a fet<sup>2</sup> crier entre els,  
Qui la meillor truffe<sup>3</sup> sauroit  
Dire, ne faire, qu'il auroit  
Sa robe d'escarlade nueve.  
L'uns Menestrels à l'autre reuve  
Fere son mestier, tel qu'il sot,  
Li uns fet l'yvre, l'autre sot;  
Li uns chante, li autre note;  
Et li autres dit la riote;  
Et li autres la jenglerie;  
Cil qui sevent de jonglerie;<sup>4</sup>  
Vient par devant le Conte;  
Aucuns ja qui fabliaus conte  
Il i ot dit mainte risée, &c.

Fabliaux et Contes, 12mo, tom. ii. p. 161.

And what species of entertainment was afforded by the ancient *Jugglers*, we learn from the following citation from an old romance, written in 1230.

Quand les tables ostees furent  
C'il *jugglers* in pies esturent  
S'ont vielles, et harpes prisees  
Chansons, sons, vers, et reprises  
Et *gestes* chanté nos ont.

Sir J. Hawkins, ii. 44. from Andr. Du Chene. See also Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. p. 299.

All the before-mentioned sports went by the general name of *Ministralcia*, *Ministellorum Ludicra* &c.—“Charta an. 1377, apud Rymer, vii. p. 160. ‘Peracto autem prandio, ascendebat D. Rex in cameram suam cum Prælati, Magnatibus, et Proceribus prædictis: et deinceps Magnates, Milites, et Domini, alique Generosi diem illum, usque ad tempus cœnæ, in *tripudiis*, *coreis*, et *solempnibus Ministralciis*, præ gaudio solempnitatis illius continuarunt.’” (Du Cange, Gloss. 773.) This was at the coronation of King Richard II.

It was common for the Minstrels to dance, as well as to harp and sing. (See above, Note (E) p. 32.) Thus in the old Romance of Tirante el Blanco; Val. 1511, the 14th cap. lib. ii, begins thus, “Despues que las Mesas fueron alçadas vinieron los Ministriles; y delante del Rey, y de la Reyna dançaron un rato: y despues truxeron colacion.”

They also probably, among their other feats, played tricks of slight of hand; hence the word Jugler came to signify a performer of legerdemain; and it was sometimes used in this sense (to which it is now appropriated) even so early as the time of Chaucer, who in his Squire's Tale (ii. 108) speaks of the horse of brass, as

—————like  
An apparence ymade by som magike,  
As Jogelours plaien at thise festes grete.

See also the Frere's Tale, l. p. 279. v. 7049.

<sup>1</sup> Le Comptes.

<sup>2</sup> fait.

<sup>3</sup> Sornette, a gibe, a jest, or flouting.

<sup>4</sup> Janglerie, babillage, raillerie.

(A A 2) *Females playing on the Harp.*] Thus in the old Romance of *Syr Degore* (or *Degree*, vol. ii. No. xxii. p. 185.) we have (Sign. D. i.)

The lady, that was so faire and bright,  
Upon her bed she sate down ryght;  
She harped notes swete and fine.  
[Her mayds filled a piece of wine.]  
And Syr Degore sate him downe,  
For to hear the harpes sowne.

The 4th line being omitted in the pr. copy is supplied from the folio MS.

In the *Squyr of lowe Degree* (vol. ii. No. xxiv. p. 186.) the king says to his daughter (Sign D. i.)

Ye were wont to harpe and syng,  
And be the meryest in chamber comyng.

In the *Carle of Carlisle* (vol. ii. No. x. p. 183.) we have the following passage. Folio MS. p. 451, v. 217.

Downe came a lady faire and free,  
And sett her on the Carles knee:  
One whiles shee harped another whiles song,  
Both of paramours and louinge amonge.

And in the Romance of *Eger and Grime* (vol. ii. No. xii. p. 184.) we have (ibid. p. 127. col. 2.) in Part I. v. 263.

The ladye fayre of hew and hyde  
Shee sate down by the bed side  
Shee laid a souter (psaltry) vpon her knee  
Thereon shee plaid full lovesomelye.  
. . . And her 2 maydens sweetlye sange.

A similar passage occurs in Part IV. v. 129. (pag. 136.)—But these instances are sufficient.

(B B) "A charter . . . to appoint a King of the Minstrels." Intituled *Carta Le Roy de Ministraultx* (in *Latin Histriones*, vid. Plott, p. 437.) A copy of this charter is printed in Monast. Anglic. i. 355, and in Blount's Law Diction. 1717. (art. King.)

That this was a most respectable officer, both here and on the Continent, will appear from the passages quoted below, and therefore it could only have been in modern times, when the proper meaning of the original terms *Ministraultx*, and *Histriones*, was forgot, that he was called King of the Fiddlers; on which subject see below, Note (E E 2).

Concerning the King of the Minstrels we have the following curious passages collected by Du Cange, Gloss. iv. 773.

"*Rex Ministellorum*; supremus inter *Ministellos*: de cujus munere, potestate in cæteris *Ministellos* agit Charta Henrici IV. Regis Angliæ in Monast. Anglicano, tom. i. pag. 355.—Charta originalis an. 1338. Je Robert Caveron Roy des Menestreuls du Royaume de France. Aliæ ann. 1357 et 1362. Copin de Brequin Roy des Menestres du Royaume de France. Computum de auxiliis pro redemptione Regis Johannis, an. 1367. Pour une *Couronne d'argent* qu'il donna le jour de la Tiphaine au Roy des Menestrels.

"Regestum Magnorum Dierum Trecensium an. 1296. Super quod Joannes dictus Charmillons Juglator, cui Dominus Rex per suas literas tanquam *Regem Juglatorum* in civitate Trecensi Magisterium Juglatorum, quemadmodum suæ placeret voluntati, concesserat." Gloss. c. 1587.

There is a very curious passage in Pasquier's "*Recherches de la France*," Paris, 1633, folio, liv. 7. ch. 5. p. 611, wherein he appears to be at a loss how to account for the title of *Le Roy* assumed by the old composers of metrical Romances; in one of which the author expressly declares himself to have been a Minstrel. The solution of the difficulty, that he had been *Le Roy des Menestrels*, will be esteemed more probable than what Pasquier here advances; for I have never seen the title of Prince given to a Minstrel, &c. scil.—"A nos vieux Poetes . . . comme . . . fust qu'ils eussent certain jeux de prix en leurs Poesies, ils . . . honoroient du nome, tantot de *Roy*, tantot de *Prince*, celui qui avoit le mieux faict comme nous voyons entre les Archers, Arbalestiers, et Harquebusiers estre fait le semblable. Ainsi l'Autheur du Roman d'Oger le Danois s'appelle Roy.

Icy endroict est cil Livre finez  
Qui des enfans Oger est appelez  
Or vueille Diex qu'il soit parachevez  
En tel maniere kestre n'en puist blamez  
Le Roy Adams [r. Adenes] ki il' est rimez.

"Et en celuy de Cleomades,

Ce Livre de Cleomades  
Rimé-je le Roy Adenes  
Menestre au bon Duc Henry.

"Mot de *Roy*, qui seroit très-mal approprié à un *Menestrier*, si d'ailleurs on ne le rapportoit à un jeu du prix: Et de faict il semble que de nostre temps, il y en eust encores quelque remarques, en ce que le mot de *Jouingleur* s'estant par succession de temps tourné en batelage, nous avons veu en nostre jeunesse les Jouingleurs se trouver à certain jour tous les ans en la ville de Chauny en Picardie, pour faire monstre de leur mestrier devant le monde, à qui mieux. Et ce que j'en dis icy n'est pas pour vilipender ces anciens Rimeurs, ansi pour monstrier qu'il n'y a chose si belle qui ne s'anéantisse avec le temps."

We see here that in the time of Pasquier the poor Minstrel was sunk into as low estimation in France, as he was then or afterwards in England: but by his apology for comparing the Jouingleurs, who assembled to exercise their faculty, in his youth, to the ancient *Rimeurs*, it is plain they exerted their skill in rhyme.

As for king *Adenes* or *Adenez* (whose name in the first passage above is corruptly printed *Adams*), he is recorded in the "*Bibliothèque des Romans*, Amst. 1734," 12mo. vol. i. p. 232, to have composed the two romances in verse above mentioned, and a third entitled *Le Roman de Bertin*: all three being preserved in a MS. written about 1270. His *Bon Duc Henry* I conceive to have been Henry Duke of Brabant.

(BB 2) "King of the Minstrels," &c.] See Anstis's Register of the Order of the Garter, ii. p. 303, who tells us "The President or Governor of the *Minstrels* had the like denomination of *Roy* in France and Burgundy: and in England, John of Gaunt constituted such an officer by a patent; and long before his time payments were made by the crown to [a] King of the Minstrels by Edw. I. Regi Roberto Ministrallo scutifero ad arma commoranti ad vadia Regis anno 5to (Bibl. Cotton. Vespas. c. 16, f. 3) as likewise (Libro Garderob, 25 E. 1.) Ministrallis in die nuptiarum Comitissæ Holland filiæ Regis, Regi Pago, Johanni Vidulatori, &c. Morello Regi, &c. Dretto Monthaut, et Jacketto de Scot. Regibus, cuilibet eorum xl. s. Regi Pagio de Hollandia, &c.

Under Ed. II. we likewise find other entries, *Regi Roberto et aliis Ministrallis facientibus Menistrallias* [Ministralcias qu.] suas coram Rege. (Bibl. Cotton. Nero. c. 8. p. 84. b. Comp. Garderob.) That king granted Willielmo de Morlee dicto Roy de North, Ministrallo Regis, domos quæ fuerunt Johannis le Boteler dicti Roy Brunhaud. (Pat. de terr. forisfact. 16. E. III.) He adds below (p. 304) a similar instance of a *Rex Juglatorum*, and that the "King of the Minstrels" at length was styled in France *Roy des Violons*, (Furetiere Diction. Univers.) as with us "King of the Fiddlers;" on which subject see below, Note (E E 2).

(B B 3) The Statute 4 Hen. IV. (1402) c. 27. runs in these terms, "Item, pur eschuir plusieurs diseases et mischiefs qont advenuz devaunt ces heures en la terre de Gales par plusieurs Westours Rymours, Minstralx et autres Vacabondes, ordeigne est et establiz qe nul Westour, Rymour Ministral ne Vacabond soit aucunement sustenuz en la terre de Gales pur faire kymorthas ou coillage sur la commune poeple illoèques." This is among the severe laws against the Welsh, passed during the resentment occasioned by the outrages committed under Owen Glendour; and as the Welsh Bards had excited their countrymen to rebellion against the English Government, it is not to be wondered, that the Act is conceived in terms of the utmost indignation and contempt against this class of men, who are described as *Rymours*, *Minstralx*, which are apparently here used as only synonymous terms to express the Welsh Bards with the usual exuberance of our Acts of Parliament: for if their *Minstralx* had been mere musicians, they would not have required the vigilance of the English legislature to suggest them. It was their songs exciting their countrymen to insurrection which produced "les diseases et mischiefs en la Terre de Gales."

It is also submitted to the reader, whether the same application of the terms does not still more clearly appear in the commission issued in 1567, and printed in Evan Evans's *Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, 1764, 4to. p. v. for bestowing the Silver Harp on "the chief of that faculty." For after setting forth "that vagrant and idle persons, naming themselves *Minstrels*, *Rythmers*, and *Bards*, had lately grown into such intolerable multitude within the principality in North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others by their shameless disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, but also expert *Minstrels* and *Musicians in tonge and cunynge* thereby much discouraged, &c." and "hindre[d] [of] livings and preferment," &c. it appoints a time and place, wherein all "persons that intend to maintain their living by name or colour of *Minstrels*, *Rythmers*, or *Bards*," within five shires of North Wales, "shall appear to show their learnings accordingly, &c." And the commissioners are required to admit such as shall be found worthy, into and under the degrees heretofore in use, so that they may "use, exercise, and follow the sciences and faculties of their professions in such decent order as shall appertain to each of their degrees." And the rest are to return to some honest labour, &c. upon pain to be taken as sturdy and idle vagabonds, &c.

(B B 4) Holingshed translated this passage from Tho. de Elmham's "Vita et Gesta Henrici V." scil. "Soli Omnipotenti Deo se velle victoriam imputari . . . in tantum, quod cantus de suo triumpho fieri, seu per Citharistas vel alios quoscunque cantari penitus prohibebat." (Edit. Hearnii, 1727, p. 72.) As in his version Holingshed attributes the

*making* as well as *singing* duties to Minstrels, it is plain he knew that men of this profession had been accustomed to do both.

(c c) "The Household Book," &c.] See Section V.

"Of the noumbre of all my lordes servaunts."

"Item, Mynstrals in Houshold iii. viz. A taberet, a luyte, and rebecc." (The rebeck was a kind of fiddle with three strings.)

#### SECT. XLIV. 3.

"Rewardes to his lordship's servaunts, &c."

"Item, My lord usith andde accustomith to gyf yerly, when his lordschipp is at home, to his Minstrallis that be daily in his houshold, as his tabret, lute, andde rebeke, upon New Yeres-day in the mornynge when they do play at my lordis chamber dour for his lordschip and my lady, xx. s. viz. xiii. s. iiii. d. for my lord; and vi. s. viii. d. for my lady, if sche be at my lordis fyndynge, and not at hir owen; and for playing at my lordis sone and heire's chamber doure, the lord Percy, ii. s. And for playenge at the chamber doures of my lords yonger sonnes, my yonge masters, after viii. d. the pece for every of them.—xxiii. s. iiii. d."

#### SECT. XLIV. 2.

"Rewardes to be geven to strangers, as players, Mynstralls, or any other, &c."

"Furst, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif to the King's Jugler; . . . when they custome to come unto hym yerly, vi. s. viii. d."

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif yerely to the Kings or Queenes Bearwarde, if they have one, when they custome to come unto hym yerly,—vi. s. viii. d."

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyfe yerly to every Erls Mynstrellis, when they custome to come to hym yerely, iii. s. iiii. d. And if they come to my lorde seldome, ones in ii or iii yeres, than vi. s. viii. d."

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomedeth to gife yerely to an Erls Mynstralls, if he be his speciall lorde, friende, or kynsman, if they come yerely to his lordschip . . . And, if they come to my 'lord' seldome, ones in ii or iii yeres . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely a Dookes or Erlis Trumpetts, if they come vi together to his lordschipp, viz. if they come yerly, vi. s. viii. d. And, if they come but in ii or iii yeres, than x. s."

"Item, my lorde usith and accustometh to gife yerly, when his lordschip is at home, to gyf to the Kyngs Shawmes, when they com to my lorde yerely, x. s."

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot conclude this note without observing, that in this enumeration the family Minstrels seem to have been musicians only, and yet both the Earl's Trumpets and the King's Shawmes are evidently distinguished from the Earl's Minstrels, and the King's Jugler: Now we find *Jugglers* still coupled with *Pipers* in Barklay's Egloges, circ. 1514. (Warton, ii. 254.)

(C C 2) The honours and rewards conferred on Minstrels, &c. in the middle ages, were excessive as will be seen by many instances in these volumes. Vid. Notes (E) (F), &c; but more particularly with regard to English Minstrels, &c., see T. Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, i. p. 89—92, 116, &c. ii. 105, 106, 254, &c. Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, ii. p. 316—319, 397—399, 427, 428.

On this head, it may be sufficient to add the following passage from the *Fleta*, lib. ii. c. 23. "*Officium Eleemosinarij* est . . . Equos relictos, Robas, Pecuniam, et alia ad Eleemosinam largiter recipre et fideliter distribuere; debet etiam Regem super Eleemosinæ largitione crebris summotionibus stimulare et præcipue diebus Sanctorum, et rogare ne Robas suas quæ magni sunt precij *Histrionibus*, Blanditoribus, Adulatoribus, Accusatoribus, vel *Menestrallis*, sed ad Eleemosinæ suæ incrementum jubeat largiri." Et in c. 72. "Ministrallis, vel Adulatoris."

(D D) "A species of men who did not sing, &c.]" It appears from the passage of Erasmus here referred to, that there still existed in England of that species of *Jongleurs* or Minstrels, whom the French called by the peculiar name of *Conteurs*, or Reciters in prose: It is in his *ecclesiastes*, where he is speaking of such preachers as imitated the tone of Beggars or Mountebanks:—"Apud Anglos est simile genus hominum, quales apud Italos sunt Circulatores [Mountebanks] de quibus nodo dictum est; qui irrumpunt in convivia *Magnatum*, aut in *Cautonas Vinarias*; et argumentum aliquod, quod edidicerunt, recitant; puta mortem omnibus dominari, aut laudem matrimonii. Sed quoniam ea lingua monosyllabis fere constat, quemadmodum Germanica; atque illi [sc. this peculiar species of Reciters] studio vitant cantum, nobis (sc. Erasmus, who did not understand a word of English) latrare videntur verius quam loqui." Opera, tom. v. c. 958. (Jortin, vol. ii. p. 193.) As Erasmus was correcting the vice of preachers, it was more to his point to bring an instance from the Moral Reciters of prose than from Chanters of rhyme; though the latter would probably be more popular, and therefore more common.

(E E) This character is supposed to have been suggested by descriptions of Minstrels in the Romance of *Morte Arthur*; but none, it seems, have been found, which come nearer to it than the following, which I shall produce, not only that the reader may judge of the resemblance, but to show how nearly the idea of the Minstrel character given in this Essay corresponds with that of our old writers.

Sir Lancelot, having been affronted by a threatening abusive letter, which Mark Kirk, of Cornwall had sent to Queen Guenever, wherein he "spake shame by her, and Sir Lancelot," is comforted by a Knight named Sir Dinadan, who tells him "I will make a *Lay* for him, and when it is made, I shall make an *Harper* to sing it before him. So anon he went and made it, and taught it an Harper, that hyght Elyot; and when hee could it, hee taught it to many Harpers. And so . . . the Harpers went straight unto Wales and Cornwaile to sing the *Lay* . . . which was the worst *Lay* that ever Harper sung with Harpe, or with any other instrument. And [at a] great feast that King Marke made for joy of [a] victorie which hee had . . . came Eliot the Harper; . . . and because he was a curious Harper, men heard him sing the same *Lay* that Sir Dinadan had made, the which spake the most vilanie by King Marke of his treason, that ever man heard. When the Harper had sung his song to the end, King Marke was wonderous wroth with

him, and said, Thou Harper, how durst thou be so bold to sing this song before me? Sir, said Eliot, wit you well I am a Minstrell, and I must doe as I am commanded of these Lords that *I bear the armes of*. And, Sir King, wit you well that Sir Dinadan a knight of the Round Table made this song, and he made me to sing it before you. Thou saiest well, said King Marke, I charge thee that thou hie thee fast out of my sight. So the Harper departed, &c." Part II. c. 113, ed. 1634. See also Part III. c. 5.

(EE 2) "This act seems to have put an end to the profession," &c.] Although I conceive that the character ceased to exist, yet the appellation might be continued, and applied to Fiddlers, or other common musicians: which will account for the mistakes of Sir Peter Leicester, or other modern writers. See his *Historical Antiquities of Cheshire*, 1673, p. 141.

In this sense it is used in an ordinance in the times of Cromwell (1656), wherein it is enacted, that if any of the "persons commonly called Fiddlers or Minstrels shall at any time be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any inn, ale-house, or tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring, or intreating any . . . to hear them play or make music in any of the places aforesaid;" they are to be "adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

This will also account why John of Gaunt's King of the Minstrels at length came to be called, like *Le Roy des Violons* in France, v. Note (BB 2), King of the Fiddlers. See the common ballad entitled "The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood with Clorinda, Queen of Tutbury feast:" which, though prefixed to the modern collection on that subject,<sup>1</sup> seems of much later date than most of the others; for the writer appears to be totally ignorant of all the old traditions concerning this celebrated outlaw, and has given him a very elegant bride instead of his old noted lemman "Maid Marian;" who together with his chaplain "Frier Tuck" were his favourite companions, and probably on that account figured in the old Morrice Dance, as may be seen by the engraving in Mr. Steevens's and Mr. Malone's editions of Shakespeare; by whom she is mentioned, 1 Hen. IV. act iii. sc. 3. (See also Warton, i. 245. ii. 237.) Whereas, from this ballad's concluding with an exhortation to "pray for the king," and "that he may get children," &c. it is evidently posterior to the reign of queen Elizabeth, and can scarce be older than the reign of K. Charles I.; for K. James I. had no issue after his accession to the throne of England. It may even have been written since the restoration, and only express the wishes of the nation for issue on the marriage of their favourite K. Charles II. on his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal. I think it is not found in the Pepys collection.

(FF) "Historical Song, or Ballad." The English word Ballad is

<sup>1</sup> Of the twenty-four songs in what is now called "Robin Hood's Garland," many are so modern as not to be found in Pepys's collection completed only in 1700. In the folio MS. (described in the Preface to this work) are ancient fragments of the following, viz.—Robin Hood and the Beggar.—Robin Hood and the Butcher.—Robin Hood and Fryer Tucke.—Robin Hood and the Pindar.—Robin Hood and Queen Catharine, in two parts.—Little John and the four Beggars, and "Robine Hood's Death." This last, which is very curious, has no resemblance to any that have been published; and the others are extremely different from the printed copies; but they unfortunately are in the beginning of the MS. where half of every leaf hath been torn away.



evidently from the French *Balade*, as the latter is from the Italian *Ballata*; which the Crusca Dictionary defines, *Canzone, che si canta Ballando*, "A song, which is sung during a dance." So Dr. Burney (ii. 342), who refers to a collection of *Ballette* published by Gastaldi, and printed at Antwerp in 1596, iii. 226.

But the word appears to have had an earlier origin: for in the decline of the Roman Empire these trivial songs were called *Ballistea* and *Saltatiunculae*. *Ballisteum*, Salmasius says, is properly *Ballistium*. Gr. βαλλιστεῖον. "ἀπὸ τοῦ βαλλίζω . . . βαλλιστία saltatio . . . Ballistium igitur est quod vulgo vocamus Ballet; nam inde deducta vox nostra." Salmas. Not. in Hist. Ang. Scriptores VI. p. 349.

In the life of the Emperor Aurelian by Fl. Vopiscus may be seen two of these *Ballistea*, as sung by the boys skipping and dancing, on account of the great slaughter made by the Emperor with his own hand in the Sarmatic war. The first is,

Mille, mille, mille decollavimus,  
Unus homo mille decollavimus,  
Mille vivat, qui mille occidit.  
Tantum vini habet nemo  
Quantum fudit sanguinis.

The other was

Mille Sarmatas, mille Francos  
Semel et semel occidimus.  
Mille Persas quærimus.

Salmasius (in loc.) shows that the trivial Poets of that time were wont to form their metre of Trochaic Tetrametre Catalectics, divided into Distichs, (ibid. p. 350.) This becoming the metre of the hymns in the church service, to which the monks at length superadded rhyming terminations, was the origin of the common Trochaic Metre in the modern languages. This observation I owe to the learned author of *Irish Antiquities*, 4to.

(F F 2) "Little Miscellanies named Garlands," &c.] In the Pepysian and other libraries are preserved a great number of these in black-letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of England's Royal Garden, &c. by Richard Johnson, 1612. (In the Bodleyan Library.)—2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.—3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D. 1631.—4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D.—5. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Tho. Delone.—6. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier.—7. Cupid's Garland set round with Guilded Roses.—8. The Garland of Withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1656.—9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c.—10. The Country Garland.—11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment.—12. The Lover's Garland.—13. Neptune's Fair Garland.—14. England's Fair Garland.—15. Robin Hood's Garland.—16. The Maiden's Garland.—17. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime.—18. A Royal Garland of new Songs.—19. The Jovial Garland, 8th edit. 1691.—&c. &c. &c.

This sort of petty publications had anciently the name of penny-merriments: as little religious tracts of the same size were called penny-godlinesses. In the Pepysian Library are multitudes of both kinds.

(G G) "The term *Minstrel* was not confined to a mere musician in this country any more than on the Continent."] The discussion of the

question, whether the term Minstrel was applied in England to singers and composers of songs, &c. or confined to the performers on musical instruments, was properly reserved for this place, because much light hath already been thrown upon the subject in the preceding notes, to which it will be sufficient to refer the reader.

That on the Continent the Minstrel was understood not to be a mere musician, but a singer of verses, hath been shown in Notes (B) (C) (R) (AA), &c.<sup>1</sup> And that he was also a maker of them is evident from the passage in (C) p. 30. where the most noted romances are said to be of the composition of these men. And in (B B) p. 53. we have the titles of some of which a Minstrel was the author, who has himself left his name upon record.

The old English names for one of this profession were Gleeman,<sup>2</sup> Jogeler,<sup>3</sup> and latterly Minstrel; not to mention Harper, &c. In French he was called *Jongleur* or *Jugler*, *Menestrel* or *Menestrier*.<sup>4</sup> The writers of the middle ages expressed the character in Latin by the words *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrion*, *Ministrellus*, &c. These terms, however modern critics may endeavour to distinguish, and apply them to different classes, and although they may be sometimes mentioned as if they were distinct, I cannot find after a very strict research to have had any settled appropriate difference, but they appear to have been used indiscriminately by the oldest writers, especially in England; where the most general and comprehensive name was latterly Minstrel, Lat. *Ministrellus*, &c.

Thus *Joculator* (Eng. Jogeler or Juglar) is used as synonymous to *Citharista* (Note (K) p. 38), and to *Cantor* (p. 38), and to Minstrel (vid. infra p. 60). We have also positive proof that the subjects of his songs were Gestes and Romantic Tales. (v 2) note.

So *Mimus* is used as synonymous to *Joculator*, (M) p. 39. He was rewarded for his singing, (N) p. 40. and he both sang, harped, and dealt in that sport (T 2) which is elsewhere called *Ars Joculatoria*, (M) ubi supra.

Again, *Histrion* is also proved to have been a singer, (Z) p. 50, and to have gained rewards by his *Verba Joculatoria*, (E) p. 31. And *Histriones* is the term by which the Fr. word *Ministraultx* is most frequently rendered into Latin, (W) p. 47, (B B) 52, &c.

The fact therefore is sufficiently established that this order of men were in England, as well as on the Continent, Singers; so that it only becomes a dispute about words, whether here, under the more general name of Minstrels, they are described as having sung.

But in proof of this we have only to turn to so common a book as T. Warton's History of English Poetry; where we shall find extracted from records the following instances.

Ex. Registr. Priorat. S. Swithin Winton. (sub anno 1374) "In festo Alwyni Epi. . . . Et durante pietancia in Aula Conventus sex *Ministralli*, cum quatuor *Citharisatoribus*, faciebant Ministralcias suas. Et post cenam, in magna camera arcuata Dom. Prioris cantabant idem

<sup>1</sup> That the French Minstrel was a singer and composer, &c. appears from many passages translated by M. Le Grand, in "Fabliaux ou Contes," &c. see tom. i. p. 37, 47. ii. 306, 313 et seqq. iii. 266, &c. Yet this writer, like other French critics, endeavours to reduce to distinct and separate classes the men of this profession, under the precise names of *Fablier*, *Conteur*, *Menestrier*, *Menestrel*, and *Jongleur*, (tom. i. pref. p. xcvi.) whereas his own Tales confute all these nice distinctions, or prove at least that the title of *Menestrier* or Minstrel was applied to them all.

<sup>2</sup> See pag. 35.

<sup>3</sup> See pag. 47.

<sup>4</sup> See pag. 16, Note.

*Gestum* in qua Camera suspendebatur, ut moris est, magnum dorsale Prioris habens picturas trium Regum Colein. Veniebant autem dicti *Joculatores* a Castello Domini Regis et ex familia Epi." (vol. ii. p. 174.) Here the Minstrels and Harpers are expressly called *Joculatores*; and as the Harpers had musical instruments, the singing must have been by the Minstrels, or by both conjointly.

For that Minstrels sang we have undeniable proof in the following entry in the account roll of the priory of Bicester, in Oxfordshire (under the year 1432). "Dat. Sex *Ministrallis* de Bokyngham *cantantibus* in refectorio Martyrium Septem Dormientium in Festo Epiphanie, iv. s." Vol. ii. p. 175.

In like manner our old English writers abound with passages wherein the Minstrel is represented as singing. To mention only a few:

In the old Romance of *Emaré* (vol. ii. No. xv. p. 184) which from the obsolescence of the style, the nakedness of the story, the barrenness of incidents, and some other particulars, I should judge to be next in point of time to *Hornchild*, we have

—I have herd Menstrelles syng yn sawe :  
Stanza 27.

In a poem of Adam Davie (who flourished about 1312) we have this Distich,

Merry it is in halle to here the harpe,  
The Minstrelles syngre, the Jogelours carpe.  
T. Warton, i. p. 225.

So William of Nassyngton (circ. 1480) as quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, (Chaucer, iv. 319).

—I will make no vain carpinge  
Of dedes of armys ne of amours  
As dus Mynstrelles and Jestours [Gestours]  
That makys carpinge in many a place  
Of Octaviane and Isembrase,  
And of many other Jests [Gestes]  
And namely whan they come to festes.<sup>1</sup>

See also the description of the Minstrel in Note (E E) from *Morte Arthur*, which appears to have been compiled about the time of this last writer. See T. Warton, ii. 235.

By proving that Minstrels were singers of the old romantic songs and gestes, &c. we have in effect proved them to have been the makers at least of some of them. For the names of their authors being not preserved, to whom can we so probably ascribe the composition of many of these old popular rhymes, as to the men who devoted all their time and talents to the recitation of them? especially as in the rhymes themselves Minstrels are often represented as the makers or composers.

Thus in the oldest of all, *Horn-Child*, having assumed the character of a Harper or Jogeler, is in consequence said (fo. 92) to have

made Rymenild (his mistress) a lay.

In the old Romance of *Emaré*, we have this exhortation to Minstrels, as composers, otherwise they could not have been at liberty to choose their subjects, (st. 2).

<sup>1</sup> The fondness of the English (even the most illiterate) to hear tales and rhymes, is much dwelt on by Rob. de Brunne, in 1330. (Warton, i. p. 59, 65, 75.) All rhymes were then sung to the harp: even Troilus and Cresseide, though almost as long as the *Æneid*, was to be "redde. . . . or else songe." l. ult. Warton, i. 388.

Menstrelles that walken fer and wyde  
 Her and ther in every a syde  
 In mony a dyverse londe  
 Sholde ut her bygynnyng  
 Speke of that rightwes kyng  
 That made both see and londe, &c.

And in the old Song or Geste of *Guy and Colbronde* (vol. ii. No. iv. p. 181) the Minstrel thus speaks of himself in the first person :

When meate and drinke is great plentye  
 Then lords and ladyes still wil be  
 And sitt and solace lythe  
 Then itt is time for *mee* to speake  
 Of keene knights and kempes great  
 Such carping for to kythe.

We have seen already that the Welsh *Bards*, who were undoubtedly composers of the songs they chanted to the Harp, could not be distinguished by our legislators from our own *Rimers*, *Minstrels*. Vid. (B B 3) p. 54.

And that the Provençal *Trobadour* of our King Richard, who is called by M. Favine *Jongleur*, and by M. Fauchet *Menestrel*, is by the old English translator termed a Rimer or Minstrel when he is mentioning the fact of his composing some verses, p. 16.

And lastly, that Holinshed, translating the prohibition of King Henry V., forbidding any songs to be composed on his victory, or to be sung by Harpers or others, roundly gives it, he would not permit "any ditties to be made and sung by Minstrels on his glorious victory," &c. Vid. p. 21, and Note (B B 4).

Now that this order of men, at first called Gleemen, then Juglers, and afterwards more generally Minstrels, existed here from the Conquest, who entertained their hearers with chanting to the harp or other instrument songs and tales of chivalry, or as they were called *Gests*<sup>1</sup> and romances in verse in the English language, is proved by the existence of the very compositions they so chanted, which are still preserved in great abundance ; and exhibit a regular series from the time our language was almost Saxon, till after its improvements in the age of Chaucer, who enumerates many of them. And as the Norman French was in the time of this bard still the courtly language, it shows that the English was not thereby excluded from affording entertainment to our nobility, who are so often addressed therein by the title of *Lordings* : and sometimes more positively "Lords and ladies," p. 109.

And though many of these were translated from the French, others are evidently of English origin,<sup>2</sup> which appear in their turns to have afforded versions into that language ; a sufficient proof of that inter-community between the French and English Minstrels, which hath been mentioned in a preceding page. Even the abundance of such translations into English, being all adapted for popular recitation, sufficiently establishes the fact, that the English Minstrels had a great demand for

<sup>1</sup> *Gests* at length came to signify adventures or incidents in general. So in a narrative of the Journey into Scotland, of Queen Margaret and her attendants, on her marriage with King James IV. in 1503 (in Appendix to Leland. Collect. iv. p. 265.) we are promised an account "of their Gestys and manners during the said voyage."

<sup>2</sup> The Romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion* (No. xxv.) I should judge to be of English origin from the names *Wardrewe* and *Eldrede*, &c. vol. ii. p. 176. As is also *Eger and Grime*, (No. xii.) wherein a knight is named *Sir Gray Steel*, and a lady who excels in surgery is called *Loospaine*, or *Lose-pain* : these surely are not derived from France.

such compositions, which they were glad to supply whether from their own native stores, or from other languages.

We have seen above that the *Joculator*, *Minus*, *Histrion*, whether these characters were the same, or had any real difference, were all called Minstrels; as was also the Harper,<sup>1</sup> when the term implied a singer, if not a composer, of songs, &c. By degrees the name of Minstrel was extended to vocal and instrumental musicians of every kind: and as in the establishment of royal and noble houses, the latter would necessarily be most numerous, so we are not to wonder that the band of music (entered under the general name of Minstrels) should consist of instrumental performers chiefly, if not altogether: for, as the composer or singer of heroic tales to the harp would necessarily be a solitary performer, we must not expect to find him in the band along with the trumpeters, fluters, &c.

However, as we sometimes find mention of "Minstrels of Music:"<sup>2</sup> so at other times we hear of "expert Minstrels and musicians of tongue and cunning" (B B 3) p. 54;<sup>3</sup> meaning doubtless by the former singers, and probably by the latter phrase composers of songs. Even "Minstrels Music" seems to be applied to the species of verse used by Minstrels in the passage quoted below.<sup>4</sup>

But although, from the predominancy of instrumental music, minstrelsy was at length chiefly to be understood in this sense, yet it was still applied to the poetry of Minstrels so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears in the following extract from Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poesie," p. 9. Who, speaking of the first composers of Latin verses in rhyme, says, "all that they wrote to the favor or prayse of Princes they did it in such manner of Minstralsie; and thought themselves no small fooles, when they could make their verses go all in *ryme*."

I shall conclude this subject with the following description of Minstrelcy given by John Lidgate at the beginning of the fifteenth century, as it shows what a variety of entertainments were then comprehended under this term, together with every kind of instrumental music then in use.

—Al maner *Mynstralcy*,  
That any man kan specyfye,  
Ffor there were Rotys of Almayne,  
And eke of Arragon, and Spayne:

<sup>1</sup> See the Romance of *Sir Isebras* (vol. ii. No. xiv. p. 184), sign. a.

Harpers loved him in Hall  
With other Minstrels all.

<sup>2</sup> T. Warton, ii. 258. Note (a) from Leland's Collect. (vol. iv. Append. edit. 1774, p. 267).


<sup>3</sup> The curious author of the "Tour in Wales, 1773," 4to. p. 435, I find to have read these words "in toune and contrey;" which I can scarce imagine to have been applicable to Wales at that time. Nor can I agree with him in the representation he has given (p. 367) concerning the *Cymmorth* or meeting, wherein the *Bards* exerted their powers to excite their countrymen to war; as if it were by a deduction of the particulars he enumerates, and as it should seem in the way of harangue, &c. After which, "the band of Minstrels . . . struck up; the harp, the *crwth*, and the pipe filled the measures of enthusiasm, which the others had begun to inspire." Whereas it is well known, that the Bard chanted his enthusiastic effusions to the harp; and as for the term *Minstrel*, it was not, I conceive, at all used by the Welsh; and in English it comprehended both the Bard and the Musician.

<sup>4</sup> "Your ordinarie rimers use very much their measures in the odde, as nine and eleven, and the sharpe accent upon the last sillable, which therefore makes him go ill favouredly and like a *Minstrels musicke*." (Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie*, 1589, p. 59.) This must mean his vocal music, otherwise it appears not applicable to the subject

*Songes*, Stampes, and eke Daunces ;  
 Divers plente of plesaunces :  
 And many unkouth notys new  
 Of swiche folke as lovid treue.<sup>1</sup>  
 And instrumentys that did excelle,  
 Many moo than I kan telle,  
 Harpys, Fythales, and eke Rotys  
 Well according to her (*i. e.* their) notys,  
 Lutys, Ribibles, and Geternes,  
 More for estatys, than tavernes :  
 Orgay[n]s, Cytolis, Monacordys.—  
 There were Trumpes, and Trumpettes,  
 Lowde Shall[m]ys, and Doucettes.

T. Warton, ii. 225, note (\*).

<sup>1</sup> By this phrase I understand, new tales or narrative rhymes composed by the Minstrels on the subject of true and faithful lovers, &c.

 *The foregoing Essay on the Ancient Minstrels has been very much enlarged and improved since the first Edition, with respect to the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels, in consequence of some objections proposed by the reverend and learned Mr. Pegge, which the reader may find in the second volume of the Archæologia, printed by the Antiquarian Society; but which that gentleman has since retracted in the most liberal and candid manner in the third volume of the Archæologia, No. xxxiv. p. 310.*

*And in consequence of similar objections respecting the English Minstrels after the Conquest, the subsequent part hath been much enlarged, and additional light thrown upon the subject; which, to prevent cavil, hath been extended to Minstrelsy in all its branches, as it was established in England, whether by natives or foreigners.*

RELIQUES  
OF  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY  
SERIES THE FIRST  
BOOK I

I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet : and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude style ; which beeing so evill appparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare !

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.

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I. THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE

The fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined ; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.

Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique<sup>1</sup> on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of the common-received copy ; for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the elogium of Sir Philip Sydney : perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself I have here recovered the genuine antique poem ; the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil-apparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist. 1719, 8vo. vol i. To the MS. copy is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale ;<sup>2</sup> whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book entitled,

<sup>1</sup> Spectator, No. 70, 74.

<sup>2</sup> Subscribed after the usual manner of our old poets, *explicit* (explicit) *quoth*  
**Rychard Sheale**



The Complaint of Scotland<sup>1</sup> (fol. 42), under the title of the *Huntis of Chevet*, where the two following lines are also quoted :

The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette,<sup>2</sup>  
That day, that day, that gentil day :<sup>3</sup>

which though not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed, whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI. : as on the other hand the mention of James the Scottish King,<sup>4</sup> with one or two anachronisms, forbids us to assign it an earlier date. King James I. who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father,<sup>5</sup> did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI.,<sup>6</sup> but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne.<sup>7</sup> A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

So much for the date of this old ballad : with regard to its subject, although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies.<sup>8</sup> There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains and sharp contests for the point of honour ; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the *Hunting a' the Cheviat*.<sup>9</sup> Percy earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave from earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force : this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties ; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad : for these are evidently borrowed from the *Battle of Otterbourn*,<sup>10</sup> a very different event, but which aftertimes would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of *Chevy-Chase*, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two subjects together : if indeed the

<sup>1</sup> One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press, now to be found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted ; but it is supposed to have been printed in 1540. See Ames.

<sup>2</sup> See Pt. 2. v. 25.

<sup>3</sup> See Pt. 1. v. 104.

<sup>4</sup> Pt. 2. v. 36. 140.

<sup>5</sup> Who died Aug. 5, 1406, in the 7th year of our Hen. IV.

<sup>6</sup> James I. was crowned May 22, 1424 ; murdered Feb. 21, 1436-7.

<sup>7</sup> In 1460.—Hen. VI. was deposed 1461 ; restored and slain, 1471.

<sup>8</sup> Item . . . . *Concordatum est, quod, . . . . NULLUS unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quacunque alicujus partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solatium in eisdem, aliave quacunque de causa, ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus . . . . ad quem . . . . loca . . . . pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. & obtent.* Vid. Bp. Nicholson's *Leges Marchiarum*, 1705, 8vo. pp. 27, 51.

<sup>9</sup> This was the original title. See the ballad, Pt. 1. v. 106. Pt. 2. v. 165.

<sup>10</sup> See the next ballad

lines<sup>1</sup> in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS.; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253, s. 29, 34, 61, 70, & *passim*.

THE FIRST FIT<sup>2</sup>

THE Persè owt of Northombarlande,  
And a vowe to God mayd he,  
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns  
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,  
In the mauger<sup>3</sup> of doughtè Dogles,  
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat  
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:  
Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Douglas agayn,  
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

Then the Persè<sup>4</sup> owt of Banborowe cam,  
With him a myghtye meany;  
With fifteen hondrith archares<sup>5</sup> bold;  
The wear chosen out of shyars thre.<sup>6</sup>

This begane on a monday at morn  
In Cheviat the hillys so he;  
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,  
It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe<sup>7</sup> the woodes went  
For to reas the dear;  
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent  
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went  
On every syde shear; .

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Pt. 2. v. 167.

<sup>2</sup> See ver. 100.

<sup>3</sup> "Magger" in Hearne's PC. [Printed Copy.]

<sup>4</sup> "The the Persè." PC.

<sup>5</sup> "Archardes bolde off blood and bone." PC.

<sup>6</sup> By these "*shyars thre*" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of *shires*, and are all in the neighbourhood of *Cheviot*. These are *Islandshire*, being the district so named from Holy-Island; *Norhamshire*, so called from the town and castle of Noreham, or Norham; and *Bamboroughshire*, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough-castle and town.

<sup>7</sup> "Throrowe." PC.

Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent  
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above  
Yerly on a monnyn day ;  
Be that it drewe to the oware off none  
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort<sup>1</sup> uppone the bent,  
The semblyd on sydis shear ;  
To the quyrry then the Persè went  
To se the bryttlyng off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys  
This day to meet me hear ;  
But I wyste he wold faylle verament :  
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde  
Lokyde at his hand full ny,  
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge :  
With him a mightè<sup>2</sup> meany,

Both with spear, 'byll,'<sup>3</sup> and brande :  
Yt was a myghti sight to se.  
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande  
Wear not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good  
Withouten any fayle ;<sup>4</sup>  
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde  
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,  
And to your bowys<sup>5</sup> look ye tayk good heed  
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne  
Had ye never so mickle need.<sup>6</sup>

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede  
He rode att his men beforne ;  
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede ;  
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what'<sup>7</sup> men ye ar, he says,  
Or whos men that ye be :

<sup>1</sup> "Blwe a mot." PC.

<sup>2</sup> "Brylly." PC.

<sup>3</sup> "Boys." PC.

<sup>7</sup> "Whoz." PC

<sup>2</sup> "Myghtte." PC passim.

<sup>4</sup> "Withowte feale PC

<sup>5</sup> "Ned." PC.

Who gave youe leave to hunte in this  
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?

The first mane that ever him an answeare mayd,  
Yt was the good lord Persè :  
We wyll not tell the 'what'<sup>1</sup> men we ar, he says,  
Nor whos men that we be ;  
But we wyll hount hear in this chays  
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat  
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way.  
Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,<sup>2</sup>  
Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas  
Unto the lord Persè :  
To kyll all thes giltless men,  
A-las ! it wear great pittè.

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,  
I am a yerle callyd within my countre ;  
Let all our men uppone a parti stande ;  
And do the battell off the and of me.

Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the<sup>3</sup> lord Persè,  
Who-soever ther-to says nay.  
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,  
Thow shalt never se that day ;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,  
Nor for no man of a woman born,  
But and fortune be my chance,  
I dar met him on man for on.<sup>4</sup>

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,  
Ric. Wytharynton<sup>5</sup> was his nam ;  
It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,  
To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,  
I am a poor squyar of lande ;

<sup>1</sup> "Whoys." PC.

<sup>2</sup> "Sayd the the." PC.

<sup>3</sup> "Agay." PC.

<sup>4</sup> "On," i. e. one.

<sup>5</sup> This is probably corrupted in the manuscript for Rog. Widdrington, who was at the head of the family in the reign of King Edward III. There were several successively of the names of Roger and Ralph, but none of the name of Richard, as appears from the genealogies in the Heralds' office.

I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,  
 And stande my-selffe, and looke on,  
 But whyll I may my weppone welde,  
 I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day :  
 The first Fit<sup>1</sup> here I fynde.  
 And youe wyll here any mor athe hountyng athe Chyviat,  
 Yet ys ther mor behynde.

## THE SECOND FIT

THE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,  
 Ther hartes were good yenoughe ;  
 The first<sup>2</sup> of arros that the shote off,  
 Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet bydys<sup>3</sup> the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,  
 A captayne good yenoughe,  
 And that was sene verament,  
 For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre,  
 Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,  
 With suar speares off myghttè tre  
 The cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Yngglishe archery  
 Gave many a wounde full wyde ;  
 Many a doughete the garde to dy,  
 Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Yngglyshe men let thear bowys<sup>4</sup> be,  
 And pulde owt brandes that wer bright ;<sup>5</sup>  
 It was a hevy syght to se  
 Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe<sup>6</sup> ryche male, and myne-ye-ple  
 Many sterne the stroke downe<sup>7</sup> streght :  
 Many a freyke, that was full free,  
 Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,  
 Lyk to<sup>8</sup> captayns of<sup>9</sup> myght and mayne ;

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Glos.

<sup>2</sup> "Byddys." PC.

<sup>3</sup> "Briggt." PC.

<sup>4</sup> "Done." PC.

<sup>5</sup> "And of." PC.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. flight.

<sup>7</sup> "Boys." PC

<sup>8</sup> "Throrowe." PC.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. two.

The swapte togethar tyll the both swat  
With swordes, that were of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght  
Ther-to the wear full fayne,  
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprete,  
As ever dyd heal or rayne.<sup>1</sup>

Holde<sup>2</sup> the, Persè, sayd the Doglas,  
And i' feth I shall the brynge  
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis  
Of Jamy our Scottish kyng.

Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,  
I hight the hear this thinge,  
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,  
That ever I conqueryd in filde fighting.

Nay 'then' sayd the lord Persè,  
I tolde it the beforne,  
That I wolde never yeldyde be  
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastily  
Forthe off a mightie wane,<sup>3</sup>  
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas  
In at the brest bane.

Thoroue<sup>4</sup> lyvar and longs bathe  
The sharp arrowe ys gane,  
That never after in all his lyffe days,  
He spake mo wordes but ane,  
That was,<sup>5</sup> Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,  
For my lyff days ben gan.

The Persè leanyde on his brande,  
And sawe the Duglas de;  
He tooke the dede man be the hande,  
And sayd, Wo ys me for the !

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with  
My landes for years thre,  
For a better man of hart, nare of hande  
Was not in all the north countrè.

<sup>1</sup> "Ran." PC.

<sup>2</sup> "Helde." PC.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. ane, one, sc. man. an arrow came from a mighty one : from a mighty man.

<sup>4</sup> "Thoroue." PC.

<sup>5</sup> This seems to have been a gloss added.

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,  
 Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,  
 He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;  
 He spendyd a spear a trusti tre :

He rod uppon a corsiare  
 Throughe a hondrith archery ;  
 He never styntyde, nar never blane,  
 Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè.

He set uppone the lord Persè  
 A dynte, that was full soare ;  
 With a suar spear of a myghtè tre  
 Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,<sup>1</sup>

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,  
 A large cloth yard and mare :  
 Towe better captayns wear nat in Christiantè,  
 Then that day slain wear ther.

An archer off Northomberlonde  
 Say<sup>2</sup> slean was the lord Persè,  
 He bar a bende-bow in his hande,  
 Was made off trusti tre :

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,  
 To th' hard stele halyde<sup>3</sup> he ;  
 A dynt, that was both sad and soar,  
 He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and soar,<sup>4</sup>  
 That he of Mongon-byrry sete ;  
 The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,  
 With his hart blood the wear wete.<sup>5</sup>

Ther was never a freake wone foot wold fle,  
 But still in stour dyd stand,  
 Heaving on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,  
 With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat  
 An owar befor the none,  
 And when even-song bell was rang  
 The battell was nat half done.

<sup>1</sup> "Ber." PC.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* saw.

<sup>3</sup> "Hayle." PC.

<sup>4</sup> "Sar." PC.

<sup>5</sup> This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourne; in which Sir Hugh Montgomery, Knt. (son of John Lord Montgomery) was slain with an arrow. Vid. Crawford's Peerage.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand  
 Be the lyght off the mone;  
 Many hade no strenght for to stande,  
 In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.<sup>1</sup>  
 Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde  
 Went away but fifti and thre;  
 Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,  
 But even five and fifti:  
 But all wear slayne Cheviat within:  
 The hade no strengthe<sup>2</sup> to stand on hie;  
 The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,  
 It was the mor pittè.  
 Thear was slayne with the lord Persè  
 Sir John of Agerstone,  
 Sir Roge the hinde Hartly,  
 Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.  
 Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele<sup>3</sup>  
 A knyght of great renowen,  
 Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè  
 With dyntes wear beaten dowene.  
 For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
 That ever he slayne shulde be;  
 For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.<sup>5</sup>  
 Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas  
 Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,  
 Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,  
 His sistars son was he:  
 Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,  
 That never a foot wolde fle;  
 Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
 With the Duglas dyd he dey.  
 So on the morrowe the mayde them byears  
 Off byrch, and hasell so 'gray';<sup>6</sup>  
 Many wedous with wepyng tears<sup>7</sup>  
 Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

<sup>1</sup> "Abou." PC.<sup>2</sup> "Strengthe . . . by." PC.<sup>3</sup> "Ioule." PC.<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* in two.<sup>5</sup> "Kny." PC.<sup>6</sup> "Gay." PC.<sup>7</sup> A common pleonasm. (See the next poem, Fit ii. ver. 155.) So Harding, in his Chronicle, chap. 140. fol. 148, describing the death of Richard I., says:

He shrove him then unto abbots thre

With great sobbyng . . . and wepyng teares.

So likewise Cavendish, in his Life of Cardinal Wolsey, chap. 12. p. 31, 4to. "When the Duke heard this, he replied with weeping teares," &amp;c.



Tivydale may carpe off care,  
 Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,<sup>1</sup>  
 For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear,  
 On the march perti shall never be none.<sup>2</sup>

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe,  
 To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,  
 That dougheti Douglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,  
 He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,  
 He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me !  
 Such another captayn Skotland within,  
 He sayd, y-feth<sup>3</sup> shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone  
 Till the fourth Harry our kyng,  
 That lord Persè, leyff-tennante<sup>4</sup> of the Merchis,  
 He lay slayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,  
 Good lord, yf thy will it be !  
 I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,  
 As good as ever was hee :  
 But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,  
 Thy deth well quyte shall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,  
 Lyke a noble prince of renowen,  
 For the deth of the lord Persè,  
 He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down :

Wher syx and thritte Skottish knyghtes  
 On a day wear beaten down :  
 Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
 Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat ;  
 That tear begane this spurn :  
 Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,  
 Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne  
 Uppon a monnyn day :  
 Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,  
 The Persè never went away.

<sup>1</sup> "Mon." PC.  
<sup>3</sup> "Ye seth." PC.

<sup>2</sup> "Non." PC.  
<sup>4</sup> "Cheyff tennante." PC.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes  
 Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,  
 But yt was marvele, and the redde blude ronne not,  
 As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Christ our balys bete,  
 And to the blys us brynge !  
 Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat :  
 God send us all good ending !

\* \* The style of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern dialect.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Humbledon, was fought Sept. 14, 1402 (anno 3 Hen. IV.), wherein the English, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a complete victory over the Scots. The village of Humbledon is one mile north-west from Wooler, in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the present turnpike road, in a spot called ever since Red-Riggs. Humbledon is in Glendale Ward, a district so named in this county, and mentioned above in ver. 163.

## II. THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excusable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart, a French historian, who appears to be unbiassed. Froissart's relation is prolix ; I shall therefore give it, with a few corrections, as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II. 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the West-Marches, ravaged the country about Carlisle, and carried off 300 prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility, that, in the beginning of August,<sup>1</sup> they invaded Northumberland ; and, having wasted part of the county of Durham,<sup>2</sup> advanced to the gates of Newcastle : where, in a skirmish, they took a 'penon' or colours<sup>3</sup> belonging to Henry Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son of the Earl of

<sup>1</sup> Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time ; but the greater part by way of Carlisle.

<sup>2</sup> And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamboroughshire ; a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamborough, formerly the residence of the Northumbrian kings.

<sup>3</sup> This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Hotspur and Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.

Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked a castle near Otterbourn : and, in the evening of Aug. 9 (as the English writers say, or rather, according to Froissart, Aug. 15), after an unsuccessful assault, were surprised in their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But James Earl of Douglas rallying his men, there ensued one of the best-fought actions that happened in that age ; both armies showing the utmost bravery ;<sup>1</sup> the Earl Douglas himself being slain on the spot ;<sup>2</sup> the Earl of Murrey mortally wounded ; and Hotspur,<sup>3</sup> with his brother Ralph Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have given occasion to the event of the engagement's being disputed ; Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many of Foix<sup>4</sup>) affirming that the Scots remained masters of the field ; and the English writers insinuating the contrary. These last maintain that the English had the better of the day : but night coming on, some of the northern lords, coming with the Bishop of Durham to their assistance, killed many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots ; and the Earl of Dunbar, at the same time falling on another side upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prisoners, and carried them off while both parties were fighting. It is at least certain, that immediately after this battle the Scots engaged in it made the best of their way home : and the same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle."

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems not to be free from partiality : for prejudice must own that Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties ; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. "The Englysshmen on the one partye, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre, for whan they mete, there is a hard fighte without sparynge. There is no hoo<sup>5</sup> betwene them as long as speares, swordes, axes, or daggers wyll endure ; but lay on eche upon other : and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtayned the victory, they than glorifye so in their dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they shall be ransomed or they go out of the felde ;<sup>6</sup> so that shortely eche of them is so contente with other, that at their departyng curtoysly they will saye, God thanke you. But in fyghtyng one with another there is no playe, nor sparyng." Froissart's Cronycle (as translated by Sir Johan Bouchier Lord Berners), cap. cxlij.

The following ballad is (in this present edition) printed from an old manuscript in the Cotton Library<sup>7</sup> (Cleopatra, c. iv.) and contains many

<sup>1</sup> Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that these had the advantage of the ground and were also fresh from sleep, while the English were greatly fatigued with their previous march.

<sup>2</sup> By Henry Lord Percy, according to this ballad, and our old English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we may believe Froissart.

<sup>3</sup> Hotspur (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John Lord Montgomery, whose eldest son, Sir Hugh, was slain in the same action with an arrow, according to Crawford's Peerage (and seems also to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p. 73), but taken prisoner and exchanged for Hotspur, according to this ballad.

<sup>4</sup> Froissart (according to the English translation) says he had his account from two squires of England, and from a knight and squire of Scotland, soon after the battle.

<sup>5</sup> So in Langham's letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle, 1575, 12mo. p. 61. "Heer was no ho in devout drinkyng."

<sup>6</sup> i. e. They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.

<sup>7</sup> The notice of this MS. I must acknowledge with many other obligations, owing to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. late Clerk of the House of Commons.

stanzas more than were in the former copy, which was transcribed from a manuscript in the Harleian Collection [No. 293, fol. 52]. In the Cotton manuscript this poem has no title, but in the Harleian copy it is thus inscribed, "A songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the battele of Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percy Earle of Northumberlande and the Earle Douglas of Scotlande, anno 1388." But this title is erroneous, and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times : for, 1. The battle was not fought by the Earl of Northumberland, who was absent, but by his son Sir Henry Percy, Knt. surnamed Hotspur. [In those times they did not usually give the title of Lord to an earl's eldest son.] 2. Although the battle was fought in Richard II's time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles in Pt. II. ver. 26 ; and speaking of Percy in the last stanza as dead. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier. This perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common ; but which of them was the original proprietor must depend upon their priority ; and this the sagacity of the reader must determine.

Yr felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
 Whan husbonds wynn ther haye,<sup>1</sup>  
 The dowghtye Dowlasse bowynd hym to ryde,  
 In Ynglond to take a praye :

The yerlle of Fyffe,<sup>2</sup> withowghten stryffe,  
 He bowynd hym over Sulway :<sup>3</sup>  
 The grete wolde ever together ryde ;  
 That race they may rue for aye.

Over 'Ottercap' hyll they<sup>4</sup> came in,  
 And so downyn by Rodelyffecragge,  
 Upon Grene 'Leyton' they lyghted downyn,  
 Styrande many a stagge ;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Winn their heaye." Harl. MS. This is the Northumberland phrase to this day : by which they always express "getting in their hay."

<sup>2</sup> Robert Stuart, second son of King Robert II.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* "over Solway frith." This evidently refers to the other division of the Scottish army, which came in by way of Carlisle. . . . "Bowynd," or "Bounde him ;" *i. e.* hied him. Vid. Gloss.

<sup>4</sup> "They : " *sc.* the Earl of Douglas and his party. The several stations here mentioned are well-known places in Northumberland. Ottercap-hill is in the parish of Kirk-Whelpington, in Tynedale-ward. Rodeliffe- (or as it is more usually pronounced Rodeley-) Cragge is a noted cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth-ward : it lies south-east of Ottercap, and has, within these few years, been distinguished by a small tower erected by Sir Walter Blacket, Bart. which, in Armstrong's map of Northumberland, is pompously called Rodeley-castle. Green Leyton is another small village in the same parish of Hartburn, and is south-east of Rodeley. Both the original MSS. read here corruptly, Hoppertop and Lynton.

<sup>5</sup> This line is corrupt in both the MSS. viz. "Many a styrande stage." Stags have been killed within the present century on some of the large wastes in Northumberland

## The Percy Reliques

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,  
 And haryed many a towyn ;  
 They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,  
 To battel that were not bowyn.

Than spake a berne upon the bent,  
 Of comforte that was not colde,  
 And sayd, We have brent Northomberlond,  
 We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,  
 All the welth in the worlde have wee ;  
 I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
 So styll and stalwurthlye.

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,  
 The standards schone fulle bryght ;  
 To the Newe Castelle the toke the waye,  
 And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,  
 I telle yow withowtten drede ;  
 He had byn a march-man <sup>1</sup> all hys dayes,  
 And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
 The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
 Syr Harye Percy, and thow byste within,  
 Com to the fylde, and fyght :

For we have brente Northomberlonde,  
 Thy eritage good and ryght ;  
 And syne <sup>2</sup> my logeyng I have take,  
 With my brande dubbyd many a knyght.

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,  
 The Skottysse oste for to se ;  
 " And thow hast brent Northomberlond,  
 Full sore it rewyth me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre,  
 Thow hast done me grete envye ;  
 For the trespasse thow hast me done,  
 The tone of us schall dye."

<sup>1</sup> " Marche-man," *i. e.* a scourer of the Marches.

<sup>2</sup> " Syne " seems here to mean *since*.

Where schall I byde the? sayd the Dowglas,  
Or where wylte thou come to me?  
"At Otterborne in the hygh way,<sup>1</sup>  
Ther maist thou well logeed be.

The roo<sup>2</sup> full rekeles ther sche rinnes,  
To make the game and glee:  
The fawkon and the fesaunt both,  
Amonge on the holtes on 'hee.'<sup>3</sup>

Ther maist thou have thy welth at wyll,  
Well looged ther maist be.  
Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"  
Sayd Syr Harry Percy.

Ther schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas,  
By the fayth of my bodye.  
Thether schall I com, sayd Syr Harry Percy;  
My trowth I plyght to the

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,  
For soth, as I yow saye:  
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,  
And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd him homewarde agayne,  
For soth withowghten naye,  
He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne  
Upon a Wedyns-day:

And ther he pyght hys standerd downyn,  
Hys gettyng more and lesse,  
And syne he warned hys men to goo  
To chose ther geldyngs gresse.

A Skottysse knyght hoved upon the bent,<sup>4</sup>  
A wache I dare well saye:  
So was he ware on the noble Percy  
In the dawyng of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,  
As faste as he myght ronne,

<sup>1</sup> Otterbourn is near the old Watling-street road, in the parish of Elsdon. The Scots were encamped in a grassy plain near the river Read. The place where the Scots and English fought is still called Battle Riggs.

<sup>2</sup> Roe-bucks were to be found upon the wastes not far from Hexham in the reign of Geo. I. ——— Whitfield, Esq. of Whitfield, is said to have destroyed the last of them.

<sup>3</sup> "Hye." MSS.

<sup>4</sup> "Upon the best bent." MS.

## The Percy Reliques

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,  
For hys love, that syttes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,  
For thow maiste waken wyth wyne :  
Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy,  
And seven standardes wyth hym.

Nay by my trowth, the Douglas sayed,  
It ys but a fayned taylle :  
He durste not loke on my bred banner,  
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,  
That stonds so fayre on Tyne ?  
For all the men the Percy hade,  
He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,  
To loke and it were lesse ;  
Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,  
For here bygynnes no peysse.

The yerle of Mentaye,<sup>1</sup> thow arte my eme,  
The forwarde I gyve to the :  
The yerlle of Huntlay cawte and kene,  
He schall wyth the be.

The Lorde of Bowghan<sup>2</sup> in armure bryght  
On the other hand he schall be ;  
Lorde Jhonstone, and Lorde Maxwell,  
They to schall be with me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde  
To batell make yow bowen :  
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstone.

## A FYTTE

THE Perssy<sup>3</sup> came byfore hys oste,  
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,  
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
I wyll holde that I have hyght :<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Menteith.

<sup>3</sup> "Percy." al. MS.

<sup>2</sup> The Lord Buchan.

<sup>4</sup> I will hold to what I have promised.

For thow haste brente Northumberlonde,  
And done me grete envye ;  
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,  
The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne  
With grete wurdz up on ' hee,'<sup>1</sup>  
And sayd, I have twenty agaynst ' thy ' one,<sup>2</sup>  
Byholde and thow maiste see.

Wyth that the Percye<sup>3</sup> was greved sore,  
For sothe as I yow saye :  
[<sup>4</sup> He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,  
And schoote his horsse clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,  
That ryall was ever in rowght ;  
Every man schoote hys horsse him froo,  
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

Thus Syr Hary Percye toke the fylde,  
For soth, as I yow saye :  
Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght  
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo ;  
The cronykle wyll not layne :  
Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre  
That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,  
In hast ther came a knyght,  
' Then ' letters fayre furth hath he tayne,  
And thus he sayd full ryght :

My Lorde, your father he gretes yow well,  
Wyth many a noble knyght ;  
He desyres yow to byde  
That he may see thys fyght.

The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,  
Wyth hym a noble companye ;  
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,  
And the Battel fayne wold they see.

<sup>1</sup> " Hye." MS.

<sup>2</sup> " The one." MS.

<sup>3</sup> He probably magnifies his strength to induce him to surrender.

<sup>4</sup> All that follows, included in brackets, was not in the first edition.



## The Percy Reliques

For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy,  
 That dyed for yow and me,  
 Wende to my lorde my Father agayne,  
 And saye thow saw me not with yee :

My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysch knyght,  
 It nedes me not to layne,  
 That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,  
 And I have hys trowth agayne :

And if that I wende off thys grownde  
 For soth unfoughten awaye,  
 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
 In hys londe another daye.

Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
 By Mary that mykel maye ;  
 Then ever my manhod schulde be reprovyd  
 Wyth a Skotte another daye.

Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,  
 And let scharpe arowes flee :  
 Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,  
 And well quyt it schall be.

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,  
 And marke hym to the Trenite :  
 For to God I make myne avowe  
 Thys day wyll I not fle.

The blodye Harte in the Dowglas armes,  
 Hys standerde stode on hye ;  
 That every man myght full well knowe :  
 By syde stode Starres thre :

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,  
 Forsoth as I yow sayne ;  
 The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both :  
 The Skotts faught them agayne.<sup>1]</sup>

Uppon sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,  
 And thrysse they schowte on hyght,

<sup>1</sup> The ancient arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, and if the readings were, "The crowned harte," and "Above stode starres thre," it would be minutely exact at this day. As for the Percy family, one of their ancient badges or cognizances was "a white lion" statant, and the "silver crescent" continues to be used by them to this day : they also give "three luces argent" for one of their quarters.

And syne marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,  
As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght owr ladyes knyght,  
To name they<sup>1</sup> were full fayne,  
Owr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght,  
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,  
I tell yow in sertayne ;  
Men of armes byganne to joyne ;  
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,  
That ether of other was fayne ;  
They schapped together, whyll that the swette,  
With swords of fyne Collayne ;

Tyll the bloode from their bassonetts ranne,  
As the roke doth in the rayne.  
Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglas,  
Or ells thow schait be slayne :

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet,  
Thow arte sum man of myght ;  
And so I do by thy burnyssshed brande,  
Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght.<sup>2</sup>

By my good faythe, sayd the noble Percy,  
Now haste thou rede full ryght,  
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
Whyll I may stonde and fyght.

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,  
Wyth swordes scharpe and long ;  
Ych on other so faste they beette,  
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses downyn.

The Percy was a man of strength,  
I tell yow in thys stounde,  
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,  
That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,  
I tell yow in sertayne ;

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the English.

<sup>2</sup> Being all in armour he could not know him.

To the harte, he cowde hym smyte,  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonderds stode styll on eke syde,  
With many a grevous grone ;  
Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,  
And many a dowghty man was 'slone.'<sup>1</sup>

Ther was no freke, that ther wolde flye,  
But styffly in stowre can stond,  
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,  
Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,  
For soth and sertenly,  
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,  
That daye that he cowde dye.<sup>2</sup>

The yerlle Mentaye of he was slayne,  
Grysely groned uppon the growynd ;  
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,  
Syr ' John ' of Agurstonne.<sup>3</sup>

Syr Charles Morrey in that place,  
That never a fote wold flye ;  
Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,  
For soth as I yow saye,  
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts  
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,  
For soth and sertenlye,  
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,  
Yt was the more petye.

Syr James Harbotell ther was slayne,  
For hym ther hartes were sore,  
The gentyll ' Lovelle ' <sup>4</sup> ther was slayne,  
That the Percyes standerd bore.

<sup>1</sup> "Slayne." MSS.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* he died that day.

<sup>3</sup> Our old Minstrel repeats these names, as Homer and Virgil do those of their heroes :—

. . . . . fortemque Gyam, fortemque Cloanthum, &c. &c.

Both the MSS. read here, "Sir James;" but see above, Part I. ver. 112.

<sup>4</sup> "Covelle." MS. For the names in this page, see the Remarks at the end of this ballad.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte,  
 For soth as I yow saye ;  
 Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men  
 Fyve hondert cam awaye :

The other were slayne in the fylde,  
 Cryste keye their sowles from wo,  
 Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes  
 Agaynst so many a foo.

Then one <sup>1</sup> the morne they mayd them beeres  
 Of byrch, and haysell graye ;  
 Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres  
 Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,  
 Bytwene the nyghte and the day :  
 Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,  
 And the Percy was lede awaye.<sup>2</sup>

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,  
 Syr Hughe Montgomery was hys name,  
 For soth as I yow saye,  
 He borowd the Percy home agayne.<sup>3</sup>

Now let us all for the Percy <sup>4</sup> praye  
 To Jesu most of myght,  
 To bryng hys sowle to the blysse of heven,  
 For he was a gentyll knyght.

\* \* Most of the names in the two preceding ballads are found to have belonged to families of distinction in the north, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus in

## THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHACE

Ver. 112. "Agerstone." The family of Haggerston, of Haggerston near Berwick, has been seated there for many centuries, and still remains. Thomas Haggerston was among the commissioners returned for Northumberland in 12 Hen. VI, 1433. (Fuller's Worthies, p. 310.) The head of this family at present is Sir Thomas Haggerston, Bart. of Haggerston above mentioned.

N.B. The name is spelt Agerstone, as in the text, in Leland's Itinerary, vol. vii. p. 54.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. on.

<sup>2</sup> Sc. captive.

<sup>3</sup> In the Cotton MS. is the following Note on ver. 164, in an ancient hand :—

"Syr Hewe Montgomery takyn prizonar, was delyvered for the restorynge of Perssy."

<sup>4</sup> "Percyes." Harl. MS.

Ver. 113. "Hartly."] Hartley is a village near the sea in the barony of Tinemouth, about seven miles from North Shields. It probably gave name to a family of note at that time.

Ver. 114. "Hearone."] This family, one of the most ancient, was long of great consideration, in Northumberland. Haddeston, the *caput baronia* of Heron, was their ancient residence. It descended, 25 Edw. I. to the heir general Emiline Heron, afterwards Baroness Darcy. Ford, &c. and Bockenfield (*in com. eodem*) went at the same time to Roger Heron, the heir male; whose descendants were summoned to Parliament: Sir William Heron of Ford Castle being summoned 44 Edw. III. Ford Castle hath descended by heirs general to the family of Delaval (mentioned in the next article). Robert Heron, Esq. who died at Newark in 1753, (father of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Heron, Bart.) was heir male of the Herons of Bockenfield, a younger branch of this family. Sir Thomas Heron Middleton, Bart. is heir male of the Herons of Chip-Chase, another branch of the Herons of Ford Castle.

Ver. 115. "Lovele."] Joh. de Lavale, miles, was sheriff of Northumberland 34 Hen. VII. Joh. de Lavele, mil. in the 1 Edw. VI. and afterwards. (Fuller, 313.) In Nicholson this name is spelt Da Lovel, p. 304. This seems to be the ancient family of Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland, whose ancestor was one of the 25 barons appointed to be guardians of Magna Charta.

Ver. 117. "Rugbè."] The ancient family of Rokeby, in Yorkshire, seems to be here intended. In Thoresby's Ducat. Leod. p. 253, fol. is a genealogy of this house, by which it appears that the head of the family, about the time when this ballad was written, was Sir Ralph Rokeby, Ralph being a common name of the Rokebys.

Ver. 119. "Wetharrington."] Rog. de Widrington was sheriff of Northumberland in 36 of Edw. III. (Fuller, p. 311) Joh. de Widrington in 11 of Hen. IV, and many others of the same name afterwards. (See also Nicholson, p. 331.) Of this family was the late Lord Witherington.

Ver. 124. "Mongon-byrry."] Sir Hugh Montgomery was son of John Lord Montgomery, the lineal ancestor of the present Earl of Eglington.

Ver. 125. "Lwdale."] The ancient family of the Liddels were originally from Scotland, where they were Lords of Liddel Castle, and of the Barony of Buff. (Vid. Collins's Peerage.) The head of this family is the present Lord Ravensworth, of Ravensworth Castle, in the county of Durham.

## IN THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

Ver. 101. "Mentaye."] At the time of this battle the Earldom of Menteith was possessed by Robert Stewart, Earl of Fife, third son of King Robert II, who, according to Buchanan, commanded the Scots that entered by Carlisle. But our minstrel had probably an eye to the family of Graham, who had this earldom when the ballad was written. See Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, 1764, fol.

Ver. 103. "Huntleye."] This shows this ballad was not composed before 1449; for in that year Alexander Lord of Gordon and Huntley was created Earl of Huntley by King James II.

Ver. 105. "Bowghan."] The Earl of Buchan at that time was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of King Robert II.

Ver. 107. "Jhonstone—Maxwell."] These two families of Johnstone Lord of Johnston, and Maxwell Lord of Maxwell, were always very powerful on the borders. Of the former family was Johnston Marquis of Annandale: of the latter was Maxwell Earl of Nithsdale. I cannot find that any chief of this family was named Sir Hugh; but Sir Herbert Maxwell was about this time much distinguished. (See Doug.) This might have been originally written Sir H. Maxwell, and by transcribers converted into Sir Hugh. So above, in No. I. ver. 90, Richard is contracted into Ric.

Ver. 109. "Swynton."] *s. e.* The Laird of Swintone; a small village within the Scottish border, three miles from Norham. The family still subsists, and is very ancient.

Ver. 111. "Scotte."] The illustrious family of Scot, ancestors of the Duke of Buccleugh, always made a great figure on the borders. Sir Walter Scot was at the head of this family when the battle was fought; but his great-grandson, Sir David Scot, was the hero of that house when the ballad was written.

Ibid. "Stewarde."] The person here designed was probably Sir Walter Stewart, Lord of Dalswinton and Gairlies, who was eminent at that time. (See Doug.) From him is descended the present Earl of Galloway.

Ver. 112. "Agurstone."] The seat of this family was sometimes subject to the Kings of Scotland. Thus Richardus Hagerstoun, miles, is one of the Scottish knights who signed a treaty with the English in 1249, temp. Hen. III. (Nicholson, p. 2, note.) It was the fate of many parts of Northumberland often to change their masters, according as the Scottish or English arms prevailed.

Ver. 129. "Morrey."] The person here meant was probably Sir Charles Murray of Cockpoole, who flourished at that time, and was ancestor of the Murrays sometime Earls of Annandale. See Doug. Peerage.

Ver. 139. "Fitz-hughe."] Dugdale (in his Baron. vol. i. p. 403) informs us that John, son of Henry Lord Fitzhugh, was killed at the battle of Otterbourne. This was a Northumberland family. Vid. Dugd. p. 493, col. i. and Nicholson, pp. 33, 60.

Ver. 141. "Harebotell."] Harbottle is a village upon the river Coquet, about ten miles west of Rothbury. The family of Harbottle was once considerable in Northumberland. (See Fuller, pp. 312, 313.) A daughter of Guischard Harbottle, Esq. married Sir Thomas Percy, Knt. son of Henry, the fifth, and father of Thomas, the seventh, Earls of Northumberland.

## III. THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD

This fragment is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murdering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents : a practice which hath been always alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For, if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder ; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror ; we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer. The poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting : what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for "Mirry-land Toun," it is probably a corruption of Milan (called by the Dutch Meylandt) Town. The "Pa" is evidently the river Po, although the Adige, not the Po, runs through Milan.

Printed from a manuscript copy sent from Scotland.

THE rain rins down through Mirry-land toune,  
 Sae dois it doune the Pa :  
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,  
 Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochtèr,  
 Said, Will ye cum in and dine ?  
 "I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,  
 Without my play-feres nine."

Scho powd an apple reid and white  
 To intice the zong thing in :  
 Scho powd an apple white and reid,  
 And that the sweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,  
 And low down by her gair,  
 Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life ;  
 A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,  
 And out and cam the thin ;  
 And out and cam the bonny herts bluid :  
 Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,  
 And drest him like a swine,  
 And laughing said, Gae nou and pley  
 With zour sweit play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,  
 Bade him lie stil and sleip.  
 Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,  
 Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,  
 And every lady went hame :  
 Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,  
 Bot Lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,  
 And sair sair gan she weip :  
 And she ran into the Jewis castèl,  
 Quhan they wer all asleip.

My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,  
 I pray thee to me speik.  
 "O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,  
 Gin ze zour sonne wad seik."

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,  
 And knelt upon her knee :  
 My bonny Sir Hew, an ze be here,  
 I pray thee speik to me.

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,  
 The well is wondrous deip,  
 A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,  
 A word I dounae speik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,  
 Fetch me my windling sheet,  
 And at the back o' Mirry-land toun  
 Its thair we twa sall meet."



## IV. SIR CAULINE

This old romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio manuscript, but in so very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chasm in the manuscript, but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the Editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting.

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad ; it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines ; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Part 2, ver. 110, 111, that the "Round Table" was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred 'on his three sons' by King Edward I, he, at his own costs, caused a tourneament to be held at Kenilworth ; where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days ; the like whereof was never before in England ; and there began the 'Round Table,' (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form :) And upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him ; he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick." It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls justs and tournaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess ; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners : it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands.<sup>1</sup> And even so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are skilful in surgery." See Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicle, &c.

## THE FIRST PART

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,  
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge ;  
And with him a yong and comlye knight,  
Men call him Syr Cauline.

<sup>1</sup> See Northern Antiquities, &c. vol. i. p. 318. vol. ii. p. 100. *Mémoires de la Chevalerie*, tom. i. p. 44.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,  
 In fashyon she hath no peere ;  
 And princely wightes that ladye wooed  
 To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,  
 But nothing durst he saye ;  
 Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,  
 But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,  
 Great dill to him was dight ;  
 The maydens love removde his mynd,  
 To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,  
 One while he spred them nye :  
 And aye ! but I winne that ladyes love,  
 For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,  
 Our kinge was bowne to dyne :  
 He sayes, Where is Syr Cauline,  
 That is wont to serve the wyne ?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,  
 And fast his handes gan wringe :  
 Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye  
 Without a good leechinge.

Fetch me downe my daughter deere,  
 She is a leecher fulle fine :  
 Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,  
 And serve him with the wyne soe red ;  
 Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,  
 Her maydens followyng nye :  
 O well, she sayth, how doth my lord ?  
 O sicke, thou fayr ladyè.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,  
 Never lye soe cowardlee ;  
 For it is told in my fathers halle,  
 You dye for love of mee.

## The Percy Reliques

Fayre ladye, it is for your love  
 That all this dill I drye :  
 For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,  
 Then were I brought from bale to blisse,  
 No lenger wold I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,  
 I am his onlye heire ;  
 Alas ! and well you knowe, Syr knighte,  
 I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,  
 And I am not thy peere,  
 But let me doe some deedes of armes  
 To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,  
 My bacheleere to bee,  
 (But ever and aye my heart shall rue,  
 Giff harm shold happe to thee,)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,  
 Upon the mores brodinge ;  
 And dare ye, Syr knighte, wake there all nighte  
 Untill the fayre morninge ?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,  
 Will examine you beforne :  
 And never man bare life awaye,  
 But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foule paynim,  
 And large of limb and bone ;  
 And but if heaven may be thy speede,  
 Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,<sup>1</sup>  
 For thy sake, fair ladle ;  
 And Ile either bring you a ready token,  
 Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her chaumbère,  
 Her maydens following bright :  
 Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,  
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone,  
 For to wake there all night.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps "wake," as in ver. 61.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,  
He walked up and downe ;  
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe  
Over the bents soe browne ;  
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,  
I am ffar from any good towne.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,  
A furyous wight and fell ;  
A ladye bright his brydle led,  
Clad in a fayre kyrtell :

And soe fast he called on Syr Cauline,  
O man, I rede thee flye ;  
For 'but' if cryance comes till my heart,  
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart,  
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee ;  
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,  
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knyghte, he pricked his steed ;  
Syr Cauline bold abode :  
Then either shooke his trustye speare,  
And the timber these two children<sup>1</sup> bare  
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,  
And layden on full faste,  
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,  
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knyghte was mickle of might,  
And stiffe in stower did stande,  
But Syr Cauline with a 'backward'<sup>2</sup> stroke  
He smote off his right hand ;  
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud  
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande  
All over his head so hye :  
And here I sweare by the holy roode,  
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. knights. See the preface to Child Waters, Series III.

<sup>2</sup> "Aukeward." MS.

## The Percy Reliques

Then up and came that ladye brighte,  
Fast wringing of her hande :  
For the maydens love, that most you love,  
Withold that deadlye brande :

For the maydens love, that most you love,  
Now smyte no more I praye ;  
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,  
He shall thy hests obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,  
And here on this lay-land,  
That thou wilt believe on Christe his laye,  
And therto plight thy hand :

And that thou never on Eldridge come  
To sporte, gamon, or playe :  
And that thou here give up thy armes  
Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes  
With many a sorrowfulle sighe ;  
And sware to obey Syr Caulines hest,  
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte  
Sett him on his saddle anone,  
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye  
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,  
That was so large of bone,  
And on it he founde five ringes of gold  
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,  
As hard as any flint :  
And he tooke off those ringes five,  
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Syr Cauline  
As light as leafe on tree :  
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,  
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee  
Before that lady gay :

O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills :  
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,  
Thrice welcome unto mee,  
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,  
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,  
Thy hests for to obaye :  
And mought I hope to winne thy love !—  
Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,  
And fette a gentill sighe :  
Alas ! Syr knight, how may this bee,  
For my degree's soe highe ?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,  
To be my batchilere,  
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde  
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand  
Towards that knighte so free ;  
He gave to it one gentill kisse,  
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,  
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, Syr Cauline,  
Ne let no man it knowe ;  
For and ever my father sholde it ken,  
I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre  
Lovde Syr Cauline the knighte :  
From that daye forthe he only joyde  
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette  
Within a fayre arboure,  
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce  
Past manye a pleasant houre.

\* \* In this conclusion of the First Part, and at the beginning of the Second, the reader will observe a resemblance to the story of "Sigismunda and Guiscard," as told by Boccace and Dryden : See the latter's description of the lovers meeting in the cave ; and those beautiful lines

which contain a reflection so like this of our poet, "Everye white,"  
&c., viz.

But as extremes are short of ill and good,  
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood ;  
So Fate, that could no moore improve their joy,  
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy  
Tancred, who fondly loved, &c.

#### PART THE SECOND

EVERYE white will have its blacke,  
And everye sweete its sowre :  
This founde the Ladye Christabelle  
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline  
Was with that ladye faire,  
The kinge her father walked forthe  
To take the evenyng aire :

And into the arboure as he went  
To rest his wearye feet,  
He found his daughter and Syr Cauline  
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,  
And an angrye man was hee :  
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,  
And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde,  
And throwne in dungeon deepe :  
And the ladye into a towre so hye,  
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Syr Caulines friend,  
And to the kinge sayd shee :  
I praye you save Syr Caulines life,  
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent  
Across the salt sea fome :  
But here I will make thee a band,  
If ever he come within this land,  
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight  
To parte from his ladye ;

And many a time he sighed sore,  
And cast a wistfulle eye :  
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,  
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,  
Was had forthe of the towre ;  
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,  
As nipt by an ungentle winde  
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe  
To tint her lover soe :  
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,  
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,  
And lorde of high degree,  
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love ;  
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,  
Ne comforte she colde finde,  
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,  
To cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came knights,  
Fro manye a farre countrye,  
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love  
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette  
In purple and in palle :  
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone  
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knyghte was mickle of might  
Before his ladye gaye ;  
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,  
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,  
His hewberke, and his sheelde,  
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,  
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,  
When they came from the feelde.



## The Percy Reliques

And now three days were prestlye past  
 In feates of chivalrye,  
 When lo upon the fourth morninge  
 A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,  
 All foule of limbe and lere ;  
 Two goggling eyen like fire farden,  
 A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,  
 That waited on his knee,  
 And at his backe five heads he bare,  
 All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,  
 Behold that hend Soldàin !  
 Behold these heads I beare with me !  
 They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,  
 Whom a knight of thine hath shent :  
 And hee is come to avenge his wrong,  
 And to thee, all thy knightes among,  
 Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath  
 Thy daughters love to winne :  
 And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,  
 Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee ;  
 Or else thy daughter deere ;  
 Or else within these lists soe broad  
 Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,  
 And in his heart was woe :  
 Is there never a knyghte of my round tablè,  
 This matter will undergoe ?

Is there never a knyghte amongst yee all  
 Will fight for my daughter and mee ?  
 Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,  
 Right fair his meede shall bee.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,  
 And of my crowne be heyre ;

And he shall winne fayre Christabelle  
To be his wedded fere.

But every knyghte of his round tablè  
Did stand both still and pale ;  
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldàn,  
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,  
When she sawe no helpe was nye :  
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,  
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knyghte,  
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd :  
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldàn,  
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,  
That lyeth within thy bowre,  
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende  
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre.

Go fetche him downe the Eldridge sworde,  
The kinge he cryde, with speede :  
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knyghte ;  
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,  
And sayd, Awaye, awaye :  
I sweare, as I am the hend soldàn,  
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came  
In his blacke armourè dight :  
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,  
" That this were my true knyghte ! "

And nowe the gyaunt and knyghte be mett  
Within the lists soe broad ;  
And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,  
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knyghte a stroke,  
That made him reele asyde ;  
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,  
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,  
And made the bloude to flowe :  
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,  
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,  
Which brought the knighte on his knee :  
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,  
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,  
All recklesse of the pain :  
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,  
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,  
And spying a secrette part,  
He drave it into the soldan's syde,  
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,  
When they sawe the soldan falle :  
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,  
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons  
Rose uppe from offe his seate,  
And downe he stepped into the listes,  
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude  
Was fallen into a swounde,  
And there all walteringe in his gore,  
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,  
Thou art a leech of skille ;  
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,  
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladyè,  
To helpe him if she maye ;  
But when she did his beavere raise,  
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,  
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes  
When he heard his ladye crye,

O ladye, I am thine owne true love ;  
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,  
He closed his eyes in death,  
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,  
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte  
Indeed was dead and gone,  
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,  
And thus she made her moane :

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,  
For mee thy faithfulle feere ;  
'Tis meet that I shold follow thee,  
Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoone,  
And with a deepe-fette sighe,  
That burst her gentle hearte in twayne,  
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

\* \* \*

## V. EDWARD, EDWARD

### A SCOTTISH BALLAD

From a manuscript copy transmitted from Scotland

QUHY dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
Edward, Edward ?  
Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid ?  
And quhy sae sad gang zee, O ?  
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
Mither, mither :  
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid :  
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
Edward, Edward.  
Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
My deir son I tell thee, O.  
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
Mither, Mither :  
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
That erst was sae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
Edward, Edward :

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
Sum other dule ze drie, O.

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Alas ! and wae is mee, O !

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,  
Edward, Edward ?

And quhatten penance will ze drie for that ?  
My deir son, now tell mee, O.

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
Mither, mither :

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',  
Edward, Edward ?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',  
That were sae fair to see, O ?

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',  
Mither, mither :

Ile let thame stand till they doun fa',  
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,  
Edward, Edward ?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,  
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O ?

The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,  
Mither, mither :

The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,  
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,  
Edward, Edward ?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir ?  
My deir son, now tell me, O.

The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,  
Mither, mither :

The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,  
Sic counsells ze gave to me, O.

\* \* \* This curious song was transmitted to the Editor by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., late Lord Hailes.

## VI. KING ESTMERE

This old romantic legend (which is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio manuscript but which contained very great variations,) bears marks of considerable antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors; whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in ver. 49, &c. just in the same terms as in all other old romances. The author of the ancient legend of "Sir Bevis" represents his hero, upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

Mahound and Termagaunte;<sup>1</sup>

and so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower :

I wyll not ones stirre off this ground,  
To speake with an heathen hounde.  
Unchristen houndes, I rede you fle,  
Or I your harte bloud shall se.<sup>2</sup>

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elsewhere "A christen hounde."<sup>3</sup>

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard; for that the Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (ver. 35.) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a King of the Taphians leaning at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic.<sup>4</sup> So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see, in this ballad, the character of the old minstrels (those successors of the bards) placed in a very respectable light:<sup>5</sup> here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The further we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous King Alfred (as we have already seen<sup>6</sup>) made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and was at once admitted to the

<sup>1</sup> See a short Memoir at the end of this ballad, Note †††.

<sup>2</sup> Sign. C. ii. b.

<sup>3</sup> Sign. C. i. b.

<sup>4</sup> *Odys.* A. 105.

<sup>5</sup> See Series II. Book ii. No. 16, Note subjoined to the first Part of Beggar of Bednal, &c.

<sup>6</sup> See the Essay on the ancient Minstrels prefixed to this volume.

king's head-quarters.<sup>1</sup> Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a celebrated King of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court : and we find another Norwegian King placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate.<sup>2</sup> As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry ; and even to this day we see a relic of this ancient custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster-hall during the coronation dinner.<sup>3</sup>

Some liberties have been taken with this tale by the Editor, but none without notice to the reader in that part which relates to the subject of the Harper and his attendant.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemem,  
Come and you shall heare ;  
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren<sup>4</sup>  
That ever borne y-were.

The tone of them was Adler younge,  
The tother was kyng Estmere ;  
The were as bolde men in their deeds,  
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine  
Within kyng Estmeres halle :<sup>5</sup>  
When will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,  
A wyfe to glad us all ?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,  
And answered him hastilee :<sup>6</sup>  
I know not that ladye in any land  
That's able<sup>7</sup> to marrye with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,  
Men call her bright and sheene ;  
If I were kyng here in your stead,  
That ladye shold be my queene.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,  
Throughout merry England,

<sup>1</sup> Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find minstrels and heralds mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxl.

<sup>2</sup> Barthelini Antiq. Dan. p. 173. Northern Antiquities, &c. vol. i. pp. 386, 389, &c.

<sup>3</sup> See also the account of Edw. II. in the Essay on the Minstrels, and Note (x).

<sup>4</sup> "Brether." Fol. MS.

<sup>5</sup> "His brother's hall." Folio MS.

<sup>6</sup> "Hartilye." Folio MS.

<sup>7</sup> He means fit, suitable.

Where we might find a messenger  
Betwixt us towe to sende.

Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brothèr,  
Ile beare you companye ;  
Many <sup>1</sup> throughe fals messengers are deceived,  
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde  
Of towe good renisht steeds,  
And when the came to kyng Adlands halle,  
Of redd gold shone their weeds.

And when the came to kyng Adlands hall  
Before the goodlye gate,  
There they found good kyng Adlånd  
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Now Christ thee save, good kyng Adlånd ;  
Now Christ you save and see.  
Sayd, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,  
Right hartilye to mee.

You have a daughter, said Adler younge,  
Men call her bright and sheene,  
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,  
Of Englande to be queene.

Yesterday was att my deere daughter  
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne ;<sup>2</sup>  
And then she nicked him of naye,  
And I doubt sheele do you the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,  
And 'leeveth on Mahound ;  
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè  
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,  
For my love I you praye ;  
That I may see your daughter deere  
Before I goe hence awaye.

Although itt is seven yeers and more  
Since my daughter was in halle,

<sup>1</sup> "Many a man . . . is." Folio MS.

<sup>2</sup> "The king his sonne of Spayn." Folio MS.



## The Percy Reliques

She shall come once downe for your sake  
To glad my guestès alle.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,  
With ladyes laced in pall,  
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,  
To bring her from bowre to hall ;  
And as many gentle squiers,  
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,  
Hanged low downe to her knee ;  
And everye ring on her small finger  
Shone of the chrystall free.

Saies, God you save, my deere madàm ;  
Saies, God you save and see.  
Said, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,  
Right welcome unto mee.

And if you love me, as you saye,  
Soe well and hartilèe,  
All that ever you are comen about  
Soone sped now itt shal bee.

Then bespake her father deare :  
My daughter, I saye naye ;  
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,  
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,  
And reave me of my life.  
I cannot blame him if he doe,  
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,  
Are stronglye built aboute ;  
And therefore of the king of Spaine <sup>1</sup>  
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

Plight me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmère,  
By heaven and your righte hand,  
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,  
And make me queene of your land.

<sup>1</sup> "Of the king his sonne of Spaine." Folio MS.

Then kyng Estmere he plight his troth  
 By heaven and his righte hand,  
 That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,  
 And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,  
 To goe to his owne countree,  
 To fetch him dukes and lordes and knightes,  
 That married the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,  
 A myle forthe of the towne,  
 But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
 With kempès many one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
 With manye a bold baròne,  
 Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,  
 Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shee sent one after kyng Estmère  
 In all the spede might bee,  
 That he must either turne againe and fighte,  
 Or goe home and loose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,  
 Another while he ranne ;  
 Till he had oretaken king Estmere,  
 I wis, he never blanne.

Tydings, tydings, kyng Estmere !  
 What tydinges nowe, my boye ?  
 O tydinges I can tell to you,  
 That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a mile,  
 A mile out of the towne,  
 But in did come the kyng of Spayne  
 With kempès many a one :

But in did come the kyng of Spayne  
 With manye a bold baròne,  
 Tone daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,  
 Tother daye to carry her home.

My ladye fayre she greetes you well,  
 And ever-more well by mee :

You must either turne againe and fighte,  
Or goe home and loose your ladye.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brothèr,  
My reade shall ryde<sup>1</sup> at thee,  
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,  
Or goe home and loose my ladye.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,  
And your reade must rise<sup>2</sup> at me,  
I quicklie will devise a waye  
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,  
And learned in gramaryè,<sup>3</sup>  
And when I learned at the schole,  
Something she taught itt mee.

There growes an hearbe within this field,  
And iff it were but knowne,  
His color, which is whyte and redd,  
It will make blacke and browne :

His color, which is browne and blacke,  
Itt will make redd and whyte ;  
That sworde is not in all Englande,  
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shall be a harper, brother,  
Out of the north countrye ;  
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,  
And beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shal be the best harpèr,  
That ever tooke harpe in hand ;  
And I wil be the best singèr,  
That ever sung in this lande.

Itt shal be written on our foreheads  
All and in grammaryè,  
That we towe are the boldest men,  
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,  
On tow good renish steedes ;

<sup>1</sup> Sic MS. It should probably be "ryse," i. e. my counsel shall arise from thee  
See ver. 140.

<sup>2</sup> Sic MS.

<sup>3</sup> See at the end of this ballad, Note \*.\*.

And when they came to king Adlands hall,  
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan they came to kyng Adlands hall,  
Untill the fayre hall yate,  
There they found a proud portèr  
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr ;  
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.  
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,  
Of whatsoever land ye bee.

Wee beene harpers, sayd Adler younge,  
Come out of the northe cuntrye ;  
Wee beene come hither untill this place,  
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,  
As it is blacke and browne,  
I wold saye king Estmere and his brother,  
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,  
Layd itt on the porters arme :  
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,  
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on king Estmère,  
And sore he handled the ryng,  
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,  
He lett for no kind of thyng.

King Estmere he stabled his steede  
Soe fayre att the hall bord ;  
The froth, that came from his brydle bitte,  
Light in kyng Bremors beard.

Saies, Stable thy steed, thou proud harpèr,  
Saies, Stable him in the stalle ;  
It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr  
To stable<sup>1</sup> 'him' in a kyngs halle.

My ladde he is so lither, he said,  
He will doe nought that's meete ;  
And is there any man in this hall  
Were able him to beate ?

<sup>1</sup> "To stable his steede." Folio MS.

## The Percy Reliques

Thou speakst proud words, sayes the king of Spaine,  
 Thou harper, here to mee :  
 There is a man within this halle  
 Will beate thy ladd and thee.

O let that man come downe, he said,  
 A sight of him wold I see ;  
 And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,  
 Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,  
 And looketh him in the eare ;  
 For all the gold, that was under heaven,  
 He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, said the Kyng of Spaine,  
 And how what aileth thee ?  
 He saies, It is writt in his forehead  
 All and in gramaryè,  
 That for all the gold that is under heaven  
 I dare not neigh him nye.

Then Kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe,  
 And plaid a pretty thinge :  
 The ladye upstart from the borde,  
 And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,  
 For Gods love I pray thee,  
 For and thou playes as thou beginns,  
 Thou'lt till <sup>1</sup> my bryde from mee.

He stroake upon his harpe againe,  
 And playd a pretty thinge ;  
 The ladye lough a loud laughter,  
 As shee sate by the king.

Saies, Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,  
 And thy stringès all,  
 For as many gold nobles 'thou shalt have'  
 As heere bee ringes in the hall.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, 'he sayd,'  
 If I did sell itt yee ?  
 "To playe my wiffe and me a fitt,<sup>2</sup>  
 When abed together wee bee."

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* "entice." Vid. Gloss.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* a tune, or strain of music. See Gloss.

Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe gay,  
As shee sitts by thy knee,  
And as many gold nobles I will give,  
As leaves been on a tree.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,  
Iff I did sell her thee?  
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye  
To lye by mee then thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,<sup>1</sup>  
And Adler he did syng,  
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love ;  
Noe harper, but a kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,  
As playnlye thou mayest see ;  
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,  
Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,  
And blushte and lookt agayne,  
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,  
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,  
And loud they gan to crye :  
Ah ; traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,  
And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,  
And swith he drew his brand ;  
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge  
Right stiffe in slodr can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,  
Throughe help of Gramaryè,  
That soone they have slayne the kempery men,  
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere took that fayre ladyè,  
And marryed her to his wiffe,  
And brought her home to merry Englànd  
With her to leade his life.

<sup>1</sup> Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas ; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

\* \* The word *Gramarye*, which occurs several times in the foregoing Poem, is probably a corruption of the French word *Grimoire*, which signifies a conjuring Book in the old French romances, if not the art of Necromancy itself.

†† "Termagaunt" (mentioned above in p. 103,) is the name given in the old romances to the God of the Saracens: in which he is constantly linked with Mahound or Mahomet. Thus in the legend of Syr Guy the Soudan (Sultan) swears,

So helpe me Mahowne of might,  
And Termagaunt my God so bright.  
Sign. p. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned editor of Junius from the Anglo-Saxon *Tyn*, very, and *Magan*, mighty. As this word has so sublime a derivation, and was so applicable to the true God, how shall we account for its being so degraded? Perhaps *Tyn-magan*, or "Termagant," had been a name originally given to some Saxon idol, before our ancestors were converted to Christianity; or had been the peculiar attribute of one of their false deities; and therefore the first Christian missionaries rejected it as profane and improper to be applied to the true God. Afterwards, when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the Crusades into the east, had brought them acquainted with a new species of unbelievers, our ignorant ancestors, who thought that all that did not receive the Christian law were necessarily Pagans and Idolaters, supposed the Mahometan creed was in all respects the same with that of their Pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name of "Termagant" to the God of the Saracens: just in the same manner as they afterwards used the name of "Sarazen" to express any kind of Pagan or Idolater. In the ancient romance of "Merline" (in the editor's folio manuscript), the Saxons themselves that came over with Hengist, because they were not Christians, are constantly called Sarazens.

However that be, it is certain that, after the times of the Crusades, both "Mahound" and "Termagaunt" made their frequent appearance in the pageants and religious interludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of Wolsey:

Like "Mahound" in a play,  
No man dare him withsay.  
Ed. 1736, p. 158.

In like manner Bale, describing the threats used by some Papist magistrates to his wife, speaks of them as "grennyng upon her lyke Termagauntes in a playe." (*Actes of Engl. Votaryes*, Part 2. fol. 83. ed. 1550. 12mo.) Accordingly in a letter of Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, to his wife or sister<sup>1</sup>, who, it seems, with all her fellows (the players), had been "by my Lorde Maiors officer[s] mad to rid in a cart," he expresses his concern that she should "fall into the hands of suche Tarmagants." [So the orig. dated May 2, 1593, preserved by the care of the Rev. Thomas Jenyns Smith, Fellow of Dulw. Coll.] Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet's expression in Shakspeare, where, condemning a ranting player, he says, "I

<sup>1</sup> See Lysons's "Environs of London," 4to. vol. i.

could have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant : it outhers Herod." Act iii. sc. 3. By degrees the word came to be applied to an outrageous turbulent person, and especially to a violent brawling woman ; to whom alone it is now confined, and this the rather as, I suppose, the character of "Termagant" was anciently represented on the stage after the eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

Another frequent character in the old pageants or interludes of our ancestors was the "Sowdan" or "Soldan," representing a grim eastern tyrant. This appears from a curious passage in Stow's Annals, p. 458. In a stage-play "the people know right well that he that plaieth the Sowdain is percase a sowter [shoe-maker] ; yet if one should cal him by his owne name, while he standeth in his majestic, one of his tormentors might hap to break his head." The Sowdain, or Soldan, was a name given to the Sarazen king (being only a more rude pronunciation of the word "Sultan"), as the Soldan of Egypt, the Soudan of Persia, the Sowdan of Babylon, &c. who were generally represented as accompanied with grim Sarazens, whose business it was to punish and torment Christians.

I cannot conclude this short memoir, without observing that the French romancers, who had borrowed the word Termagant from us, and applied it as we in their old romances, corrupted it into Tervagante : and from them La Fontaine took it up, and has used it more than once in his tales. This may be added to the other proofs adduced in these volumes of the great intercourse that formerly subsisted between the old minstrels and legendary writers of both nations, and that they mutually borrowed each others romances.

## VII. SIR PATRICK SPENCE

### A SCOTTISH BALLAD

This piece is given from two manuscript copies transmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover ; yet am of opinion, that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my own researches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas were liable to shipwreck in the wintry months : hence a law was enacted in the reign of James III. (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards) "That there be na schip frauched out of the realm with any staple gudes, fra the feast of Simons day and Jude, unto the feast of the purification of our Lady called Candlemess." Jam. III. Parl. 2. ch. 15.

In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral who flourished in the time of our Edward IV. but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.



## The Percy Reliques

THE king sits in Dumferling toune,  
 Drinking the blude-reid wine :  
 O quhar will I get guid sailòr,  
 To sail this schip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knight,  
 Sat at the kings richt kne :  
 Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailòr,  
 That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid letter,<sup>1</sup>  
 And signd it wi' his hand ;  
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
 A loud lauch lauched he :  
 The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
 The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,  
 This ill deid don to me ;  
 To send me out this time o' the zeir,  
 To sail upon the se ?

Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
 Our guid schip sails the morne,  
 O say na sae, my master deir,  
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone  
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;  
 And I feir, I feir, my deir mastèr,  
 That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith  
 To weet their cork-heild schoone ;  
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,  
 Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit  
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,  
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence  
 Cum sailing to the land.

<sup>1</sup> "A braid letter," *i. e.* open, or patent ; in opposition to close rolls.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand  
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,  
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,  
For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,<sup>1</sup>  
It's fiftie fadom deip :  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.<sup>2</sup>

### VIII. ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

We have here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio manuscript) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter ; and, forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer was loss of eyes and castration, a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti which lurked in the royal forests, and, from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all those, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad, whose chief residence was in Shirewood forest, in Nottinghamshire ; and the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these :

" In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence.

" The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with suche spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested : poore mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from

<sup>1</sup> A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated " De mortuo mari."

<sup>2</sup> An ingenious friend thinks the author of "Hardyknute" has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing, and other old Scottish songs in this collection.

abbeys and the houses of rich old carles : whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all the theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe." Annals, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people, who, not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed, it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves : for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirklees in Yorkshire ; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy :

1 *Deur undernead dis laift stean  
laif robert earl of huntingtun  
nea arcir ver a3 bie sae geud  
an pipl havd im Robin Deud  
sick utlaw3 as bi an is men  
vil England nivr st agen.  
obiit 24 kal. dekembri3, 1247.*

This epitaph appears to me suspicious : however, a late antiquary has given a pedigree of Robin Hood, which, if genuine, shows that he had real pretensions to the earldom of Huntington, and that his true name was Robert Fitz-ooth.<sup>2</sup> Yet the most ancient poems on Robin Hood make no mention of his earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman<sup>3</sup> in a very old legend in verse preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge,<sup>4</sup> in eight Fyttes or Parts, printed in black letter, quarto, thus inscribed : "¶ Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode and his meyne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyngham." The first lines are,

*Lithe and lysten, gentylnen,  
That be of fre-bore blode :  
I shall you tell of a good Yeman,  
His name was Robyn hode.*

*Robyn was a proude out-lawe,  
Whiles he walked on groundes ;  
So curteyse an out-lawe as he was one,  
Was never none yfounde. &c.*

The printer's colophon is, "¶ Explicit Kinge Edwarde and Robin hode and Lyttel Johan. Enprented at London in Flete-strete at the sygne of the sone by Wynkin de Worde." In Mr. Garrick's collection<sup>5</sup> is a different edition of the same poem, "¶ Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane wharfe by Wyllyam Copland," containing at the end a little dramatic piece on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy, called, "A newe playe for to be played in Maye games very plesaunte and full of pastyme. ¶ (.) ¶ D."

I shall conclude these preliminary remarks with observing, that the hero of this ballad was the favourite subject of popular songs so early as

1 See Thoresby's Ducat. Leod. p. 579. Biog. Brit. vi. 3933.

2 Stukeley, in his "Palæographia Britannica," No. II. 1746.

3 See also the following ballad, ver. 147.

4 Num. D. 5. 2.

5 Old Plays, 4to. K. vol. x.

# Robin Hood and Sir Guy 117

the time of King Edward III. In the Visions of Pierce Plowman, written in that reign, a monk says,

~~I can rimes of Roben Hod and Randal of Chester,~~  
~~But of our Lorde and our Lady, I lerne nothing at all.~~  
Fol. 26. ed. 1550.

See also in Bishop Latimer's Sermons<sup>1</sup> a very curious and characteristical story, which shows what respect was shown to the memory of our archer in the time of that prelate.

The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated outlaw, in Sir John Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. iii. p. 410, 4to.

For the catastrophe of Little John, who, it seems, was executed for a robbery on Arbor-hill, Dublin (with some curious particulars relating to his skill in archery), see Mr. J. C. Walker's ingenious "Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish," p. 129, annexed to his "Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish." Dublin, 1788, 4to.

Some liberties were, by the Editor, taken with this ballad; which, in this edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio manuscript.

WHEN shaws<sup>2</sup> beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,  
And leaves both large and longe,  
Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrèst  
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,  
Sitting upon the spraye,  
Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,  
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,  
A sweaven I had this night;  
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,  
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,  
And tooke my bow mee froe;  
If I be Robin alive in this lande,  
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, Master, quoth John,  
As the wind that blowes ore a hill;  
For if itt be never so loude this night,  
To-morrow itt may be still.

<sup>1</sup> Ser. 6th before K. Ed. Apr. 12. fol. 75. Gilpin's Life of Lat. p. 122.

<sup>2</sup> For "shaws" the MS. has "shales;" and "shradds" should perhaps be "swards;" i. e. the surface of the ground: viz. "when the fields are in their beauty:" or perhaps "shades."

## The Percy Reliques

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,  
 And John shall goe with mee,  
 For Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen,  
 In greenwood where the bee.

Then the cast on their gownes of grene,  
 And tooke theyr bowes each one ;  
 And they away to the greene forrèst  
 A shooting forth are gone ;

Until they came to the merry greenwood,  
 Where they had gladdest bee,  
 There were the ware of a wight yeomàn,  
 His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,  
 Of manye a man the bane ;  
 And he was clad in his capull hyde  
 Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand you still, master, quoth Litle John,  
 Under this tree so grene,  
 And I will go to yond wight yeoman  
 To know what he doth meane.

Ah ! John, by me thou settest noe store,  
 And that I farley finde :  
 How oft send I my men beffore  
 And tarry my selfe behinde ?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,  
 And a man but heare him speake ;  
 And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,  
 John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,  
 So they parted Robin and John ;  
 And John is gone to Barnesdale ;  
 The gates <sup>1</sup> he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,  
 Great heavinesse there hee hadd,  
 For he found tow of his owne fellows  
 Were slaine both in a slade.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. ways, passes, paths, ridings. "Gate" is a common word in the north for "way."

## Robin Hood and Sir Guy 119

And Scarlette he was flynge a-foote  
Fast over stocke and stone,  
For the sheriffe with seven score men  
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,  
With Christ his might and mayne :  
Ile make yond fellow that flyes soe fast,  
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,  
And fetteled him to shoote :  
The bow was made of a tender boughe,  
And fell down to his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,  
That ere thou grew on a tree ;  
For now this day thou art my bale,  
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,  
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,  
For itt mett one of the sheriffes men,  
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent  
To have bene abed with sorrowe,  
Than to be that day in the green wood slade  
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett  
Fyve can doe more than three,  
The sheriffe hath taken little John,  
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,  
And hanged hye on a hill.  
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,  
If itt be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of Little John,  
And thinke of Robin Hood,  
How he is gone to the wight yeomàn,  
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,  
Good morrowe, good fellow, quoth he :

## The Percy Reliques

Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande  
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfull of my waye, quo' the yeman,  
And of my morning tyde.  
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin ;  
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,  
Men call him Robin Hood ;  
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe,  
Than fortye pound so good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,  
And Robin thou soone shalt see :  
But first let us some pastime find  
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make  
Among the woods so even,  
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood  
Here att some unsett steven.

They cut them downe two summer shroggs,  
That grew both under a breere,  
And sett them threescore rood in twaine  
To shoot the prickes y-fere :

Lead on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,  
Lead on, I doe bidd thee.  
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,  
My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,  
He mist but an inch it froe :  
The yeoman he was an archer good,  
But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,  
He shote within the garlande :  
But Robin he shott far better than hee,  
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd ;  
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode ;  
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,  
Thou wert better then Robin Hoode.

# Robin Hood and Sir Guy 121

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,  
Under the leaves of lyne.  
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,  
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,  
And Robin to take Ime sworne ;  
And when I am called by my right name  
I am Guye of good Gisbòrne.

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,  
By thee I set right nought :  
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,  
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that hath neither beene kithe nor kin,  
Might have seene a full fayre sight,  
To see how together these yeomen went  
With blades both browne<sup>1</sup> and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought  
Two howres of a summers day :  
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy  
Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,  
And stumbled at that tyde ;  
And Guy was quick and nimble with-all,  
And hitt him ore the left side.

Ah deere Lady, sayd Robin Hood, 'thou  
That art both mother and may,'  
I think it was never mans destinye  
To dye before his day.

<sup>1</sup> The common epithet for a sword or other offensive weapon, in the old metrical romances is "brown:" as "brown brand," or "brown sword: brown bill," &c. and sometimes even "bright brown sword." Chaucer applies the word "rustie" in the same sense: thus he describes the "reve:"

And by his side be bare a rusty blade.

Prol. ver. 620.

And even thus the god Mars:

And in his hand be had a rousty sword.

Test. of Cressid. 188.

Spenser has sometimes used the same epithet. (See Warton's *Observ.* vol. ii. p. 62.) It should seem, from this particularity, that our ancestors did not pique themselves upon keeping their weapons bright: perhaps they deemed it more honourable to carry them stained with the blood of their enemies.



## The Percy Reliques

Robin thought on our ladye deere,  
And soone leapt up againe,  
And strait he came with a 'backward'<sup>1</sup> stroke,  
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guys head by the hayre,  
And stuck itt on his bowes end :  
Thou hast beene a traytor all thy liffe,  
Which thing must have an ende.

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,  
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,  
That he was never on woman born,  
Cold tell whose head it was.

Saies, Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guye,  
And with me be not wrothe,  
If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,  
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,  
And on Sir Guy did it throwe,  
And hee put on that capull hyde,  
That cladd him topp to toe.

The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,  
Now with me I will beare ;  
For I will away to Barnesdale,  
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,  
And a loud blast in it did blow.  
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,  
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,  
I heare now tydings good,  
For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,  
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,  
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,  
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,  
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,  
Aske what thou wilt of mee.

<sup>1</sup> "Awkwarde." MS.

O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,  
Nor I will none of thy fee :

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,  
Let me go strike the knave ;  
This is all the rewarde I aske ;  
Nor noe other will I have.

Thou art a madman, said the sheriffe,  
Thou sholdest have had a knights fee :  
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,  
Well granted it shale be.

When Litle John heard his master speake,  
Well knewe he it was his steven :  
Now shall I be looset, quoth Litle John,  
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Litle John,  
He thought to loose him belive ;  
The sheriffe and all his companye  
Fast after him did drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin ;  
Why draw you mee soe neere ?  
Itt was never the use in our countrye,  
Ones shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,  
And losed John hand and foote,  
And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his hand,  
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,  
His boltes and arrowes eche one :  
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,  
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne  
He fled full fast away ;  
And soe did all his companye :  
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,  
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,  
But Litle John with an arrowe soe broad  
He shott him into the ' backe '-syde.

\* \* The title of *Sir* was not formerly peculiar to knights ; it was given to priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.

Dr. Johnson thinks this title was applied to such as had taken the degree of A. B. in the universities, who are still styled *Domini*, "Sirs," to distinguish them from Undergraduates, who have no prefix, and from Masters of Arts, who are styled *Magistri*, Masters.

## IX. AN ELEGY ON HENRY, FOURTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

The subject of this poem, which was written by Skelton, is the death of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the north, that the whole country was in a flame. The Earl of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and, supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him, with several of his attendants, who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirske, in Yorkshire, April 28, 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's best), he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having among his menial servants, knights, squires, and even barons. See ver. 32. 183. &c. which, however different from modern manners, was formerly not unusual with our greater barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the laws against retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.

John Skelton, who commonly styled himself Poet Laureat, died June 21, 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed from an ancient manuscript copy preserved in the British Museum, being much more correct than that printed among Skelton's poems, in black-letter, 12mo. 1568. It is addressed to Henry Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c. in the following manner:

*Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metricè alloquitur.*

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,  
 Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit,  
 Ad nutum celebris tu prona reponere leonis,  
 Quæque suo patri tristia justa cano.  
 Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet  
 Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.  
 Qui leo sit felix, & Nestoris occupet annos;  
 Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLORUS DETHE AND  
MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOOST HONOR-  
ABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore  
The dedely fate, the dolefulle destenny  
Of him that is gone, alas ! withoute restore,  
Of the blode<sup>1</sup> royall descendinge nobelly ;  
Whos lordshepe doutles was slayne lamentably  
Thorow treson ageyn hym compassyd and wrought ;  
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo calde by name  
In the college of musis goddess hystoriall,  
Adres the to me, whiche am both halt and lame  
In elect uteraunce to make memoryall :  
To the for soccour, to the for helpe I call  
Myne homely rudnes and drighnes to expelle  
With the freshe waters of Elyconys welle.

Of noble actes auntyently enrolde,  
Of famous princis and lordes of astate,  
By thy report ar wonte to be extold,  
Regestringe trewly every formare date ;  
Of thy bountie after the usuall rate  
Kynndle in me suche plenty of thy noblès,  
Thes sorrowfulle dities that I may shew expres.

In sesons past who hathe harde or sene  
Of formar writinge by any presidente  
That vilane hastarddis in ther furious tene,  
Fulfyld with malice of froward entente,  
Confeterd togeder of commoun concente  
Falsly to slo ther moste singular goode lorde ?  
It may be registerde of shamefull recorde.

<sup>1</sup> The mother of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was Mary, daughter to Henry, Earl of Lancaster, whose father Edmond was second son of King Henry III. The mother and wife of the second Earl of Northumberland were both lineal descendants of King Edward III. The Percys also were lineally descended from the Emperor Charlemagne and the ancient Kings of France, by his ancestor Josceline du Lovain (Son of Godfrey, Duke of Brabant), who took the name of Percy on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Henry II. Vid. Camden Britan. Edmondson, &c.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lorde and knight,  
 Fulfilled with honor, as all the worlde dothe ken ;  
 At his commaundement, whiche had both day and night  
 Knyghtis and squyers, at every season when  
 He calde upon them, as menyall houshold men :  
 Were no thes commones uncurteis karlis of kynde  
 To slo their owne lorde? God was not in their minde.

And were not they to blame, I say also,  
 That were aboute hym, his owne servants of trust,  
 To suffre hym slayn of his mortall fo?  
 Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust :  
 They bode not till the rekenyng were discust.  
 What shuld I flatter? what shulde I glose or paynt?  
 Fy, fy for shame, their harts wer to faint.

In Englande and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted ;  
 Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in drede ;  
 To whome great astates obeyde and lowttede ;  
 A mayny of rude villyans made him for to blede :  
 Unkindly they slew hym, that holp them oft at nede :  
 He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,  
 Yet shamfully they slew hym ; that shame mot them befall.

I say, ye commoners, why wer ye so stark mad  
 What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne?  
 Where was your wit and reson, ye shuld have had?  
 What willfull folly made yow to ryse agayne  
 Your naturall lord? alas! I can not fayne.  
 Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd ;  
 Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

He was your chyfteyne, your shelde, your chef defence,  
 Redy to assyst you in every tyme of nede :  
 Your worship depended of his excellence :  
 Alas! ye mad men, to far ye did excede :  
 Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede :  
 What movyd you agayn hym to war or fight?  
 What aylde you to sle your lord agyn all right?

The grounde of his quarrel was for his sovereyn lord,  
 The welle concernyng of all the hole lande,  
 Demaundyng soche duties as nedis most acord  
 To the right of his prince which shold not be withstand ;  
 For whos cause ye slew hym with your awne hande :

## Henry, Earl of Northumberland 127

But had his nobill men done wel that day,  
Ye had not been hable to have saide him nay.

But there was fals packinge, or els I am begylde :  
How-be-it the matter was evident and playne,  
For yf they had occupied ther spere and ther shelde,  
This noble man doutles had not be slayne.  
Bot men say they wer lynked with a double chayn,  
And held with the commouns under a cloke,  
Whiche kindeled the wyld fyre that made all this smoke.

The commouns renyed ther taxes to pay  
Of them demaunded and asked by the kinge ;  
With one voice importune, they playnly said nay :  
They buskt them on a bushment themself in baile to  
bringe :  
Agayne the kings plesure to wrastle or to wringe,  
Bluntly as bestis withe boste and with cry  
They saide, they forsede not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the northe this valiant lorde and knyght,  
As man that was innocent of trechery or trayne,  
Presed forthe boldly to witstand the myght,  
And, lyke marciall Hector, he fauht them agayne,  
Vigorously upon them with myght and with mayne,  
Trustinge in noble men that wer with hym there :  
Bot all they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barons, knights, squyers, one and alle,  
Togeder with servaunts of his famuly,  
Turnd their backis, and let ther master fall,  
Of whos [life] they counted not a flye ;  
Take up whos wolde for them, they let hym ly.  
Alas ! his golde, his fee, his annuall rente  
Upon suche a sort was ille bestowde and spent.

He was envyronded aboute on every syde  
Withe his enemys, that were stark mad and wode ;  
Yet whils he stode he gave them woundes wyde :  
Alas for routhe ! what thouche his mynde were goode,  
His corage manly, yet ther he shed his bloode !  
All left alone, alas ! he fawte in vayne ;  
For cruelly amonge them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite ! that Percy thus was spylt,  
The famous Erle of Northumberlande :

Of knightly prowès the sworde pomel and hylt,  
 The myghty lyoun<sup>1</sup> doutted by se and lande !  
 O dolorous chaunce of fortunes fruward hande !  
 What man remembring how shamfully he was slayne,  
 From bitter weeping hymself kan restrayne ?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war !  
 O dolorous teusday, dedicate to thy name,  
 When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to mar !  
 O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,  
 Whiche wert endyed with rede blode of the same !  
 Moste noble erle ! O fowle mysuryd grounde  
 Whereon he gat his fynal dedely wounde !

O Atropos, of the fatall systers thre,  
 Goddes mooste cruell unto the lyf of man,  
 All merciles, in the ys no pitè !  
 O homycide, whiche sleest all that thou kan,  
 So forcibly upon this erle thow ran,  
 That with thy sworde enharpid of mortall drede,  
 Thou kit asonder his perfight vitall threde !

My wordis unpullysht be nakide and playne,  
 Of aureat poems they want ellumynynge ;  
 Bot by them to knowlege ye may attayne  
 Of this lordis dethe and of his murdrynge.  
 Which whils he lyvyd had fuyson of every thing,  
 Of knights, of squyers, chef lord of toure and tounne,  
 Tyl fykkill fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukis, with kings he myght compare,  
 Surmountinge in honor all erls he did excede,  
 To all cuntreis aboute hym reporte me I dare.  
 Lyke to Eneas benygne in worde and dede,  
 Valiaunt as Hector in every marciall nede,  
 Provydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse,  
 Tyll the chaunce ran agyne him of fortunes duple dyse.

What nedethe me for to extoll his fame  
 With my rude pen enkankerd all with rust ?  
 Whos noble actis shew worsheply his name,  
 Transcendyng far myne homely muse, that must  
 Yet sumwhat wright supprisid with hartly lust,  
 Truly reportinge his right noble astate,  
 Immortally whiche is immaculate.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to his crest and supporters. "Doutted" is contracted for "redoubted."

## Henry, Earl of Northumberland 129

His noble blode never disteynyd was,  
Trew to his prince for to defende his right,  
Doublenes hatinge, fals maters to compas,  
Treytory and treson he bannesht out of syght,  
With trowth to medle was all his hole delyght,  
As all his kuntrey kan testefy the same :  
To slo suche a lord, alas, it was grete shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne  
In me all onely wer sett and comprisyde,  
Enbrethed with the blast of influence dyvyne,  
As perfightly as could be thought or devysyd :  
To me also allthouche it were promysyde  
Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,  
All were to litill for his magnyficence.

O yonge lyon, bot tender yet of age,  
Grow and encrese, remembre thyn astate,  
God the assyst unto thyn herytage,  
And geve the grace to be more fortunate,  
Agayne rebellyouns arme to make debate.  
And, as the lyoune, whiche is of bestis kinge,  
Unto thy subjectis be kurteis and benyngne.

I pray God sende the prosperous lyf and long,  
Stabille thy mynde constant to be and fast,  
Right to mayntein, and to resist all wronge :  
All flattringe faytors abhor and from the cast,  
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast :  
Let double delinge in the have no place,  
And be not light of credence in no case.

Wythe hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,  
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought,  
Thys lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd  
Allgyf Englund and Fraunce were thorow saught.  
Al kings, all princes, all dukes, well they ought  
Bothe temporall and spirituall for to complayne  
This noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,  
And all other gentilmen with hym enterteynd  
In fee, as menyall men of his housold,  
Whom he as lord worsheply manteynd :  
To sorowfull weping they ought to be constreynd,



As oft as thei call to ther remembraunce,  
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce

O perlese prince of hevyn emperyalles,  
That with one worde formed al thing of noughte ;  
Hevyn, hell, and erth obey unto thi kalle ;  
Which to thy resemblance wondersly hast wrought  
All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast boght,  
With thy blode precious our finaunce thou dyd pay,  
And us redemed, from the fendys pray :

To the pray we, as prince incomperable,  
As thou art of mercy and pite the well,  
Thou bringe unto thy joye etermynable  
The sowle of this lorde from all daunger of hell,  
In endles blis with the to byde and dwell  
In thy palace above the orient,  
Where thou art lorde, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,  
Maiden moste pure, and goddis moder dere,  
To sorowfull harts chef comfort and solace,  
Of all women O floure withouten pere,  
Pray to thy son above the starris clere,  
He to vouchesaf by thy mediatioun  
To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvacion.

In joy triumphaunt the heavenly yerarchy,  
With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,  
His soule mot receyve into ther company  
Thorowe bounte of hym that formed all solace :  
Well of pite, of mercy, and of grace,  
The father, the son, and the holy goste  
In Trinite one God of myghts moste.

†† I have placed the foregoing poem of Skelton's before the following extract from Hawes, not only because it was written first, but because I think Skelton is in general to be considered as the earlier poet ; many of his poems being written long before Hawes's "Graunde Amour."

## X. THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE

The reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of Stephen Hawes, a celebrated poet in the reign of Henry VII. though now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505,) intitled "The Hist. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the Palace of Pleasure, &c." 4to. 1555. See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v. 1. p. 6. and Warton's Observ. v. 2. p. 105. He was also author of a book, intitled, "The Temple of Glass. Wrote by Stephen Hawes, gentleman of the bedchamber to King Henry VII." Pr. for Caxton, 4to. no date.

The following stanzas are taken from Chap. III. and IV. of the Hist. above mentioned. "How Fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with Governauce and Grace, and howe he went to the Tower of Doctrine, &c." As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.

I LOKED about and saw a craggy roche,  
 Farre in the west neare to the element,  
 And as I dyd then unto it approche,  
 Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent  
 The royal tower of MORALL DOCUMENT,  
 Made of fine copper with turrettes fayre and hye,  
 Which against Phebus shone so marveyulously,

That for the very perfect bryghtnes  
 What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne,  
 I could nothyng behold the goodlines  
 Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne:  
 Tyll at the last, with mysty wyndes donne,  
 The radiant bryghtnes of golden Phebus  
 Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe, nere and nere,  
 And often mused of the great hyghnes  
 Of the craggy rocke, which quadrant did appeare:  
 But the fayre tower, (so much of ryches  
 Was all about,) sexangled doubtles;  
 Gargeyld with grayhoundes, and with many lyons,  
 Made of fyne golde; with divers sundry dragons.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Greyhounds, Lions, Dragons, were at that time the royal supporters.

The little turrets with ymages of golde  
 About was set, whiche the wynde aye moved  
 With propre vices, that I did well beholde  
 About the tower,<sup>1</sup> in sundry wyse they hoved  
 With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,  
 That with the wynd they pyped a daunce  
 Iclipped *Amour de la hault plesauunce*.

The toure was great of marveyulous wydnes,  
 To whyche ther was no way to passe but one,  
 Into the toure for to have an intres :  
 A grece there was ychesyld all of stone  
 Out of the rocke, on whyche men dyd gone  
 Up to the toure, and in lykewyse dyd I  
 Wyth bothe the Grayhoundes in my company :<sup>2</sup>

Tyll that I came unto a ryall gate,  
 Where I sawe stondynge the goodly Portres,  
 Whyche axed me, from whence I came a-late ;  
 To whome I gan in every thyng expresse  
 All myne adventure, chaunce, and busynesse,  
 And eke my name ; I tolde her every dell :  
 Whan she herde this she lyked me right well.

Her name, she sayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE ;  
 Into the 'base'<sup>3</sup> courte she dyd me then lede,  
 Where was a fountayne depured of plesance,  
 A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte-hede,  
 Made of fyne golde enameled with reed ;  
 And on the toppe four dragons blewe and stoute  
 Thys dulcet water in four partes<sup>4</sup> dyd spoute.

Of whyche there flowed foure ryvers ryght clere,  
 Sweter than Nylus<sup>5</sup> or Ganges was ther odoure ;  
 Tygrys or Eufrates unto them no pere :  
 I dyd than taste the aromatyke lycoure,  
 Fraugraunt of fume, and swete as any floure ;  
 And in my mouthe it had a marveyulous scent  
 Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought  
 Dame Countenaunce into a goodly Hall,  
 Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought :  
 The wyndowes cleare depured all of crystall,  
 And in the roufe on hye over all

<sup>1</sup> "Towers." PC.

<sup>3</sup> "Besy courte." PC.

<sup>2</sup> This alludes to a former part of the poem.

<sup>4</sup> "Partyes." PC.

<sup>5</sup> "Nysus." PC.

Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne ;  
 Instede of grapes the rubies there dyd shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,  
 With pillers made of stones precious,  
 Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,  
 It myght be called a palaice glorious,  
 So muche delectable and solacious ;  
 The hall was hanged hye and circuler  
 With cloth of arras in the rychest maner,

That treated well of a ful noble story,  
 Of the doubty waye to the Tower Perillous ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Howe a noble knyght should wynne the victory  
 Of many a serpente foule and odious.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XI. THE CHILD OF ELLE

This is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio manuscript : which, though extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

"Child" was a title sometimes given to a knight. See Glos.

ON yonder hill a castle standes  
 With walles and towres bedight,  
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
 A younge and comely knyghte.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,  
 And stood at his garden pale,  
 Whan, lo ! he beheld fair Emmelines page  
 Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,  
 Y-wis he stodee not stille,  
 And soone he mette faire Emmelines page  
 Come climbinge up the hille.

<sup>1</sup> The story of the poem.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,  
Now Christe thee save and see!  
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,  
And what may thy tydings bee?

My ladye shee is all woe-begone,  
And the teares they falle from her eyne;  
And aye she laments the deadlye feude  
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe  
Bedewde with many a teare,  
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,  
Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of golde  
The last boone thou mayst have,  
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,  
Whan she is layde in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,  
And in grave soone must shee bee,  
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,  
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye,  
And within three dayes she must him wedde,  
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And greet thy ladye from mee,  
And telle her that I her owne true love  
Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And let thy fair ladye know  
This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,  
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,  
He neither stint ne stayd  
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,  
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thine own true love,  
And he greets thee well by mee;

This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,  
And dye or sett thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,  
And all were fast asleepe,  
All save the Ladye Emmeline,  
Who sate in her bowre to weepe :

And soone shee heard her true loves voice  
Lowe whispering at the walle,  
Awake, awake, my deare ladyè,  
'Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,  
Come, mount this faire palfràye :  
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe  
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,  
Nowe nay, this may not bee ;  
For aye shold I tint my maiden fame,  
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true  
Mayst safelye wend alone,  
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,  
Where marriage shall make us one.

“ My father he is a baron bolde,  
Of lynage proude and hye ;  
And what would he saye if his daughter  
Awaye with a knight should fly ?

“ Ah ! well I wot, he never would rest,  
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,  
Until he hath slayne thee, Child of Elle,  
And seene thy deare hearts bloode.”

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
And a little space him fro,  
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
And once without this walle,  
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr  
Nor the worst that might befalle.

Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And aye her heart was woe :  
At length he seized her lilly-white hand,  
And downe the ladder he drewe :

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,  
And kist her tenderlle :  
The teares that fell from her fair eyes  
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,  
And her on a fair palfràye,  
And slung his bugle about his necke,  
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle,  
In her bed whereas shee ley,  
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,  
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde !  
Awake, my noble dame !  
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle  
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,  
And called his merrye men all :  
“And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,  
Thy ladye is carried to thrall.”

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,  
A mile forth of the towne,  
When she was aware of her fathers men  
Come galloping over the downe :

And foremost came the carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countràye :  
“Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitdure,  
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

“For she is come of hye lineàge,  
And was of a ladye borne,  
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's sonne,  
To carrye her hence to scorne.”

Nowe loud thou lvest, Sir John the knight,  
Nowe thou doest lye of mee ;

A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,  
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,  
Light downe, and hold my steed,  
While I and this discourteous knight  
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light now downe, my deare ladyè,  
Light downe, and hold my horse ;  
While I and this discourteous knight  
Doe trye our valour's force.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And aye her heart was woe,  
While twixt her love and the carlish knight  
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought so well,  
As his weapon he waved amaine,  
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,  
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men  
Full fast approached nye :  
Ah ! what may ladye Emmeline doe ?  
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,  
And blew both loud and shrill,  
And soone he saw his owne merry men  
Come ryding over the hill.

“Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,  
I pray thee hold thy hand,  
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts  
Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved  
Full long and many a day ;  
But with such love as holy kirke  
Hath freelye sayd wee may.

O give consent, shee may be mine,  
And blesse a faithfull paire :  
My lands and livings are not small,  
My house and lineage faire :



My mother she was an earl's daughter,  
 And a noble knyght my sire—  
 The baron he frowned, and turn'd away  
 With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,  
 And did all trembling stand :  
 At lengthe she sprang upon her knee,  
 And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,  
 This faire yong knyght and mee :  
 Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,  
 I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline  
 Your darling and your joye ;  
 O let not then your harsh resolves  
 Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,  
 And turned his heade asyde  
 To whipe away the starting teare  
 He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stooode,  
 And mused a little space ;  
 Then raised faire Emmeline from the grounde,  
 With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,  
 And gave her lillye white hand ;  
 Here take my deare and only child,  
 And with her half my land :

Thy father once mine honour wrongde  
 In dayes of youthful pride ;  
 Do thou the injurye repayre  
 In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,  
 Heaven prosper thee and thine :  
 And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,  
 My lovelye Emmeline.

\* \*  
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†† From the word *kirke* in ver. 159, this hath been thought to be a Scottish ballad, but it must be acknowledged that the line referred to is among the additions supplied by the Editor: besides, in the northern counties of England, *kirk* is used in the common dialect for *church*, as well as beyond the Tweed.

## XII. EDMOND O' GORDON

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD

This was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV. 8vo. 12 pages. We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio manuscript. It is remarkable that the latter is intitled "Captain Adam Carre," and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English ballads are generally of the north of England, the Scottish are of the south of Scotland, and of consequence the country of ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The house or castle of the Rodes stood about a measured mile south from Duns, in Berwickshire: some of the ruins of it may be seen to this day. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county: the two villages of East and West Gordon lie about ten miles from the castle of the Rodes.<sup>1</sup> The fact, however, on which the ballad is founded, happened in the north of Scotland (see below, p. 144.), yet it is but too faithful a specimen of the violences practised in the feudal times in every part of this island, and indeed all over Europe.

From the different titles of this ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blame-worthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay further west, and vice versâ. The foregoing observation, which I owed to Sir David Dalrymple, will appear the more perfectly well founded, if, as I have since been informed (from Crawford's Memoirs), the principal commander of the expedition was a Gordon, and the immediate agent a Car, or Ker; for then the reciter might, upon good grounds, impute the barbarity here deplored, either to a Gordon, or a Car, as best suited his purpose. In the second volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song of "Gil Morris," wherein the principal character introduced had different names given him, perhaps for the same cause.

<sup>1</sup> This ballad is well known in that neighbourhood, where it is intitled "Adam o' Gordon." It may be observed, that the famous freebooter, whom Edward I. fought with, hand to hand, near Farnham, was named Adam Gordon.

It may be proper to mention, that in the folio manuscript, instead of the "Castle of the Rodes," it is the "Castle of Brittons-borrow," and also "Diactours" or "Draitours-borrow," (for it is very obscurely written,) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Westerton-town." Uniformity required that the additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

It fell about the Martinmas,  
 Quhen the wind blew shril and cauld,  
 Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,  
 We maun draw till a hauld.

And quhat a hauld sall we draw till,  
 My mirry men and me?  
 We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,  
 To see that fair ladle.

The lady stude on her castle wa',  
 Beheld baith dale and down:  
 There she was ware of a host of men  
 Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze nat, my mirry men a' ?  
 O see ze nat quhat I see ?  
 Methinks I see a host of men:  
 I marveil quha they be.

She weend it had been hir lovely lord,  
 As he cam ryding hame;  
 It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,  
 Quha reckt nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hirsell,  
 And putten on hir gown,  
 But Edom o' Gordon and his men  
 Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,  
 Nae sooner said the grace,  
 But Edom o' Gordon and his men  
 Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,  
 Sa fast as she could hie,  
 To see if by hir fair speechès  
 She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady saif,  
And hir yates all locked fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath,  
And his look was all aghast.

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,  
Cum doun, cum doun to me :  
This night sall ye lig within mine armes,  
To-morrow my bride sall be.

I winnae cum doun ze fals Gordòn,  
I winnae cum doun to thee ;  
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,  
That is sae far frae me.

Give owre zour house, ze lady fair,  
Give owre zour house to me,  
Or I sall brenn yoursel therein,  
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordòn,  
To nae sik traitor as zee ;  
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,  
My lord sall make ze drie.

But reach my pistoll, Glaud my man,<sup>1</sup>  
And charge ze weil my gun :<sup>1</sup>  
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,  
My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa',  
And let twa bullets flee :<sup>1</sup>  
She mist that bluidy butchers hart,  
And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordòn,  
All wood wi' dule and ire :  
Fals lady, ze sall rue this deid,  
As ze bren in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,  
I paid ze weil zour fee ;  
Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane,  
Lets in the reek to me ?

<sup>1</sup> These three lines are restored from Foulis's edition, and the folio manuscript which last reads "the bullets" in ver. 58.

## The Percy Reliques

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,  
 I paid ze weil zour hire ;  
 Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane,  
 To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady ;  
 Ze paid me weil my fee :  
 But now I'm Edom o' Gordons man,  
 Maun either doe or die.

O than bespaik hir little son,  
 Sate on the nurses knee :  
 Sayes, Mither deare, gi' owre this house,  
 For the reek it smithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,  
 Say wald I a' my fee,  
 For ane blast o' the western wind,  
 To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then bespaik hir dochter dear.  
 She was baith jimp and sma ·  
 O row me in a pair o' sheits,  
 And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,  
 And towd hir owre the wa :  
 But on the point of Gordons spear  
 She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,  
 And cherry were her cheiks,  
 And clear clear was hir zellow hair,  
 Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,  
 O gin <sup>1</sup> hir face was wan !  
 He sayd, Ze are the first that eir  
 I wisht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre againe,  
 O gin <sup>1</sup> hir skin was whyte !  
 I might ha spared that bonnie face  
 To hae been sum mans delyte.

<sup>1</sup> A Scottish idiom to express great admiration.

Busk and boun, my merry men a',  
For ill dooms I doe guess ;  
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,  
As it lyes on the grass.

Thame,<sup>1</sup> luiks to freits, my master deir,  
Then freits wil follow thame :<sup>1</sup>  
Let neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon  
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye see the fire  
Cum flaming owre hir head,  
She wept and kist her children twain,  
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill blew,  
And said, Awa', awa' ;  
This house o' the Rodes is a' in flame,  
I hauld it time to ga'.

O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,  
As hee cam owr the lee ;  
He sied his castle all in blaze  
Sa far as he could see.

Then sair, O sair his mind misgave,  
And all his hart was wae ;  
Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
So fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
Sa fast as ze can drie ;  
For he that is hindmost of the thrang  
Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,  
Fou fast out-owr the bent ;  
But eir the foremost could get up,  
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,  
And wept in teenefu' muid :  
O traitors, for this cruel deid  
Ze sall weep teirs o' bluid.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.

And after the Gordon he is gane,  
 Sa fast as he might drie.  
 And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid  
 He's wroken his dear ladie.

\* \*  
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†† Since the foregoing Ballad was first printed, the subject of it has been found recorded in Abp. Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland, p. 259: who informs us, that

"Anno 1571. In the north parts of Scotland, Adam Gordon (who was deputy for his brother the earl of Huntley) did keep a great stir; and under colour of the queen's authority, committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbes's. . . . Having killed Arthur Forbes, brother to the lord Forbes. . . . Not long after he sent to summon the house of Tavoy pertaining to Alexander Forbes. The Lady refusing to yield without direction from her husband, he put fire unto it, and burnt her therein, with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons in all.

"This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name odious, and stained all his former doings; otherwise he was held very active and fortunate in his enterprizes."

This fact, which had escaped the Editor's notice, was in the most obliging manner pointed out to him, by an ingenious writer who signs his name H. H. (Newcastle, May 9.) in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1775. p. 219.

## SERIES THE FIRST

### BOOK II

#### I. BALLADS THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKSPEARE

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to preserve as many of these as could be recovered, and, that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This Second Book is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by Shakspeare, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces that have no other kind of merit.

The design of this book being of a dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations on the origin of the English Stage, and on the conduct of our first dramatic poets: a subject which, though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already,<sup>1</sup> will yet perhaps admit of some further illustration.

#### ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, &c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the more important stories of Scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c. these exhibitions acquired the general name of Mysteries. At first they were probably a kind of dumb shows, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved state (being at best but poor artless compositions) may be seen among Dodsley's Old Plays and in Osborne's Harleian Miscel. How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an

<sup>1</sup> Bp. Warburton's *Shakesp.* vol. v. p. 338.—Pref. to Dodsley's *Old Plays*.—Riccoboni's *Acct. of Theat. of Europe*, &c. &c. These were all the Author had seen when he first drew up this Essay.



ancient novel, often quoted by our old dramatic poets,<sup>1</sup> entitled . . . a merve *Tent of a man that was called Howleglas*<sup>2</sup> &c. being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named *Uten spiegle*. Howleglass, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clerk. This priest is described as keeping a leman or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglas owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds, . . . "And than in the meane season, while Howleglas was parysh clarke, at Easter they should play the Resurrection of our Lorde: and for because than the men wer not learned, nor could not read, the priest toke his leman, and put her in the grave for an Aungell; and this seing Howleglas, toke to hym iij of the symplest persons that were in the towne, that played the iij Maries; and the Person [*i. e.* Parson or Rector] played Christe, with a baner in his hand. Than saide Howleglas to the symple persons, Whan the Aungel asketh you, whome you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman with one iye. Than it fortuneth that the tyme was come that they must playe, and the Aungel asked them whom they sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas had shewed and lerned them afore, and than answered they, We seke the priests leman with one iye. And than the prieste might heare that he was mocked. And whan the priestes leman heard that, she arose out of the grave, and would have smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke, but she missed him and smote one of the simple persons that played one of the thre Maries; and he gave her another; and than toke she him by the heare [hair]; and that seing his wyfe, came running hastely to smite the priestes leman; and than the priest seeing this, caste down hys baner and went to helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other sore strokes, and made great noyse in the church. And than Howleglas seyng them lyinge together by the eares in the bodi of the church, went his way out of the village, and came no more there."<sup>3</sup>

As the old Mysteries frequently required the representation of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those unlettered ages began to form complete dramatic pieces consisting entirely of such personifications. These they entitled Moral Plays, or Moralities. The Mysteries were very inartificial, representing the Scripture stories simply according to the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art: they contain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII.; in which I think one may plainly discover the seeds of Tragedy and Comedy; for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them both.

One of them is entitled *Cherry Mann*.<sup>4</sup> The subject of this piece is the summoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of

<sup>1</sup> See Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, act iii. sc. 4, and his *Masque of The Fortunate Isles*. Whalley's Edit. vol. ii. p. 49, vol. vi. p. 190.

<sup>2</sup> Howleglass is said in the Preface to have died in M,CCCC,L. At the end of the book, in M,CCC,L.

<sup>3</sup> ¶. Imprinted. . . by Wyllyam Copland; without date, in 4to. bl. let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays, K. vol. X.

<sup>4</sup> This play has been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his 3 vols. of *Old Plays*, entitled, *The Origin of the English Drama*, 12mo. Oxford, 1773. See vol. i. p. 27.

religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the Messenger (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the Prologue on their rude stage); then God<sup>1</sup> is represented; who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Deth, and orders him to bring before his tribunal Every-man, for so is called the personage who represents the human race. Every-man appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-man applies for relief in this distress to Fellowship, Kindred, Goods, or Riches, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to Good-dedes, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her,<sup>2</sup> introduces him to her sister Knowledge, and she leads him to the "holy man Confession," who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint, and after Strength, Beauty, Discretion, and Five Wits<sup>3</sup> have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good-dedes still accompanying to the last. Then an Aungell descends to sing his Requiem; and the Epilogue is spoken by a person called Doctour, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral:

T. This memoriall men may have in mynde,  
Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,  
And forsake Pryde, for he disceyveth you in thende,  
And remembre Beautè, Five Witts, Strength and Discretion,  
They all at last do Every-man forsake;  
Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take;  
But beware, for and they be small,  
Before God he bath no helpe at all, &c.

From this short analysis it may be observed, that *Every Man* is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of Tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek Tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. Every-man, the hero of the piece, after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence Knowledge descants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed, except in the circumstance of Every-man's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agonistes of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan.<sup>4</sup>

The other play is entitled *Sick-Sorrow*,<sup>5</sup> and bears no distant resemblance to Comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The Prologue is spoken by Pity represented under the character of an aged

<sup>1</sup> The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.

<sup>2</sup> The before-mentioned are male characters.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* The Five Senses. These are frequently exhibited as five distinct personages upon the Spanish stage; (see Riccoboni, p. 98.) but our moralist has represented them all by one character.

<sup>4</sup> See more of Every-man, in Series II. Pref. to B. ii. Note.

<sup>5</sup> Imprinted by me Wllykyn de Worde, no date; in 4to. bl. let. This play has also been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his "Origin of the English Drama" vol. i. p. 69.

pilgrim; he is joined by Contemplacyon and Perseverance, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by Frewyll, representing a lewd debauchee, who, with his dissolute companion Imaginacion, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stewes and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by Hick-Scorner, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and, agreeably to his name, scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and Pity endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity, thus imprisoned, descants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacion, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone, Frewyll appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine companion Imaginacion from their vicious course of life: and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of Epilogue. This and every Morality I have seen conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

It would be needless to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, bating the moral and religious reflection of Pity, &c. the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We see then that the writers of these Moralities were upon the very threshold of real Tragedy and Comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that Tragedies and Comedies in form soon after took place, especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

II. At what period of time the Moralities had their rise here, it is difficult to discover. But Plays of Miracles appear to have been exhibited in England soon after the Conquest. Matthew Paris tells us that Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, a Norman, who had been sent for over by Abbot Richard to take upon him the direction of the school of that monastery, coming too late, went to Dunstable, and taught in the abbey there; where he caused to be acted (probably by his scholars) a *miracle play* of *St. Catharine*, composed by himself.<sup>1</sup> This was long before the year 1119, and probably within the 11th century. The above play of St. Catharine was, for aught that appears, the first spectacle of this sort that was exhibited in these kingdoms: and an eminent French writer thinks it was even the first attempt towards the

<sup>1</sup> *Apud Dunestapliam . . . . . quendam ludum de sancta Katerina (quem MIRACULA vulgariter appellamus) fecit. Ad quæ decoranda, petiit a sacrista sancti Albani, ut sibi Capa Chorales accommodarentur, et obtinuit. Etæ fuit ludus ille de sancta Katerina. Vitæ Abbat. ad fin. Hist. Mat. Paris, fol. 1639, p. 56. We see here that Plays of Miracles were become common enough in the time of Mat. Paris, who flourished about 1240. But that indeed appears from the more early writings of Fitz-Stephens: quoted below.*

revival of dramatic entertainments in all Europe : being long before the representations of Mysteries in France ; for these did not begin till the year 1398.<sup>1</sup>

But whether they derived their origin from the above exhibition or not, it is certain that Holy Plays, representing the miracles and sufferings of the Saints, were become common in the reign of Henry II. ; and a lighter sort of interludes appear not to have been then unknown.<sup>2</sup> In the subsequent age of Chaucer, "Plays of Miracles" in Lent were the common resort of idle gossips.<sup>3</sup>

They do not appear to have been so prevalent on the continent, for the learned historian of the Council of Constance<sup>4</sup> ascribes to the English the introduction of Plays into Germany. He tells us that the Emperor, having been absent from the council for some time, was at his return received with great rejoicings, and that the English Fathers in particular did, upon that occasion, cause a sacred Comedy to be acted before him on Sunday Jan. 31, 1417 ; the subjects of which were : *The Nativity of our Saviour ; the Arrival of the Eastern Magi ; and the Massacre by Herod*. Thence it appears, says this writer, that the Germans are obliged to the English for the invention of this sort of spectacles, unknown to them before that period.

The fondness of our ancestors for dramatic exhibitions of this kind, and some curious particulars relating to this subject, will appear from the *Household Book* of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, A.D. 1512 :<sup>5</sup> whence I shall select a few extracts, which show that the exhibiting Scripture dramas on the great festivals entered into the regular establishment, and formed part of the domestic regulations of our ancient nobility ; and, what is more remarkable, that it was as much the business of the Chaplain in those days to compose *Plays* for the family, as it is now for him to make Sermons.

"My lordes Chapeleyns in Households vj. viz. The Almonar, and if he be a maker of *Interludys*, than he to have a servaunt to the intent for writynge of the *Partis* ; and ells to have non. The maister of gramer," &c.

Sect. V. p. 44.

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely if is lordship kepe a chapell and be at home, them of his lordschipes chapell, if they doo play the Play of the *nativite* uppon cristynnes day in the mornnyng in my lordis chapell befor his lordship—xxs." Sect. XLIV. p. 343.

"Item, . . . to them of his lordship chappell and other his

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Abregé Chron. de l'Hist. de France, par M. Henault. à l'ann. 1170.

<sup>2</sup> See Fitz-Stephens's Description of London, preserved by Stow, (and reprinted with notes, &c. by the Rev. Mr. Pegge, in 1774, 4to.) *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, &c.* He is thought to have written in the reign of Hen. II. and to have died in that of Rich. I. It is true, at the end of this book we find mentioned *Henricum regem tertium* ; but this is doubtless Henry the Second's son, who was crowned during the life of his father, in 1170, and is generally distinguished as *Rex juvenis, Rex filius*, and sometimes they were jointly named *Reges Angliæ*. From a passage in his Chap. *De Religione*, it should seem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the Church of Canterbury.

<sup>3</sup> See Prologue to Wife of Bath's Tale, v. 6137. Tyrwhitt's Ed.

<sup>4</sup> M. L'Enfant. Vid. Hist. du Conc. de Constance, vol. ii. p. 440.

<sup>5</sup> "The Regulations and Establishments of the Household of Hen. Alg. Percy, 5th Earl of Northumb. Lond. 1770." 8vo. Whereof a small impression was printed by order of the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to bestow in presents to their friends. Although begun in 1512, some of the Regulations were composed so late as 1525.

lordshippis servaunts that doith play the Play befor his lordship uppon *Shrof-Tewsday* at night yerely in reward—xs." Sect. XLIV. p. 345.

"*Item*, . . . . to them . . . that playth the Play of *resurrection* upon estur day in the mornnyng in my lordis 'chapell' befor his lordshipe—xxs." Ibid.

"*Item*, My lorde useth and accustomyth yerly to gyf hym which is ordynede to be the *master* of the *revells* yerly in my lordis hous in cristmas for the overseyng and orderinge of his lordships Playes, Interludes and Dresinge that is plaid befor his lordship in his hous in the xijth dayes of Cristenmas and they to have in rewarde for that caus yerly—xxs." Ibid. p. 346.

"*Item*, My lorde useth and accustomyth to gyf every of the iiij Parsones that his lordship admyted as his *Players* to com to his lordship yerly at Cristynmes ande at all other such tymes as his lordship shall comande them for playing of Playe and Interludes affor his lordship in his lordshippis hous for every of their fees for an hole yere". . . . .

Ibid. p. 351.

"*Item*, to be payd . . . for rewards to *Players* for Playes playd at Christynmas by Stranegeres in my house after xxd.<sup>1</sup> every play, by estimacion somme—xxxiijs. iiij."<sup>2</sup> Sect. I. p. 22.

"*Item*, My lorde usith, and accustometh to gif yerely when his lordshipp is at home, to every Erlis *Players* that comes to his Lordshipe betwixt Cristynmas ande Candelmas, if he be his special lorde & frende & kynsman—xxs." Sect. XLVIII. p. 340.

"*Item*, My lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely, when his lordship is at home to every Lordis *Players*, that comyth to his lordshipe betwixt Crystynmas and Candilmas—xs." Ibid.

The Reader will observe the great difference in the rewards here given to such *Players* as were retainers of noble personages, and such as are styled *Strangers*, or as we may suppose, only *Strollers*.

The profession of a Common Player was about this time held by some in low estimation. In an old satire, entitled *Cock Torrelles Note*<sup>3</sup> the Author enumerating the most common trades or callings, as "carpenters, coopers, joyners," &c. mentions

"*Players*, purse-cutters, money-batterers,  
Golde-washers, tomblers, jogelers  
Pardoners, &c."

Sign. B. vj.

III. It hath been observed already, that Plays of Miracles, or Mysteries, as they were called, led to the introduction of Moral Plays, or Moralities, which prevailed so early, and became so common, that, towards the latter end of K. Henry VIIth's reign, John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published '¶. *A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiij elements declarynge many proper points of philosophy naturall, and of dyvers straunge landys*,'<sup>4</sup> &c.

<sup>1</sup> This was not so small a sum then as it may now appear; for in another part of this MS. the price ordered to be given for a fat ox is but 13s. 4d. and for a lean one 8s.

<sup>2</sup> At this rate the number of Plays acted must have been twenty.

<sup>3</sup> Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-street, by W. de Worde, no date, b. l. 4to.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, (Old Plays, i. vol. iii.) The Dramatis Personæ are, "¶. The Messenger [or Prologue]. Nature naturate. Humanyte. Studious Desire. Sensuall Appetyte. The Taverner. Experyence. Ygnorance.

It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent ;

" — Within this xx yere  
Westwarde be founde new landes  
That we never harde tell of before this," &c.

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510 (two years before the date of the above Household Book). The play of *Sick-Stoner* was probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of "the Newe founde Ilonde." Sign. A. vij.

It is observable that in the older Moralities, as in that last mentioned, Every-man, &c., is printed no kind of stage directions for the exit and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But in the moral interlude of *Justy Juventus*,<sup>1</sup> written under Edward VI. the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin :<sup>2</sup> at length in Q. Elizabeth's reign Moralities appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodsley.

Before we quit this subject of the very early printed plays, it may just be observed, that, although so few are now extant, it should seem many were printed before the reign of Q. Elizabeth, as at the beginning of her reign, her Injunctions in 1559 are particularly directed to the suppressing of "many Pamphlets, Playes, and Ballads; that no manner of person shall enterprize to print any such, &c." but under certain restrictions. Vid. Sect. V.

In the time of Henry VIII. one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the classical names of Comedy and Tragedy,<sup>3</sup> but they appear not to have been intended for popular use: it was not till the religious ferments had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Elizabeth, Tragedies and Comedies began to appear in form, and, could the poets have persevered, the first models were good. *Corboduc*, a regular Tragedy, was acted in 1561;<sup>4</sup> and Gascoigne, in 1566, exhibited *Jocasta*, a translation from Euripides, as also *The Supposers*, a regular

(Also yf ye lyste ye may brynge in a dysgysynge)." Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude; among which are, "¶ Of certeyn conclusions prouvyng the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and that yt is in circumference above xxi. M. myle."—"¶ Of certeyne points of cosmographie—and of dyvers straunge regyons,—and of the new founde landys and the maner of the people." This part is extremely curious, as it shows what notions were entertained of the new American discoveries by our own countrymen.

<sup>1</sup> Described in Series II. Preface to Book ii. The *Dramatis Personæ* of this piece are, "¶ Messenger, Lusty Juventus, Good Counsaill, Knowledge, Sathan the devyll, Hypocrisie, Fellowship, Abominable-lyving [an Harlot], God's-merciful-promises."

<sup>2</sup> I have also discovered some few *Exeats* and *Intrats* in the very old Interlude of the *Four Elements*.

<sup>3</sup> Bp. Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his *Mystery of Gods Promises*, in 1538. In 1540 John Palsgrave, B.D. had republished a Latin comedy, called *Acollastus*, with an English version. Holingshed tells us (vol. iii. p. 850), that so early as 1520 the king had "a good comedie of Plautus plaied" before him at Greenwich; but this was in Latin, as Mr. Farmer informs us in his curious "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," 8vo. p. 31.

<sup>4</sup> See Ames, p. 316. This play appears to have been first printed under the name of *Corboduc*; then under that of *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, in 1569; and again, under *Corboduc*, 1590. Ames calls the first edition Quarto; Langbaine, Octavo; and Tanner, 12mo.

Comedy, from Ariosto : near thirty years before any of Shakspeare's were printed.

The people however still retained a relish for their old Mysteries and Moralities,<sup>1</sup> and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. From the graver sort of Moralities our modern Tragedy appears to have derived its origin ; as our Comedy evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic<sup>2</sup> has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural Tragi-comedies. Even after the people had been accustomed to Tragedies and Comedies, Moralities still kept their ground : one of them entitled *The New Custom*<sup>3</sup> was printed so late as 1573 : at length they assumed the name of Masques,<sup>4</sup> and, with some classical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.

IV. The old Mysteries, which ceased to be acted after the reformation, appear to have given birth to a Third Species of Stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with Tragedy and Comedy, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both : these were Historical Plays, or Histories, a species of dramatic writing, which resembled the old Mysteries in representing a series of Historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from Tragedies, just as much as Historical poems do from Epic : as the *Pharsalia* does from the *Æneid*.

What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this form was, that soon after the Mysteries ceased to be exhibited, was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called *The Mirror for Magistrates*,<sup>5</sup> wherein a great number of the most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular, and of a dramatic cast ; and therefore, as an elegant writer<sup>6</sup> has well observed, might have its influence in producing Historical Plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient Mysteries suggested the plan.

There appears indeed to have been one instance of an attempt at an Historical Play itself, which was perhaps as early as any Mystery on a religious subject ; for such I think, we may pronounce the representation of a memorable event in English History, that was expressed in Actions and Rhymes. This was the old Coventry Play of *York Tuesday*,<sup>7</sup> founded on the story of the Massacre of the Danes, as it happened on St. Brice's night, November 13, 1002.<sup>8</sup> The play in question was

<sup>1</sup> The general reception the old Moralities had upon the stage, will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar with every one.

<sup>2</sup> Bp. Warburt. Shakesp. vol. v.

<sup>3</sup> Reprinted among Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. i.

<sup>4</sup> In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben Jonson's Masque of *Christmas*, 1616, one of the personages is *Minc'd Pye*.

<sup>5</sup> The first part of which was printed in 1559.

<sup>6</sup> Catal. of Royal and Noble Authors, vol. i. p. 166-7.

<sup>7</sup> This must not be confounded with the Mysteries acted on Corpus Christi day by the Franciscans at Coventry, which were also called *Coventry Plays*, and of which an account is given from T. Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, &c. in Malone's Shakesp. vol. ii. part ii. pag. 13, 14.

<sup>8</sup> Not 1012, as printed in Laneham's Letter. mentioned below.

performed by certain men of Coventry, among the other shows and entertainments at Kenelworth Castle, in July 1575, prepared for Queen Elizabeth, and this the rather "because the matter mentioneth how valiantly our English Women, for the love of their country, behaved themselves."

The writer, whose Words are here quoted,<sup>1</sup> hath given a short description of the performance; which seems on that occasion to have been without Recitation or Rhymes, and reduced to mere dumb-show; consisting of violent skirmishes and encounters, first between Danish and English "lance-knights on horseback," armed with spear and shield; and afterwards between "hosts" of footmen: which at length ended in the Danes being "beaten down, overcome, and many led captive by our English women."<sup>2</sup>

This play, it seems, which was wont to be exhibited in their city yearly, and which had been of great antiquity and long continuance there,<sup>3</sup> had of late been suppressed, at the instance of some well-meaning but precise preachers, of whose "sourness" herein the townsmen complain; urging that their play was "without example of ill-manners, papistry, or any superstition;"<sup>4</sup> which shows it to have been entirely distinct from a religious Mystery. But having been discontinued, and, as appears from the narrative, taken up of a sudden after the sports were begun, the Players apparently had not been able to recover the old Rhymes, or to procure new ones, to accompany the action; which, if it originally represented "the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, king Ethelred's chieftain in wars;"<sup>5</sup> his counselling and contriving the plot to dispatch them; concluding with the conflicts above mentioned, and their final suppression—"expressed in Actions and Rhimes after their manner,"<sup>6</sup> one can hardly conceive a more regular model of a complete drama; and, if taken up soon after the event, it must have been the earliest of the kind in Europe.<sup>7</sup>

Whatever this old play, or "storial show,"<sup>8</sup> was at the time it was exhibited to Q. Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakspeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these "Princely pleasures of Kenelworth,"<sup>9</sup> whence Stratford is only a few miles distant. And as the Queen was much diverted with the Coventry Play, "whereat Her Majesty laught well," and rewarded the performers with 2 bucks, and 5 marks in money: who, "what rejoicing upon their

<sup>1</sup> Ro. Laneham, whose Letter, containing a full description of the Shows, &c. is reprinted at large in Nichols's "Progresses of Q. Elizabeth," &c. vol. i. 4to. 1788. That writer's orthography, being peculiar and affected, is not here followed.

Laneham describes this play of *Boock Tuesday*, which was presented in an historical cue by certain good-hearted men of Coventry" (p. 32), and which was "wont to be play'd in their citie yearly" (p. 33), as if it were peculiar to them, terming it "their old storial show" (p. 32). And so it might be as represented and expressed by them "after their manner" (p. 33): although we are also told by Bevil Higgons, that St. Brice's Eve was still celebrated by the Northern English in commemoration of this massacre of the Danes, the women beating brass instruments, and singing old rhymes, in praise of their cruel ancestors. See his Short View of Eng. History, 8vo. p. 17. The Preface is dated 1734.

<sup>2</sup> Laneham, p. 37.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid. p. 32.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid. p. 33.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid. p. 33.

<sup>7</sup> The Rhimes, &c. prove this play to have been in English; whereas Mr. Tho. Warton thinks the Mysteries composed before 1328 were in Latin. Malone's Shakspeare. vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 9.

<sup>8</sup> Laneham, p. 32.

<sup>9</sup> See Nichols's Progresses, vol. i. p. 57.



ample reward, and what triumphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their Play was never so dignified, nor ever any Players before so beatified :” but especially if our young bard afterwards gained admittance into the castle to see a Play, which the same evening, after supper, was there “presented of a very good theme, but so set-forth by the actors’ well-handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more,”<sup>1</sup> we may imagine what an impression was made on his infant mind. Indeed the dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment, which continued nineteen days, and was the most splendid of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom ; the addresses to the Queen in the personated characters of a Sybille, a Savage Man, and Sylvanus, as she approached or departed from the castle ; and, on the water, by Arion, a Triton, or the Lady of the Lake, must have had a very great effect on a young imagination, whose dramatic powers were hereafter to astonish the world.

But that the Historical Play was considered by our old writers, and by Shakspeare himself, as distinct from Tragedy and Comedy, will sufficiently appear from various passages in their works. “Of late days,” says Stow, “in place of those Stage Playes<sup>2</sup> hath been used Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, and Histories both true and fayned.”<sup>3</sup> Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to *The Captain*, say,

This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,  
Nor History.—

Polonius in *Hamlet* commends the actors, as the best in the world, “either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall,” &c. And Shakspeare’s friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edit. of his plays, in 1623,<sup>4</sup> have not only entitled their book “Mr. William Shakspeare’s Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies :” but in their table of contents have arranged them under those three several heads ; placing in the class of Histories, “K. John, Richard II., Henry IV., 2 pts. Henry V., Henry VI., 3 pts. Rich. III., and Henry VIII. ;” to which they might have added such of his other plays as have their subjects taken from the old Chronicles or Plutarch’s Lives.

Although Shakspeare is found not to have been the first who invented this species of drama,<sup>5</sup> yet he cultivated it with such superior success, and threw upon this simple inartificial tissue of scenes such a blaze of genius, that his Histories maintain their ground in defiance of Aristotle and all the critics of the Classic school, and will ever continue to interest and instruct an English audience.

Before Shakspeare wrote, Historical Plays do not appear to have attained this distinction, being not mentioned in Queen Elizabeth’s licence in 1574<sup>6</sup> to James Burbage and others, who are only impowered “to use, exercise, and occupie the arte and facultye of playenge Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, Stage-Playes and such other like.” But when Shakspeare’s Histories had become the ornaments of the

<sup>1</sup> Laneham, pp. 38, 39. This was on Sunday evening, July 9.

<sup>2</sup> The Creation of the World, acted at Skinners-well in 1409.

<sup>3</sup> See Stow’s Survey of London, 1603, 4to. p. 94, (said in the title-page to be “written in the year 1598.”) See also Warton’s Observations on Spenser, vol. ii. p. 100.

<sup>4</sup> The same distinction is continued in the 2d and 3d folios, &c.

<sup>5</sup> See Malone’s Shakesp. vol. i. pt. ii. p. 31.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid. p. 37.

stage, they were considered by the public and by himself, as a formal and necessary species, and are thenceforth so distinguished in public instruments. They are particularly inserted in the licence granted by King James I. in 1603,<sup>1</sup> to W. Shakspeare himself, and the players his fellows; who are authorized "to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Interludes, Morals, Pastorals, Stage-Plaies, and such like."

The same merited distinction they continued to maintain after his death, till the Theatre itself was extinguished; for they are expressly mentioned in a warrant in 1622, for licensing certain "late Comedians of Queen Anne deceased, to bring up children in the qualitie and exercise of playing Comedies, Histories, Interludes, Morals, Pastorals, Stage-Plaies, and such like."<sup>2</sup> The same appears in an admonition issued in 1637<sup>3</sup> by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, then Lord Chamberlain, to the master and wardens of the company of Printers and Stationers; wherein is set forth the complaint of his Majesty's servants the Players, that diverse of their books of Comedyes and Tragedyes, Chronicle-Histories, and the like," had been printed and published to their prejudice, &c.

This distinction, we see, prevailed for near half a century; but after the Restoration, when the Stage revived for the entertainment of a new race of auditors, many of whom had been exiled in France, and formed their taste from the French theatre, Shakspeare's Histories appear to have been no longer relished; at least the distinction respecting them is dropt in the patents that were immediately granted after the King's return.

This appears not only from the allowance to Mr. William Beeston in June 1660,<sup>4</sup> to use the house in Salisbury-court "for a Play-house, wherein Comedies, Tragedies, Tragi-comedies, Pastoralls, and Interludes may be acted," but also from the fuller Grant (dated August 21, 1760)<sup>5</sup> to Thomas Killigrew, esq. and Sir William Davenant, knt. by which they have authority to erect two companies of players, and to fit up two theatres, "for the representation of Tragydies, Comedyes, Playes, Operas, and all other entertainments of that nature."

But while Shakspeare was the favourite dramatic poet, his Histories had such superior merit, that he might well claim to be the chief, if not the only historic dramatist that kept possession of the English stage: which gives a strong support to the tradition mentioned by Gildon,<sup>6</sup> that, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, our bard vindicated his Historical Plays, by urging, that, as he had found "the nation in general very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in this particular." This is assigning not only a good motive, but a very probable reason for his preference of this species of composition; since we cannot doubt but his illiterate countrymen would not only

<sup>1</sup> See Malone's Shakesp. vol. i. pt. ii. p. 40.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 49. Here Histories or Historical Plays, are found totally to have excluded the mention of Tragedies; a proof of their superior popularity. In an Order for the King's Comedians to attend K. Charles I. in his summer's progress, 1636, (ibid. p. 144.) Histories are not particularly mentioned; but so neither are Tragedies: they being briefly directed to "act Playes, Comedyes, and Interludes, without any lett," &c.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. p. 139.

<sup>4</sup> This is believed to be the date by Mr. Malone, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 239.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid. p. 244.

<sup>6</sup> See Malone's Shakesp. vol. vi. p. 427. This ingenious writer will, with his known liberality, excuse the difference of opinion here entertained concerning the above tradition.

want such instruction when he first began to write, notwithstanding the obscure dramatic chroniclers who preceded him; but also that they would highly profit by his admirable Lectures on English History so long as he continued to deliver them to his audience. And, as it implies no claim to his being the *first* who introduced our chronicles on the stage, I see not why the tradition should be rejected.

Upon the whole we have had abundant proof, that both Shakspeare and his contemporaries considered his Histories, or Historical Plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from Tragedy and Comedy; a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators; who, by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the unities, and departure from the classical dramatic forms. For, if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by whatever rule the author prescribed for his own observance, then we ought not to try Shakspeare's Histories by the general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry; but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

V. We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it, without entering into a short description of what may be called the Economy of the ancient English Stage.

Such was the fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that not fewer than *Nineteen* Playhouses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix*.<sup>1</sup> From this writer it should seem that "tobacco, wine and beer,"<sup>2</sup> were in those days the usual accommodations in the theatre, as within our memory at Sadler's Wells.

With regard to the Players themselves, the several companies were (as hath been already shown)<sup>3</sup> retainers, or menial servants to particular noblemen,<sup>4</sup> who protected them in the exercise of their profession: and

<sup>1</sup> He speaks in p. 492, of the Playhouses in Bishopsgate-street, and on Ludgate-hill, which are not among the *seventeen* enumerated in the Preface to Dodsley's *Old Plays*. Nay, it appears from Rymer's MSS. that *Twenty-three* Playhouses had been at different periods open in London: and even *Six* of them at one time. See Malone's *Shakesp.* vol. i. pt. ii. p. 48.

<sup>2</sup> So, I think, we may infer from the following passage, viz. "How many are there, who, according to their several qualities, spend 2d. 3d. 4d. 6d. 12d. 18d. 2s. and sometimes 4s. or 5s. at a play-house day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, wine, beere, and such like vaine expences, which playes do usually occasion, be cast into the reckoning?" Prynne's *Histriom.* p. 322.

But that tobacco was smoked in the playhouses, appears from Taylor the Water-poet, in his Proclamation for Tobacco's Propagation. "Let *Playhouses*, drinking-schools, taverns, &c. be continually haunted with the contaminous vapours of it; nay (if it be possible) bring it into the *Churches*, and there choak up their preachers." (*Works*, p. 253.) And this was really the case at Cambridge: James I. sent a letter, in 1607, against "taking Tobacco" in St. Mary's. So I learn from my friend Dr. Farmer.

A gentleman has informed me, that once going into a church in Holland, he saw the male part of the audience sitting with their hats on, smoking tobacco, while the preacher was holding forth in his morning-gown.

<sup>3</sup> See the extracts above, in p. 149, from the E. of Northumb. Household Book.

<sup>4</sup> See the Pref. to Dodsley's *Old Plays*. The author of an old Invective against the Stage, called, *A third Blast of Retrait from Plaies, &c.* 1580, 12mo. says, "Alas! that private affection should so raigne in the nobilitie, that to pleasure their servants, and to upholde them in their vanitye, they should restraine the magistrates from

many of them were occasionally Strollers, that travelled from one gentleman's house to another. Yet so much were they encouraged, that, notwithstanding their multitude, some of them acquired large fortunes. Edward Allen, master of the playhouse called the Globe, who founded Dulwich College, is a known instance. And an old writer speaks of the very inferior actors, whom he calls the Hirelings, as living in a degree of splendour, which was thought enormous in that frugal age.<sup>1</sup>

At the same time the ancient prices of admission were often very low. Some houses had penny-benches.<sup>2</sup> The "two-penny gallery" is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*.<sup>3</sup> And seats of three-pence, and a groat seem to be intended in the passage of Pynne above referred to. Yet different houses varied in their prices: that play-house called the *Hope* had seats of five several rates from six-pence to half-a-crown.<sup>4</sup> But a shilling seems to have been the usual price<sup>5</sup> of what is now called the *Pit*, which probably had its name from one of the Playhouses having been a Cock-pit.<sup>6</sup>

executing their office! . . . They (the nobility) are thought to be covetous by permitting their servants . . . to live at the devotion or almes of other men, passing from cuntry to cuntry, from one gentleman's house to another, offering their service, which is a kind of beggerie. Who indeede, to speake more trulie, are become beggers for their servants. For comonlie the good-wil, men beare to their lordes, makes them draw the stringes of their purses to extende their liberalitie." Vid. pag. 75<sup>1</sup> 76, &c.

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want such instruction when he first began to write, notwithstanding the obscure dramatic chroniclers who preceded him; but also that they would highly profit by his admirable Lectures on English History so long as he continued to deliver them to his audience. And, as it implies no claim to his being the *first* who introduced our chronicles on the stage, I see not why the tradition should be rejected.

Upon the whole we have had abundant proof, that both Shakspeare and his contemporaries considered his Histories, or Historical Plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from Tragedy and Comedy; a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators; who, by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the unities, and departure from the classical dramatic forms. For, if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by whatever rule the author prescribed for his own observance, then we ought not to try Shakspeare's Histories by the general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry; but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

V. We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it, without entering into a short description of what may be called the Economy of the ancient English Stage.

Such was the fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that not fewer than *Nineteen* Playhouses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix*.<sup>1</sup> From this writer it should seem that "tobacco, wine and beer,"<sup>2</sup> were in those days the usual accommodations in the theatre, as within our memory at Sadler's Wells.

With regard to the Players themselves, the several companies were (as hath been already shown)<sup>3</sup> retainers, or menial servants to particular noblemen,<sup>4</sup> who protected them in the exercise of their profession: and

<sup>1</sup> He speaks in p. 492, of the Playhouses in Bishopsgate-street, and on Ludgate-hill, which are not among the *seventeen* enumerated in the Preface to Dodsley's *Old Plays*. Nay, it appears from Rymer's MSS. that *Twenty-three* Playhouses had been at different periods open in London: and even *Six* of them at one time. See Malone's *Shakesp.* vol. I. pt. ii. p. 48.

<sup>2</sup> So, I think, we may infer from the following passage, viz. "How many are there, who, according to their several qualities, spend 2d. 3d. 4d. 6d. 12d. 18d. 2s. and sometimes 4s. or 5s. at a play-house day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, wine, beere, and such like vaine expences, which playes do usually occasion, be cast into the reckoning?" Prynne's *Histriom.* p. 322.

But that tobacco was smoked in the playhouses, appears from Taylor the Water-poet, in his Proclamation for Tobacco's Propagation. "Let *Playhouses*, drinking-schools, taverns, &c. be continually haunted with the contagious vapours of it; nay (if it be possible) bring it into the *Churches*, and there choak up their preachers." (*Works*, p. 253.) And this was really the case at Cambridge: James I. sent a letter, in 1607, against "taking Tobacco" in St. Mary's. So I learn from my friend Dr. Farmer.

A gentleman has informed me, that once going into a church in Holland, he saw the male part of the audience sitting with their hats on, smoking tobacco, while the preacher was holding forth in his morning-gown.

<sup>3</sup> See the extracts above, in p. 149, from the E. of Northumb. Household Book.

<sup>4</sup> See the Pref. to Dodsley's *Old Plays*. The author of an old Invective against the Stage, called, A third Blast of Retrait from Plaies, &c. 1580, 12mo. says, "Alas! that private affection should so raigne in the nobilitie, that to pleasure their servants, and to upholde them in their vanitie, they should restraine the magistrates from

many of them were occasionally Strollers, that travelled from one gentleman's house to another. Yet so much were they encouraged, that, notwithstanding their multitude, some of them acquired large fortunes. Edward Allen, master of the playhouse called the Globe, who founded Dulwich College, is a known instance. And an old writer speaks of the very inferior actors, whom he calls the Hirelings, as living in a degree of splendour, which was thought enormous in that frugal age.<sup>1</sup>

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The day originally set apart for theatrical exhibition appears to have been Sunday; probably because the first dramatic pieces were of a religious cast. During a great part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the playhouses were only licensed to be open on that day:<sup>1</sup> but before the end of her reign, or soon after, this abuse was probably removed.

The usual time of acting was early in the afternoon,<sup>2</sup> plays being generally performed by day-light.<sup>3</sup> All female parts were performed by men, no English actress being ever seen on the public stage<sup>4</sup> before the Civil Wars.

Lastly, with regard to the playhouse furniture and ornaments, a writer of King Charles II's time,<sup>5</sup> who well remembered the preceding age, assures us, that in general "they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewed with rushes, with habits accordingly."<sup>6</sup>

Yet Coryate thought our theatrical exhibitions, &c. splendid, when

with the licentiousness of boys, will not think it impossible that they should thus apply a name so peculiarly expressive of its situation: which from frequent use might at length prevail among the senior members of the University; especially when those young men became seniors themselves. The name of *Pit*, so applied at Cambridge, must be deemed to have been a cant phrase, until it can be shown that the area in other churches was usually so called.

<sup>1</sup> So Ste. Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, 12mo. speaking of the Players, says, "These, because they are allowed to play every Sunday make iiii or v. Sundayes at least every week," fol. 24. So the author of *A Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies*, 1580, 12mo. "Let the magistrate but repel them from the libertie of placing on the Sabbath-daie. . . . To plaie on the Sabbath is but a priviledge of sufferance, and might with ease be repelled, were it thoroughly followed," page 61, 62. So again, "Is not the Sabbath of al other daies the most abused? . . . Wherefore abuse not so the Sabbath-daie, my brethren; leave not the temple of the Lord." . . . "Those unsaveie morsels of unseemelie sentences passing out of the mouth of a ruffellie plaier, doth more content the hungrie humors of the rude multitude, and carrieth better relish in their mouthes, than the bread of the worde, &c." Vide page 63, 65, 66, &c. I do not recollect that exclamations of this kind occur in Prynne, whence I conclude that this enormity no longer subsisted in his time.

It should also seem, from the author of the *Third Blast* above quoted, that the churches still continued to be used occasionally for theatres. Thus, in p. 77, he says, that the Players (who, as hath been observed, were servants of the nobility), "under the title of their maisters, or as retainers, are priviledged to roave abroad, and permitted to publish their mametree in everie temple of God, and that throughout England, unto the horrible contempt of praier."

<sup>2</sup> "He entertaines us," says Overbury in his character of an actor "in the best leasure of our life, that is, betweene meales; the most unfit time either for study, or bodily exercise." Even so late as in the reign of Charles II. plays generally began at three in the afternoon.

<sup>3</sup> See Biogr. Brit. I. 117, n. D.

<sup>4</sup> I say "no English Actress—on the Public Stage," because Prynne speaks of it as an unusual enormity, that "they had French-women actors in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars Playhouse." This was in 1629. And though female parts were performed by men or boys on the public stage, yet in masques at court, the queen and her ladies made no scruple to perform the principal parts, especially in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Sir William Davenant, after the Restoration, introduced women, scenery, and higher prices. See Cibber's *Apology* for his own Life.

<sup>5</sup> See a short Discourse on the English Stage, subjoined to Flecknor's "Love's Kingdom," 1674, 12mo.

<sup>6</sup> It appears from an Epigram of Taylor the Water-poet, that one of the principal theatres in his time, viz. the Globe on the Bankside, Southwark (which Ben Jonson calls the Glory of the Bank, and Fort of the whole parish), had been covered with thatch till it was burnt down in 1613. See Taylor's Sculler, Epig. 22, p. 31. Jonson's *Execration* on Vulcan.

Puttenham tells us they used vizards in his time, "partly to supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble . . . princes chambers with too many folkes." (*Art. of Eng. Poes.* 1589, p. 26.) From the last clause, it should seem that they were chiefly used in the Masques at Court.

compared with what he saw abroad. Speaking of the theatre for comedies at Venice, he says, "The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately playhouses in England: neyther can their actors compare with ours for Apparrell, Shewes, and Musicke. Here I observed certain things that I never saw before: for, I saw Women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London: and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a Player, as ever I saw any masculine actor."<sup>1</sup>

It ought however to be observed, that, amid such a multitude of playhouses as subsisted in the metropolis before the civil wars, there must have been a great difference between their several accommodations, ornaments, and prices; and that some would be much more showy than others, though probably all were much inferior in splendour to the two great theatres after the Restoration.

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☞ The preceding Essay, although some of the materials are new arranged, hath received no alteration deserving notice, from what it was in the 2d Edition, 1767, except in Section IV. which in the present impression hath been much enlarged.

This is mentioned, because, since it was first published, the history of the English stage hath been copiously handled by Mr. Tho. Warton in his "History of English Poetry, 1774, &c." 3 vols. 4to. (wherein is inserted whatever in these volumes fell in with his subject); and by Edmond Malone, esq. who, in his "Historical Account of the English Stage," (Shakesp. vol. i. pt. ii. 1790), hath added greatly to our knowledge of the oeconomy and usages of our ancient theatres.

## ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY

These were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle (called corruptly in the ballad Englishwood, whereas Engle- or Ingle-wood, signifies wood for firing). At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage, of Robin Hood," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.

The father of Robin a Forrester was,  
And he shot in a lusty long-bow  
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,  
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

<sup>1</sup> Coryate's Crudities, 4to. 1611, p. 247.



For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,  
 And William a Clowdslee  
 To shoot with our Forester for forty mark ;  
 And our Forester beat them all three.

Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, 1 vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular Hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen : their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakspeare, in his comedy of "Much adoe about nothing," act 1. makes Benedicke confirm his resolves of not yielding to love, by this protestation, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,"<sup>1</sup> and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and called Adam : " meaning Adam Bell, as Theobald rightly observes, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford Editor has also well conjectured, that "Abraham Cupid" in Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 1. should be "Adam Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned Clym o' the Clough in his Alchemist, act i. sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called "The long vacation in London," describes the attorneys and proctors as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields.

With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde :<sup>2</sup>  
 Where arrowes stick with mickle pride ; . . .  
 Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme.  
 Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him."

Works, 1673, fol. p. 291.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the north so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth. See in Rymer's *Fœdera*, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

As for the following stanzas, which will be judged from the style, orthography, and numbers, to be of considerable antiquity, they were here given (corrected in some places by a MS. copy in the Editor's old folio) from a black-letter 4to. Imprinted at London in *Yothburge* by *Wylliam Copland* (no date). That old quarto edition seems to be exactly followed in "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, &c. Lond. 1791," 8vo. the variations from which, that occur in the following copy, are selected from many others in the folio MS. above mentioned, and when distinguished by the usual inverted 'comma' have been assisted by conjecture.

In the same MS. this ballad is followed by another, entitled *Younge Clowdeslee*, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Clowdesly's son : but greatly inferior to this both in merit and antiquity.

<sup>1</sup> Bottles formerly were of leather ; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask, or firkin, half filled with soot : and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to show their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Each with a canvas bow-case tied round his loins.

PART THE FIRST

MERY it was in the grene forest  
 Amonge the levès grene,  
 Wheras men hunt east and west  
 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene ;  
 To raise the dere out of theyr denne ;  
 Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene ;  
 As by thre yemen of the north countreÿ,  
 By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,  
 The other Clym of the Clough,<sup>1</sup>  
 The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,  
 And archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,  
 These yemen everychone ;  
 They swore them brethren upon a day,  
 To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,  
 That of myrthes loveth to here :  
 Two of them were single men,  
 The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,  
 Muche more then was hys care :  
 He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,  
 To Carleile<sup>2</sup> he would fare,

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,  
 And with hys chyldren thre.  
 By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,  
 Not by the counsell of me :

For if ye go to Carlile, brother,  
 And from thys wylde wode wende,  
 If that the justice may you take,  
 Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,  
 By pryme to you agayne,  
 Truste you then that I am 'taken,'<sup>3</sup>  
 Or else that I am slayne.

<sup>1</sup> *Clym of the Clough* means Clem. (Clement) of the Cliff : for so Clough signifies in the north.

<sup>2</sup> "Caerleil" in PC. passim.

<sup>3</sup> "Take" PC. "Tane" MS.

## The Percy Reliques

He toke hys leave of hys brethren two,  
And to Carlile he is gon :  
There he knocked at hys owne windowe  
Shortlye and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce, he sayd,  
My wife and chyl dren three?  
Lyghtly let in thyne owne husbànde,  
Wyllyam of Cloudeslee.

Alas ! then sayde fayre Alyce,  
And syghed wonderous sore,  
Thys place hath ben besette for you  
Thys halfe a yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeslee,  
I would that in I were.  
Now fetch us meate and drynke ynoughe,  
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentye,  
Lyke a true wedded wyfe ;  
And pleased hym with that she had,  
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,  
A lytle besyde the fyre,  
Whych Wyllyam had found of charytyè  
More than seven yere.

Up she rose, and forth shee goes,  
Evill mote shee speede therfore ;  
For she had sett no foote on ground  
In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice hall,  
As fast as she could hye :  
Thys night, shee sayd, is come to town  
Wyllyam of Cloudeslyè.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,  
And so was the shirife also ;  
Thou shalt not trauaile hither, dame, for nought,  
Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good gounè,  
Of scarlate, 'and of graine :

She toke the gyft, and home she wente,  
And couched her doune agayne.

They rased the towne of mery Carleile  
In all the haste they can ;  
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,  
As fast as they might gone.

There they besette that good yemàn  
Round about on every syde :  
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,  
That thither-ward fast hyed.

Alyce opened a backe windòwe,<sup>1</sup>  
And loked all aboute,  
She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,  
Wyth a full great route.

Alas ! treason, cryed Alyce,  
Ever wo may thou be !  
Goe into my chamber, my husband, she sayd,  
Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeslee.

He toke hys sward and hys bucler,  
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,  
And wente into hys strongest chamber,  
Where he thought surest to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,  
Took a pollaxe in her hande :  
Said, He shall dye that cometh in  
Thys dore, whyle I may stande.

Cloudeslee bente a right good bowe,  
That was of a trusty tre,  
He smot the justise on the brest,  
That hys arowe burst in three.

'A' curse on his harte, saide William,  
Thys day thy cote dyd on !  
If it had ben no better then myne,  
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yelde the Cloudeslè, sayd the justise,  
And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.  
'A' curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,  
That my husband councelleth so.

<sup>1</sup> Sic MS. "Shop Window" PC.

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,  
Syth it wyll no better be,  
And brenne we therin William, he saide,  
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place,  
The fyre flew up on hye :  
Alas ! then cryed fayre Alice,  
I se we here shall dye.

William openyd a backe wynddow,  
That was in hys chamber hie,  
And there with sheetes he did let downe  
His wyfe and children three.

Have you here my treasure, sayde William,  
My wyfe and my chyldren thre :  
For Christès love do them no harme,  
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,  
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,  
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,  
That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon  
Good Wyllyam of Cloudeslè :  
Than was he a wofull man, and sayde,  
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Leever had I, sayde Wyllyam,  
With my sworde in the route to renne,  
Then here among myne enemyes wode  
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,  
And among them all he ran,  
Where the people were most in prece,  
He smot downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys stroakes,  
So fersly on them he ran :  
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,  
And so toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,  
And in a deepe dungeon him cast :

Now, Cloudesle, sayd the justice,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

'A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,  
Now shal I for thee make ;'<sup>2</sup>  
And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte :  
No man shal come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,  
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,  
Though they came with a thousand mo,  
Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,  
To the gates first can he gone,  
And commaunded to be shut full close  
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,  
As fast as he coude hye ;  
There a payre of new gallowes he set up  
Besyde the pyllorye.

A lytle boy 'among them asked,'  
What meanted that gallow-tre ?  
They sayde to hange a good yemàn,  
Called Wylliam of Cloudeslè.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,  
And kept fayre Alyces swyne ;  
Oft he had seene William in the wodde,  
And geuen hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis of the wall,  
And lightly to the woode dyd gone ;  
There met he with these wightye yemen<sup>3</sup>  
Shortly and anone.

Alas ! then sayde the lytle boye,  
Ye tary here all too longe ;  
Cloudeslee is taken, and dampned to death,  
And readye for to honge.

<sup>1</sup> Sic MS. "Hye justice." PC.

<sup>2</sup> The first two lines of this stanza are contracted from the folio MS. and PC.

<sup>3</sup> "Yonge men." PC.

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell,  
 That ever we saw thys daye !  
 He had better have tarryed with us,  
 So ofte as we dyd him praye.

He myght have dwelt in grene forèste,  
 Under the shadowes greene,<sup>1</sup>  
 And have kepte both hym and us att reste,  
 Out of all trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,  
 A great hart sone hee had slayne :  
 Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,  
 And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayed these wightye yeomen,<sup>2</sup>  
 Tarry we no longer here ;  
 We shall hym borowe by God his grace,  
 Though we buy itt full dere.

To Caerleil wente these bold yemen,  
 All in a mornyng of maye.  
 Here is a Fyt<sup>3</sup> of Cloudeslye,  
 And another is for to saye.

#### PART THE SECOND

AND when they came to mery Carleile,  
 All in 'the' mornyng tyde,  
 They founde the gates shut them untill  
 About on every syde.

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell,  
 That ever we were made men !  
 These gates be shut so wonderous fast,  
 We may not come therein.

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,  
 Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng ;  
 Let us saye we be messengers,  
 Streight come nowe from our king.

<sup>1</sup> Sic MS. "Shadowes sheene." PC.

<sup>2</sup> "Jolly yeomen." MS. "Wight yong men." PC.

<sup>3</sup> See Glossary.

## Adam Bell, Clym, and William 167

Adam said, I have a letter written,  
Now let us wysely werke,  
We wyl saye we have the kynges seale;  
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gates  
With strokes great and stronge:  
The porter marveiled, who was therat,  
And to the gates he thronge.

Who is there now, sayde the porter,  
That maketh all thys knockinge?  
We be tow messengers, quoth Clim of the Clough,  
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayd Adam Bel,  
To the justice we must itt bryng;  
Let us in our message to do,  
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,  
By hym that dyed on a tre,  
Tyll a false thefe be hanged,  
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,  
And swore by Mary fre,  
And if that we stande long wythout,  
Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.

Lo! here we have the kynges seale:  
What, Lurden,<sup>1</sup> art thou wode?  
The porter went<sup>2</sup> it had been so,  
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome is my lordes seale, he saide;  
For that ye shall come in.  
He opened the gate full shortlye:  
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,  
Wherof we are full faine;  
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,  
How we shall com out agayne.

<sup>1</sup> "Lordeyne." PC.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* weened, thought, (which last is the reading of the folio manuscript.) Calais, or Rouen, was taken from the English by showing the governor, who could not read, a letter with the king's seal, which was all he looked at.



Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,  
 Ryght wel then shoulde we spede,  
 Then might we come out wel ynough  
 When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,  
 And wrang his necke in two,  
 And caste hym in a depe dungeon,  
 And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel,  
 Se brother the keys are here,  
 The worst porter to merry Carleile  
 That 'the' had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,  
 Into the towne wyll we go,  
 For to delyuer our dere brothèr,  
 That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,  
 And loked theyr stringes were round,<sup>1</sup>  
 The markett place in mery Carleile  
 They beset that stound.

And, as they loked them besyde,  
 A paire of new galowes 'they' see,  
 And the justice with a quest of squyers,  
 That judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudeslè lay redy there in a cart,  
 Fast bound both fote and hand ;  
 And a stronge rop about hys necke,  
 All readye for to hange.

The justice called to him a ladde,  
 Cloudeslees clothes hee shold have,  
 To take the measure of that yemàn,  
 Therafter to make hys grave.

I have sene as great mervaille, said Cloudesle,  
 As betweyne thys and pryme,  
 He that maketh a grave for mee,  
 Hymselfe may lye therin.

<sup>1</sup> So Ascham in his *Toxophilus* gives a precept : "The stringe must be rounde :"  
 (p. 149, ed. 1761.) otherwise, we may conclude from mechanical principles, the arrow  
 will not fly true.

Thou speakest proudlye, said the justice,  
 I will thee hange with my hande.  
 Full wel herd this his brethren two,  
 There styll as they dyd stande.

Then Cloudeslè cast his eyen asyde  
 And saw hys 'brethren twaine'  
 At a corner of the market place,  
 Redy the justice for to slaine.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslè,  
 Yet hope I well to fare,  
 If I might have my handes at wyll  
 Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then spake good Adam Bell  
 To Clym of the Clough so free,  
 Brother, se you marke the justyce wel;  
 Lo! yonder you may him se:

And at the shyrife shote I wyll  
 Strongly wyth an arrowe kene;  
 A better shote in mery Carleile  
 Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their<sup>1</sup> arrowes both at once,  
 Of no man had they dread;  
 The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,  
 That both theyr sides gan blede.<sup>2</sup>

All men voyded, that them stode nye,  
 When the justice fell to the grounde,  
 And the sherife nye hym by;  
 Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citezens fast gan flye,  
 They durst no longer abyde:  
 There lyghtly they losed Cloudeslee,  
 Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam start to an officer of the towne,  
 Hys axe 'from' hys hand he wronge,  
 On eche syde he smote them downe,  
 Hee thought he taryed to long.

<sup>1</sup> "Lowshed thre." PC.

<sup>2</sup> "Can bled." MS.

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,  
 Thys daye let us lyve and die,  
 If ever you have nede, as I have now,  
 The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde,  
 Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,  
 That they kept the stretes on every side;  
 That batayle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true,  
 Lyke hardy men and bolde,  
 Many a man to the ground they threw,  
 And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,  
 Men preced to them full fast,  
 They drew theyr swordes then anone,  
 And theyr bowes from them cast.

They went lyghtlye on theyr way,  
 Wyth swordes and buclers round;  
 By that it was the mydd of the day,  
 They made many a wound.

There was an out-horne<sup>1</sup> in Carleil blowen,  
 And the belles backward dyd ryng,  
 Many a woman sayde, Alas!  
 And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth com was,  
 Wyth hym a ful great route:  
 These yemen dred hym full sore,  
 Of theyr<sup>2</sup> lyves they stode in great doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,  
 With a pollaxe in hys hande;  
 Many a strong man wyth him was,  
 There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudeslee with his bil,  
 Hys bucler he brast in two,  
 Full many a yeman with great evyll  
 Alas! Treason they cryed for wo.  
 Kepe well the gates fast, they bad,  
 That these traytours therout not go.

<sup>1</sup> "Out-horne" is an old term signifying calling forth of subjects to arms by the sound of a horn. See Cole's Lat. Dict., Bailey, &c.

<sup>2</sup> "For of." MS.

But al for nought was that they wrought,  
For so fast they downe were layde,  
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,  
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,  
Myne office I here forsake,  
And yf you do by my counsell  
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,  
And bad them well to thryve,<sup>1</sup>  
And all that letteth any good yeman  
To come and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be these good yeman gon to the wod,  
As lyghtly as lefe on lynde ;  
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,  
Theyr enemyes were ferr behynd.

When they came to Englyshe wode,<sup>2</sup>  
Under the trusty tre,  
There they found bowes full good,  
And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,  
And Clym of the Clough so fre,  
I wold we were in mery Carleile,  
Before that fayre meynye.

They set them downe, and made good chere,  
And eate and dranke full well.  
A second Fyt of the wightye yeomen :<sup>3</sup>  
Another I wyll you tell.

#### PART THE THIRD

As they sat in Englyshe wood,  
Under the green-wode tre,  
They thought they heard a woman wepe,  
But her they mought not se.

<sup>1</sup> This is spoken ironically.

<sup>2</sup> "Merry green wood." MS.

<sup>3</sup> See part i. ver. 197.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce :  
 'That ever I sawe thys day !'  
 For nowe is my dere husband slayne :  
 Alas ! and wel-a-way !

Myght I have spoken wyth hys dere brethren,  
 Or with eyther of them twayne,  
 To show them what him befell,  
 My hart were out of payne.

Cloudeslè walked a lytle beside,  
 He looked under the grene wood lynde,  
 He was ware of his wife, and chyldren three,  
 Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayde Wyllyam,  
 Under 'this' trusti tre :  
 I had wende yesterday, by sweete saynt John,  
 Thou sholdest me never 'have' se.<sup>1</sup>

"Now well is me that ye be here,  
 My harte is out of wo."  
 Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,  
 And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,  
 I-wis i tis no bote :  
 The meate, that we must supp withall,  
 It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,  
 These noble archares all thre ;  
 Eche of them slew a hart of greece,  
 The best that they cold se.

Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,  
 Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslye ;  
 By cause ye so bouldly stode by me  
 When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to suppère  
 Wyth suche meate as they had ;  
 And thanked God of ther fortune :  
 They were both mery and glad.

<sup>1</sup> "Never had se." PC. and MS.

And when they had supped well,  
 Certayne withouten lease,  
 Cloudeislè sayd, We wyll to our kyng,  
 To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng  
 In a nunnery here besyde ;  
 My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,  
 And there they shall abyde.

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me ;  
 For him have ' you ' no care : <sup>1</sup>  
 And he shall bring you worde agayn,  
 How that we do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,  
 As fast as they myght ' he, ' <sup>2</sup>  
 Tyll they came to the kynges pallace,  
 Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kynges courte,  
 Unto the pallace gate,  
 Of no man wold they aske no leave,  
 But boldly went in therat.

They preceid prestly into the hall,  
 Of no man had they dreade :  
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,  
 And with them began to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what wold ye have ?  
 I pray you tell to me :  
 You myght thus make offycers shent :  
 Good syrs, of whence be ye ?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest  
 Certayne withouten lease ;  
 And hether we be come to the kyng,  
 To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,  
 As it was the lawe of the lande,  
 The kneled downe without lettyng,  
 And eche held up his hand.

<sup>1</sup> " Have I no care." PC.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. hie, hasten.

The sayed, Lord, we beseche the here,  
That ye wyll graunt us grace ;  
For we have slayne your fat falow dere  
In many a sondry place.

What be your nams, then said our king,  
Anone that you tell me ?  
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,  
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,  
That men have tolde of to me ?  
Here to God I make an avowe,  
Ye shal be hanged al thre.

Ye shal be dead without mercy,  
As I am kynge of this lande.  
He commanded his officers everichone,  
Fast on them to lay hande.

There they toke these good yemen,  
And arested them al thre :  
So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,  
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseche you now,  
That yee graunt us grace,  
Insomuche as ' frely ' we be to you come,  
' As frely ' we may fro you passe.

With such weapons, as we have here,  
Tyll we be out of your place ;  
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,  
We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge ;  
Ye shall be hanged all thre.  
That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,  
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande  
To be your wedded wyfe,  
The fyrst boone<sup>1</sup> that I wold aske,  
Ye would graunt it me belyfe :

<sup>1</sup> Sic MS. " Bowne." PC.

And I asked you never none tyll now ;  
 Therefore, good lorde, graunt it me.  
 Now aske it, madam, sayd the kynge,  
 And graunted it shal be.

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,  
 These yemen graunt ye me.  
 Madame, ye myght have asked a boone,<sup>1</sup>  
 That shuld have been worth them all thre.

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,  
 Parkes and forestes plentè.  
 None soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd ;  
 Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre,  
 Your askyng graunted shal be ;  
 But I had lever had given you  
 Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,  
 And sayde, Lord, gramarcy ;<sup>2</sup>  
 I dare undertake for them,  
 That true men shal they be.

But, good my lord, speke som mery word,  
 That comfort they might se.  
 I graunt you grace, then sayd our king ;  
 Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle  
 Certayne without lesynge,  
 There came messengers out of the north  
 With letters to our kyng.

And whan the came before our kynge,  
 They knelt downe on theyr kne ;  
 And sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,  
 Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,  
 And my sherife also ?  
 Syr, they be slayne without leasyng,  
 And many an officer mo.

<sup>1</sup> Sic MSS. "Bowne." PC.

<sup>2</sup> "God a mercys." MS.



## The Percy Reliques

Who hath them slayne? sayd the kyng;  
 Anone that thou tell me.  
 "Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,  
 And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

Alas for rewth! then sayd our kynge:  
 My hart is wonderous sore;  
 I had lever than a thousande ponde,  
 I had knowne of thys before:

For I have graunted them grace,  
 And that forthynketh me:  
 But had I knowne of this before,  
 They had been hanged all thre.

The kyng he opened the letter anone,  
 Himselfe he red it thro,  
 And founde how these outlawes had slain  
 Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,  
 And the mayre of Carleile towne;  
 Of all the constables and catchipolles  
 Alyve were 'scant' left one:<sup>1</sup>

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,  
 And the sergeauntes of the law,  
 And forty fosters of the fe,  
 These outlawes had yslaw:

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;  
 Of all they chose the best;  
 So perelous out-lawes, as they were,  
 Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kynge this letter had red,  
 In hys harte he syghed sore:  
 Take up the tables anone he bad,  
 For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys best archars  
 To the buttes wyth hym to go:  
 I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,  
 In the north have wrought this wo.

<sup>1</sup> "Left but one." MS. "Not one." PC.

The kynges bowmen buske them blyve,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the quenes archers also ;  
 So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen ;  
 With them they thought to go.

There twyse, or thryse they shote about  
 For to assay theyr hande ;  
 There was no shote these yemen shot,  
 That any prycke <sup>2</sup> myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè ;  
 By him that for me dyed,  
 I hold hym never a good archar,  
 That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

' At what a butte now wold ye shote ? '  
 I pray thee tell to me.  
 At suche a but, Syr, he sayd,  
 As men use in my countree.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,  
 And ' with him ' his two <sup>3</sup> brethren :  
 There they set up two <sup>3</sup> hasell rodde  
 Twenty score paces <sup>4</sup> betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudeslè,  
 That yonder wande clevech in two.  
 Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,  
 Nor no man can <sup>5</sup> so do.

I shall assaye, Syr, sayd Cloudeslè,  
 Or that I farther go.  
 Cloudesly with a bearyng arowe  
 Clave the wand in two.<sup>6</sup>

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,  
 Forsothe that ever I se.  
 And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,  
 I will do more maystery.

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,  
 He is to me full deare ;  
 I wyll hym tye to a stake ;  
 All shall se, that be here ;

<sup>1</sup> " Blythe," MS.

<sup>3</sup> " To." PC.

<sup>5</sup> Sic MS. " None that can." PC.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. mark.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. 400 yards.

## The Percy Reliques

And lay an apple upon his head,  
 And go syxe score paces<sup>1</sup> hym fro,  
 And I my selfe with a brode arōw  
 Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,  
 By hym that dyed on a tre,  
 But if thou do not, as thou hest sayde  
 Hanged shalt thou bē.

And thou touche his head or gowne,  
 In syght that men may se,  
 By all the sayntes that be in heaven,  
 I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said Wyllyam,  
 That I wyll never forsake.  
 And there even before the kynge  
 In the earth he drove a stake :

And bound therto his eldest sonne,  
 And bad him stand styll thereat ;  
 And turned the childes face him fro,  
 Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,  
 And then his bowe he bent :<sup>2</sup>  
 Syxe score paces they were meaten,  
 And thether Cloudeslè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,  
 Hys bow was great and longe,  
 He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
 That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,  
 That they 'all still wold' stand,  
 For he that shoteth for suche a wager  
 Behoveth a stedfast<sup>3</sup> hand.

Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,  
 That his lyfe saved myght be,  
 And whan he made hym redy to shote,  
 There was many weeping ee.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. 120 yards.

<sup>2</sup> Sic MS. "Out met." PC.

<sup>3</sup> "Steedye." MS.

'But' Cloudeslè he cleftè the apple in two,  
 'His sonne he did not nee.'  
 Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,  
 That thou shold shote at me.

I geve thee eightene pence a day,  
 And my bowe shalt thou bere,  
 And over all the north countrè  
 I make the chyfe rydèr.

And I thyrtene pence<sup>1</sup> a day, said the quene,  
 By God, and by my fay ;  
 Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,  
 No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman  
 Of clothyng, and of fe :  
 And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,  
 For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,  
 Of my wyne-seller he shall be ;  
 And when he cometh to man's estate,  
 Better avaunced shall he be.

And, Wyllyam, bringe me your wife, said the quene,  
 Me longeth her sore to se :  
 She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,  
 To governe my nurserye.

The yemen thanked them all curteously.  
 To some byshop wyl we wend,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of all the synnes, that we have done,  
 To be assoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,  
 As fast as they might 'he ;'<sup>3</sup>  
 And after came and dwelled with the kyng,  
 And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen ;  
 God send them eternall blysse ;  
 And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth :  
 That of heaven may never mysse. Amen.

<sup>1</sup> "And I geve the xvij pence." PC.

<sup>2</sup> "And sayd to some Bishopp wee will wend." MS.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. hie, hasten. See the Glossary.

## II. THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE

The grave-digger's song in Hamlet, act v. is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though greatly altered and disguised, as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakspeare's time; or perhaps so designed by the poet himself, the better to suit the character of an illiterate clown. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, and is attributed to Lord Vaux, by George Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made on his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Posies, 1575, 4to.) It is also ascribed to Lord Vaux in a manuscript copy preserved in the British Museum.<sup>1</sup> This lord was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his songs, wherein he showeth the *counterfait action* very lively and pleasantly." Arte of Eng. Poesie, 1589, p. 51. See another song by this poet in Series II. Book i. No. 8.

I LOTH that I did love,  
In youth that I thought swete,  
As time requires: for my behove  
Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,  
My fansies all are <sup>2</sup> fled;  
And tract of time begins to weave  
Gray heares upon my hed.

For Age with steling steps  
Hath clawde me with his crowch,<sup>3</sup>  
And lusty 'Youthe' awaye he <sup>4</sup> leapes,  
As there had bene none such.

My muse doth not delight  
Me, as she did before:  
My hand and pen are not in plight,  
As they have bene of yore.

<sup>1</sup> Harl. MSS. Num. 1703, § 25. The readings gathered from that copy are distinguished here by inverted commas. The text is printed from the Songs, &c. of the Earl of Surrey and others, 1557, 4to.

<sup>2</sup> "Be." PC. [printed copy in 1557.]

<sup>3</sup> "Crowch" perhaps should be "clouch," clutch, grasp.

<sup>4</sup> "Life away she." PC.

For Reason me denies,  
 'All'<sup>1</sup> youthly idle rime;  
 And day by day to me she cries,  
 Leave off these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,  
 The furrowes in my face,  
 Say, Limping age will 'lodge'<sup>2</sup> him now,  
 Where youth must geve him place.

The harbenger of death,  
 To me I se him ride,  
 The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,  
 Doth bid me to provide

A pikeax and a spade,  
 And eke a shrowding shete,<sup>3</sup>  
 A house of clay for to be made  
 For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,  
 That knoles the carefull knell;<sup>4</sup>  
 And bids me leave my 'wearye'<sup>5</sup> warke,  
 Ere nature me compell.

My kepers<sup>6</sup> knit the knot,  
 That youth doth<sup>7</sup> laugh to scorne,  
 Of me that 'shall bee cleane'<sup>8</sup> forgot,  
 As I had 'ne'er'<sup>9</sup> bene borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,  
 Whose badge I long did weare:  
 To them I yeld the wanton cup,  
 That better may it beare.

Lo here the bared skull;<sup>10</sup>  
 By whose balde signe I know,  
 That stouping age away shall pull  
 'What'<sup>11</sup> youthful yeres did sow.

1 "This." PC.  
 2 So. ed. 1583: it is "hedge" in ed. 1557. "Hath caught him." MS.  
 3 "Wyndynge-sheets." MS. 4 "Bell." MS.  
 5 "Wofull." PC. 6 "Alluding perhaps to Eccles. xii. 3.  
 7 "Did." PC. 8 "Clene shal be." PC.  
 9 "Not." PC. 10 "Bare-hedde." MS. and some PCC.  
 11 "Which." PC. "That." MS. "What" is conjectural.

For Beautie with her band,  
 These croke'd cares had wrought,  
 And shipped me into the land,  
 From whence I first was brought.  
 And ye that bide behinde,  
 Have ye none other trust :  
 As ye of claye were cast by kinde,  
 So shall ye 'turne'<sup>1</sup> to dust.

### III. JEPHTHAH JUDGE OF ISRAEL

In Shakspeare's "Hamlet," act ii. the hero of the play takes occasion to banter Polonius with some scraps of an old ballad, which has never yet appeared in any collection : for which reason, as it is but short, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the reader ; who will also be diverted with the pleasant absurdities of the composition. It was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory as she had formerly heard it sung by her father. I am indebted for it to the friendship of Mr. Steevens.

It has been said, that the original ballad, in black-letter, is among Anthony à Wood's Collections in the Ashmolean Museum. But, upon application lately made, the volume which contained this song was missing, so that it can only now be given as in the former edition.

The banter of Hamlet is as follows :

HAMLET. O Jephth, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou !

POLONIUS. What a treasure had he, my Lord ?

HAM. Why, One faire daughter and no more,  
 The which he loved passing well.

POLON. Still on my daughter.

HAM. Am not I i' th' right, old Jephth ?

POLON. If you call me Jephth, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

POLON. What follows then, my lord ?

HAM. Why, As by lot, God wot : and then you know, It came to passe, As most like it was. The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more.

Edit. 1793, vol. xv. p. 133.

HAVE you not heard these many years ago,  
 Jephth was judge of Israel ?  
 He had one only daughter and no mo,  
 The which he loved passing well :  
 And, as by lott,  
 God wot,  
 It so came to pass,  
 As Gods will was,  
 That great wars there should be,  
 And none should be chosen chief but he.

And when he was appointed judge,  
And chieftain of the company,  
A solemn vow to God he made ;  
If he returned with victory,  
At his return  
To burn  
The first live thing,

\* \* \* \* \*

That should meet with him then,  
Off his house, when he should return agen.

It came to pass, the wars was o'er,  
And he returned with victory ;  
His dear and only daughter first of all  
Came to meet her father foremostly :  
And all the way,  
She did play  
On tabret and pipe,  
Full many a stripe,  
With note so high,  
For joy that her father is come so nigh.

But when he saw his daughter dear  
Coming on most foremostly,  
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,  
And cryed out most piteously ;  
Oh ! it's thou, said he,  
That have brought me  
Low,  
And troubled me so,  
That I know not what to do.

For I have made a vow, he sed,  
The which must be replenished :

\* \* \* \* \*

“ What thou hast spoke  
Do not revoke :  
What hast thou said,  
Be not affraid ;  
Altho' it be I ;  
Keep promises to God on high.



But, dear father, grant me one request,  
 That I may go to the wilderness,  
 Three months there with my friends to stay ;  
 There to bewail my virginity ;  
     And let there be,  
     Said she,  
     Some two or three  
     Young maids with me."  
 So he sent her away,  
 For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.

## IV. A ROBYN JOLLY ROBYN

In his "Twelfth Night," Shakspeare introduces the Clown singing part of the two first stanzas of the following song ; which has been recovered from an ancient manuscript of Dr. Harrington's at Bath, preserved among the many literary treasures transmitted to the ingenious and worthy possessor by a long line of most respectable ancestors. Of these only a small part hath been printed in the "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," 3 vols. 12mo.; a work which the public impatiently wishes to see continued.

The song is thus given by Shakspeare, act iv. sc. 2. (Malone's edit. iv. 93.)

CLOWN. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, [*singing.*]  
 Tell me how thy lady does.

MALVOLIO. Fool.—

CLOWN. My lady is unkind, perdy.

MALVOLIO. Fool.—

CLOWN. Alas, why is she so ?

MALVOLIO. Fool, I say.—

CLOWN. She loves another.—Who calls, ha ?

Dr. Farmer has conjectured that the song should begin thus :

Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me  
 How does thy lady do ?  
 My lady is unkind perdy—  
 Alas, why is she so ?

But this ingenious emendation is now superseded by the proper readings of the old song itself, which is here printed from what appears the most ancient of Dr. Harrington's poetical manuscripts, and which has, therefore, been marked No. I. (scil.p. 68.) That volume seems to have been written in the reign of King Henry VIII. and, as it contains many of the poems of Sir Thomas Wyat, hath had almost all the contents attributed to him by marginal directions written with an old but later hand, and not always rightly, as, I think, might be made appear by other good authorities. Among the rest, this song is there attributed to Sir Thomas Wyat, also ; but the discerning reader will probably judge it to belong to a more obsolete writer.

In the old manuscript, to the third and fifth stanzas is prefixed this title, "Responce," and to the fourth and sixth, "Le Plaintiff;" but in the last instance so evidently wrong, that it was thought better to omit these titles, and to mark the changes of the Dialogue by inverted commas. In other respects the manuscript is strictly followed, except where noted in the margin. Yet the first stanza appears to be defective, and it should seem that a line is wanting, unless the four first words were lengthened in the tune.

A ROBYN,  
Jolly Robyn,  
Tell me how thy leman doeth,  
And thou shalt<sup>1</sup> knowe of myn.

"My lady is unkynde perde."  
Alack! why is she so?  
"She loveth an other better than me;  
"And yet she will say no."

I fynde no such doublenes:  
I fynde women true.  
My lady loveth me dowltes,  
And will change for no newe.

"Thou art happy while that doeth last,  
"But I say, as I fynde,  
"That women's love is but a blast,  
"And torneth with the wynde."

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,  
That can abide their torn.  
"But I alas can no way prove  
"In love but lake and morn."

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme  
Lerne this lessen of me,  
At others fieres thy selfe to warme,  
And let them warme with the.

## V. A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE

This sonnet (which is ascribed to Richard Edwards,<sup>2</sup> in the "Paradise of Daintie Devises," fo. 31, b.) is by Shakspeare made the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his "Romeo and Juliet," act iv. sc. 5, where he introduces Peter putting this question to the musicians.

<sup>1</sup> "Shall." MS.

<sup>2</sup> Concerning him see Wood's Athen. Oxon. and Tanner's Biblioth. also Sir John Hawkins's Hist. of Music, &c.

PETER . . . why *silver* sound ? why "Musicke with her *silver* sound ?" what say you, Simon Catling ?

1. Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PET. Pretty ! what say you, Hugh Rebecke ?

2. Mus. I say, silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

PET. Pretty too ! what say you, James Sound-post ?

3. Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

PET. . . . I will say it for you : It is "Musicke with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding.

Edit. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 529.

This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from an old quarto manuscript in the Cotton Library (Vesp. A. 25), intitled, "Divers things of Hen. viij's time : " with some corrections from The Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1596.

WHERE gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,  
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,  
There musicke with her silver sound  
With spede is wont to send redresse :  
Of trobled mynds, in every sore,  
Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirth abounde,  
In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites ;  
Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,  
By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes :  
Our senses all, what shall I say more ?  
Are subjecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have their prayse ;  
The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye :  
For, as the Romayne poet sayes,  
In seas, whom pyratts would destroy,  
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe  
Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,  
Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe !  
O musicke, whom the Gods assinde  
To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe !  
Since thow both man and beste doest move,  
What beste ys he, wyll the disprove ?

## VI. KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID

This story is often alluded to by our old dramatic writers. Shakspeare, in his "Romeo and Juliet," act. ii. sc. 1, makes Mercutio say,

. . . . Her (Venus's) purblind son and heir,  
Young Adam<sup>1</sup> Cupid, he that shot so true,  
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.

As the thirteenth line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote it "shot so trim," which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to "true." The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio.<sup>2</sup>

In the Second Part of Henry IV. act v. sc. 3, Falstaff is introduced affectedly saying to Pistol,

O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

These lines, Dr. Warburton thinks, were taken from an old bombast play of "King Cophetua." No such play is, I believe, now to be found; but it does not therefore follow that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers,<sup>3</sup> which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any list. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.

It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson says, in his Comedy of "Every Man in his Humour," act iii. sc. 4,

I have not the heart to devour thee, an' I might be made as *rich* as King Cophetua.

At least there is no mention of King Cophetua's *riches* in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.

It is printed from Rich. Johnson's "Crown Garland of Goulden Roses," 1612, 12mo. (where it is intitled simply "A Song of a Beggar and a King:") corrected by another copy.

I READ that once in Affrica  
A princely wight did raine,  
Who had to name Cophetua,  
As poets they did faine:  
From natures lawes he did decline,  
For sure he was not of my mind.  
He cared not for women-kinde,  
But did them all disdaine.

<sup>1</sup> See above, Preface to No. 1. Book ii.

<sup>2</sup> Since this conjecture first occurred, it has been discovered that "shot so trim" was the genuine reading. See Shakspeare, ed. 1793, xiv. 393.

<sup>3</sup> See Meres' Wits Treas. f. 283. Arte of Eng. Poes. 1589, p. 51, 111, 143, 169.

## The Percy Reliques

But, marke, what hapened on a day,  
As he out of his window lay,  
He saw a beggar all in gray,  
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,  
From heaven downe did hie ;  
He drew a dart and shot at him,  
In place where he did lye :  
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,  
And when he felt the arrow pricke,  
Which in his tender heart did sticke,  
He looketh as he would dye.  
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,  
That I to love must subject be,  
Which never thereto would agree,  
But still did it defie ?

Then from the window he did come,  
And laid him on his bed,  
A thousand heapes of care did runne  
Within his troubled head :  
For now he meanes to crave her love,  
And now he seekes which way to proove  
How he his fancie might remoove,  
And not this beggar wed.  
But Cupid had him so in snare,  
That this poor begger must prepare  
A salve to cure him of his care,  
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,  
He thought for to devise  
How he might have her companye,  
That so did 'maze his eyes.  
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life ;  
For surely thou shalt be my wife,  
Or else this hand with bloody knife  
The Gods shall sure suffice.  
Then from his bed he soon arose,  
And to his pallace gate he goes ;  
Full little then this begger knowes  
When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,  
The beggers all gan cry :

Vouchsafe to give your charity  
Our childrens food to buy.  
The king to them his pursse did cast,  
And they to part it made great haste ;  
This silly woman was the last  
That after them did hye.  
The king he cal'd her back againe,  
And unto her he gave his chaine ;  
And said, With us you shal remaine  
Till such time as we dye :

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,  
And honoured for my queene ;  
With thee I meane to lead my life,  
As shortly shall be seene :  
Our wedding shall appointed be,  
And every thing in its degree :  
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,  
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.  
What is thy name, faire maid ? quoth he.  
Penelophon,<sup>1</sup> O king, quoth she ;  
With that she made a lowe courtsey ;  
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke  
Unto the king's pallace :  
The king with curteous comly talke  
This beggar doth imbrace :  
The beggar blusheth scarlet red,  
And straight againe as pale as lead,  
But not a word at all she said,  
She was in such amaze.  
At last she spake with trembling voyce,  
And said, O king, I doe rejoyce  
That you wil take me from your choyce,  
And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come,  
The king commanded strait  
The noblemen both all and some  
Upon the queene to wait.

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare (who alludes to this ballad in his "Love's Labour lost," act iv. sc. 1.) gives the Beggar's name "Zenelophon," according to all the old editions : but this seems to be a corruption ; for "Penelophon," in the text, sounds more like the name of a woman. The story of the King and the Beggar is also alluded to in King Richard II. act v. sc. 3.

And she behaved herself that day,  
 As if she had never walkt<sup>1</sup> the way ;  
 She had forgot her gown of gray,  
 Which she did weare of late.  
 The proverbe old is come to passe,  
 The priest, when he begins his masse,  
 Forgets that ever clerke he was ;  
 He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,  
 Though long time fancie-fed,  
 Compelled by the blinded boy  
 The begger for to wed :  
 He that did lovers lookes disdaine,  
 To do the same was glad and faine,  
 Or else he would himselfe have slaine,  
 In storie, as we read.  
 Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,<sup>2</sup>  
 But pittie now thy servant heere,  
 Least that it hap to thee this yeare,  
 As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life  
 Duringe their princely raigne ;  
 And in a tombe were buried both,  
 As writers sheweth<sup>3</sup> plaine.  
 The lords they tooke it grievously,  
 The ladies tooke it heavily,  
 The commons cryed pitiously,  
 Their death to them was paine,  
 Their fame did sound so passingly,  
 That it did pierce the starry sky,  
 And throughout all the world did flye  
 To every princes realme.<sup>4</sup>

## VII. TAKE THY AULD CLOAK ABOUT THEE

This is supposed to have been originally a Scotch ballad. The reader here has an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional stanza (the second) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio manuscript, but not without corruptions, which are

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* tramped the streets.

<sup>2</sup> Here the poet addresses himself to his mistress.

<sup>3</sup> "Sheweth" was anciently the plural number.

<sup>4</sup> An ingenious friend thinks the two last stanzas should change place.

here removed by the assistance of the Scottish edition. Shakspeare, in his "Othello," act ii. has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted : the old manuscript readings of that stanza are however given in the margin.

THIS winters weather it waxeth cold,  
And frost doth freese on every hill,  
And Boreas blowes his blasts sae bold,  
That all our cattell are like to spill ;  
Bell my wiffe, who loves noe strife,  
She said unto me quietlye,  
Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes liffe,  
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE

O Bell, why dost thou flyte 'and scorne ?'  
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin :  
Itt is soe bare and overworne  
A cricke he theron cannot renn :  
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,  
'For once Ile new appareld bee,  
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,'  
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,  
Shee has beene alwayes true to the payle,  
Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,  
And other things shee will not fayle ;  
I wold be loth to see her pine,  
Good husband, counsell take of mee,  
It is not for us to go soe fine,  
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE

My cloake it was a verry good cloake,  
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,  
But now it is not worth a groat ;  
I have had it four and forty yeere :  
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,  
'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see,  
It will neither hold out winde nor raine ;  
And Ile have a new cloake about mee.



## SHE

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe  
 Since the one of us the other did ken,  
 And we have had betwixt us tow  
 Of children either nine or ten ;  
 Wee have brought them up to women and men ;  
 In the feare of God I trow they bee ;  
 And why wilt thou thyselfe misken ?  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

## HE

O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou 'floute !'<sup>1</sup>  
 Now is nowe, and then was then :  
 Seeke now all the world throughout,  
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.  
 They are cladd in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,'  
 Soe far above their owne degree :  
 Once in my life Ile 'doe as they,'  
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

## SHE

King Stephen<sup>2</sup> was a worthy peere,  
 His breeches cost him but<sup>3</sup> a crowne,  
 He held them sixpence all too deere ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.<sup>5</sup>  
 He was a wight of high renowne,<sup>6</sup>  
 And thouse but of a low degree :  
 Itt's pride that putts this countrie downe,  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

## HE

'Bell my wife she loves not strife,  
 Yet she will lead me if she can ;  
 And oft, to live a quiet life,  
 I am forced to yield, though Ime good-man ;'  
 Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,  
 Unlesse he first gave oer the plea :  
 As wee began wee now will leave,  
 And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

<sup>1</sup> "Flyte." MS.

<sup>2</sup> "King Harry . . . . a verry good king." MS.

<sup>3</sup> "I trow his hose cost but." MS.

<sup>4</sup> "He thought them red to deere." MS.

<sup>5</sup> "Clowne." MS.

<sup>6</sup> "He was king and wore the crowne." MS.

## WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW

It is from the following stanzas that Shakspeare has taken his song of the "Willow," in his "Othello," act iv. sc. 3, though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner :

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara ;  
She was in love ; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,  
And did forsake her. She had a song of—Willow.  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it.

Ed. 1793, vol. xv. p. 613.

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, thus intitled, "A Lovers Complaint being forsaken of his Love." To a pleasant tune.

A POORE soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree ;

O willow, willow, willow !

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee :

O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,

Come willow, &c.

I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone ;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

My love she is turned ; untrue she doth prove :

O willow, &c.

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pittie me (cried he), ye lovers, each one ;

O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble ; she rues not my mone.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace ;

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face :

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones :

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând !

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove ;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire ; I, to die for her love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard !

O willow, &c.

My true love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boast him in palace, or bower ;

O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining ? In vaine I complaine :

O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,

O willow, &c.

He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet ;

O willow, &c.

A Garland for lovers forsaken most meete.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând !

#### PART THE SECOND

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine ;

O willow, willow, willow !

Against her to cruell, still still I complaine,

O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlånd !

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart !

O willow, &c.

To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart :

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow ! the willow garlånd ;

O willow, &c.

A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand :

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,

O willow, &c.

So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye :

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlånd.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,

O willow, &c.

Of all that do knowe her, to blaze her untrue.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greené willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,

O willow, &c.

" Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet."

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,

O willow, &c.

And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove ;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, &c.

Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her name :

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,  
O willow, &c.

It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare ;  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grieft ;  
O willow, &c.

It now brings me anguish ; then brought me relieft ;  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted : plaints end with my breath !  
O willow, willow, willow !

Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my  
O willow, willow, willow ! [death.

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

## IX. SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE

This ballad is quoted in Shakspeare's second part of Henry IV. act ii. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of King Arthur (commonly called "Morte Arthur"), being a poetical translation of Chap. cvii. cix. cx. in pt. 1st, as they stand in ed. 1634, 4to. In the older editions the Chapters are differently numbered. This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by a fragment in the Editor's folio manuscript.

In the same play of 2d Henry IV. Silence hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of "Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield."

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,  
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John :  
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar  
As he sate under a throne.

That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,  
And was approved king,  
By force of armes great victorys wanne,  
And conquest home did bring,

Then into England straight he came  
With fifty good and able  
Knights, that resorted unto him,  
And were of his round table :

And he had justs and turnaments,  
Wherto were many prest,  
Wherin some knights did far excell  
And eke surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,  
Who was approved well,  
He for his deeds and feats of armes  
All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,  
In play, and game, and sportt,<sup>1</sup>  
He said he wold goe prove himsele  
In some adventurous sort.

He armed rode in a forrest wide,  
And met a damsell faire,  
Who told him of adventures great,  
Wherto he gave great eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott :  
For that cause came I hither.  
Thou seemest, quoth shee, a knight full good,  
And I will bring thee thither.

Wheras<sup>2</sup> a mighty knight doth dwell,  
That now is of great fame :  
Therefore tell me what wight thou art,  
And what may be thy name.

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."  
Quoth she, it likes me than :  
Here dwelles a knight who never was  
Yet matcht with any man :

Who has in prison threescore knights  
And four, that he did wound ;  
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,  
And of his table round.

She brought him to a river side,  
And also to a tree,  
Whereon a copper bason hung,  
And many shields to see.

<sup>1</sup> "To sportt." MS.

<sup>2</sup> "Where" is often used by our old writers for "whereas : " here it is just the contrary.

He struck soe hard, the bason broke ;  
And Tarquin soon he spyed :  
Who drove a horse before him fast,  
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott,  
Bring me that horse-load hither,  
And lay him downe, and let him rest ;  
Weel try our force together :

For, as I understand, thou hast,  
So far as thou art able,  
Done great despite and shame unto  
The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,  
Quoth Tarquin speedilye,  
Both thee and all thy fellowship  
I utterly defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelott tho,  
Defend thee by and by.  
They sett their speares unto their steeds,  
And eache att other flie.

They coucht their speares (their horses ran,  
As though there had beene thunder),  
And strucke them each immidst their shields.  
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backes brake under them,  
The knights were both astound :  
To avoyd their horses they made haste  
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,  
Their swords they drewe out than,  
With mighty strokes most eagerlye  
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,  
They both for breath did stand,  
And leaning on their swords awhile,  
Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I shall aske.  
Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.

Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight  
That ever I did know ;

And like a knight, that I did hate :  
Soe that thou be not hee,  
I will deliver all the rest,  
And eke accord with thee.

That is well said, quoth Lancelott ;  
But sith it must be soe,  
What knight is that thou hatest thus ?  
I pray thee to me show.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,  
He slew my brother deere ;  
Him I suspect of all the rest :  
I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne,  
I am Lancelot du Lake,  
Now knight of Arthurs Table Round ;  
King Hauds son of Schuwake ;

And I desire thee to do thy worst.  
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho'  
One of us two shall ende our lives  
Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,  
Then welcome shalt thou bee :  
Wherfore see thou thyself defend,  
For now defye I thee.

They buckled them together so,  
Like unto wild boares rashing ;<sup>1</sup>  
And with their swords and shields they ran  
At one another slashing :

<sup>1</sup> "Rashing" seems to be the old hunting term to express the stroke made by the wild-boar with his fangs. *To Rase* has apparently a meaning something similar. See Mr. Steevens's Note on King Lear, act iii. sc. 7. (ed. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 193.) where the quartos read,

Nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh *rash* boarish fangs.

So in King Richard III. act iii. sc. 2. (vol. x. p. 567, 583.)

He dreamt  
To night the Boar had *rased* off his helm.



## The Percy Reliques

The ground besprinkled was with blood :  
 Tarquin began to yield ;  
 For he gave backe for wearinesse,  
 And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,  
 He leapt upon him then,  
 He pull'd him downe upon his knee,  
 And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,  
 And, when he had soe done,  
 From prison threescore knights and four  
 Delivered everye one.

## X. CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO PHILLIS

This is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakspeare's "Twelfth-Night," act ii. sc. 3. It is found in a little ancient miscellany, intitled, "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights," 12mo. black-letter.

In the same scene of the Twelfth-Night, Sir Toby sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys Collection [vol. i. pp. 33, 496.]; but as it is not only a poor dull performance, but also very long, it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza :

There dwelt a man in Babylon  
 Of reputation great by fame ;  
 He took to wife a faire woman,  
 Susanna she was callde by name :  
 A woman fair and vertuous ;  
 Lady, lady :  
 Why should we not of her learn thus  
 To live godly ?

If this song of "Corydon," &c. has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.

FAREWELL, dear love ; since thou wilt needs be gone,  
 Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.  
 Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie  
 There be many mo, though that she doe goe,  
 There be many mo, I fear not :  
 Why then let her goe, I care not.

Farewell, farewell ; since this I find is true,  
 I will not spend more time in wooing you :

But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there :  
Shall I bid her goe ? what and if I doe ?  
Shall I bid her goe and spare not ?  
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell ;—yet stay a while :—  
Sweet, kiss me once ; sweet kisses time beguile :  
I have no power to move. How now am I in love ?  
Wilt thou needs be gone ? Go then, all is one.  
Wilt thou needs be gone ? Oh, hie thee !  
Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart  
Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.  
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,  
Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.  
Goe thy ways for me. But whither ?  
Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I doe ? my love is now departed.  
She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.  
She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated,  
If she come no more, shall I die therefore ?  
If she come no more, what care I ?  
Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry.

## XI. GERNUTUS, THE JEW OF VENICE

In the "Life of Pope Sixtus V, translated from the Italian of Greg. Leti by the Rev. Mr. Farnsworth," folio, is a remarkable passage to the following effect :

"It was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of flesh it is a lie. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, That, if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed ; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to an exact performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was

brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and, being informed of the whole affair, said, When contracts are made, it is but just they should be fulfilled, as this shall: Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for, if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

The Editor of that book is of opinion, that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in "the Merchant of Venice" is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton, in his ingenious "Observations on the Faerie Queen," vol. i. page 128, has referred it to the following ballad. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakspeare's play, as being not so circumstantial, and having more of the nakedness of an original. Besides, it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a mere copyist, such as we may suppose the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himself the trouble to alter. Indeed he expressly informs us, that he had his story from the Italian writers. See the "Connoisseur," vol. i. No. 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority Leti had for the foregoing fact, or at least for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake; for this expedition did not happen till 1585, and it is very certain that a play of the JEW, "representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers," had been exhibited at the play-house called "the Bull" before the year 1579, being mentioned in Steph. Gosson's "Schoole of Abuse,"<sup>1</sup> which was printed in that year.

As for Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," the earliest edition known of it is in quarto, 1600; though it had been exhibited in the year 1598, being mentioned, together with eleven others of his plays, in Merse's "Wits Treasury," &c. 1598, 12mo. fol. 282. See Malone's Shakspeare.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection,<sup>2</sup> intitled, "A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and Yellow."

#### THE FIRST PART

IN Venice towne not long agoe  
A cruel Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie,  
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,  
Which never thought to dye,  
Nor ever yet did any good  
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,  
That liveth many a day,  
Yet never once doth any good,  
Until men will him slay.

<sup>1</sup> Warton, ubi supra.

<sup>2</sup> Compared with the Ashmole copy.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,  
That lyeth in a whoard ;  
Which never can do any good,  
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,  
He cannot sleep in rest,  
For feare the thiefe will him pursue  
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,  
How to deceive the poore ;  
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,  
For every weeke a penny,  
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,  
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,  
Or else you loose it all :  
This was the living of the wife,  
Her cow <sup>1</sup> she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time  
A marchant of great fame,  
Which being distressed in his need,  
Unto Gernutus came :

Desiring him to stand his friend  
For twelve month and a day,  
To lend to him an hundred crownes :  
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,  
And pledges he should have.  
No, (quothe the Jew with fearing lookes)  
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it  
For one year you shall pay ;  
You may doe me as good a turne,  
Before my dying day.

<sup>1</sup> " Her cow," &c. seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's argument for usury taken from Jacob's management of Laban's sheep, act i. to which Antonio replies :

Was this inserted to make interest good ?  
Or are your gold and silver ewes and rams ?  
SHY. I cannot tell, I make it *breed as fast*.

But we will have a merry jeast,  
For to be talked long :  
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,  
That shall be large and strong :

And this shall be the forfeiture ;  
Of your owne fleshe a pound.  
If you agree, make you the bond,  
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will ! the marchant says :  
And so the bond was made.  
When twelve month and a day drew on  
That backe it should be payd,

The marchants ships were all at sea,  
And money came not in ;  
Which way to take, or what to doe  
To thinke he doth begin :

And to Gernutus strait he comes  
With cap and bended knee,  
And sayde to him, Of curtesie  
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not  
The money for to pay :  
And little good the forfeiture  
Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,  
Commaund it to your minde :  
In thinges of bigger weight than this  
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way ; the day once past  
Gernutus doth not slacke  
To get a sergiant presently ;  
And clapt him on the backe :

And layd him into prison strong,  
And sued his bond withall ;  
And when the judgement day was come,  
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast,  
With many a weeping eye,  
For other means they could not find,  
But he that day must dye.

## THE SECOND PART

Of the Jews crueltie ; setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of Blacke and Yellow.

SOME offered for his hundred crownes  
Five hundred for to pay ;  
And some a thousand, two or three,  
Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crownes  
They offered him to save.  
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold :  
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,  
And that shall be my hire.  
Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,  
Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,  
As yet you let him live :  
Do so, and lo ! an hundred crownes  
To thee here will I give.

No : no : quoth he ; no : judgement here :  
For this it shall be tride,  
For I will have my pound of fleshe  
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie  
His crueltie to see,  
For neither friend nor foe could helpe  
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is  
With whetted blade in hand,<sup>1</sup>  
To spoyle the blood of innocent,  
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike  
In him the deadly blow :  
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie ;  
I charge thee to do so.

<sup>1</sup> The passage in Shakspeare bears so strong a resemblance to this, as to render it probable that the one suggested the other. See act iv. sc. 2.

BASS. Why doest thou whet thy knife so earnestly ? &c.

## The Percy Reliques

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,  
Which is of flesh a pound :  
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,  
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,  
Thou here shalt hanged be :  
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut  
No more than longes to thee :

For if thou take either more or lesse  
To the value of a mite,  
Thou shalt be hanged presently,  
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,  
And wotes not what to say ;  
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,  
I will that he shall pay ;

And so I graunt to set him free.  
The judge doth answere make ;  
You shall not have a penny given ;  
Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demaund  
But for to have his owne.  
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,  
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he.  
Or cancell me your bond.  
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,  
That doth against me stand !

And so with griping <sup>1</sup> griev'd mind  
He biddeth them fare-well.  
'Then' all the people prays'd the Lord,  
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,  
For trueth I dare well say,  
That many a wretch as ill as hee  
Doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle  
Of many a wealthie man,

<sup>1</sup> "Griped." Ashmol. copy.

And for to trap the innocent  
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,  
And every Christian too,  
And send to them like sentence eke  
That meaneth so to do.

\* \* Since the first edition of this book was printed, the Editor hath had reason to believe that both Shakspeare and the author of this ballad are indebted for their story of the Jew (however they came by it) to an Italian novel, which was first printed at Milan in the year 1554, in a book entitled, "*Il Pecorone, nel quale si contengono Cinquanta Novelle antiche*," &c. republished at Florence about the year 1748, or 9. The author was Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino, who wrote in 1378; thirty years after the time in which the scene of Boccace's Decamerone is laid. (Vid. Manni *Istoria del Decamerone di Giov. Boccac.* 4to. Fior. 1744.)

That Shakspeare had his plot from the novel itself, is evident from his having some incidents from it, which are not found in the ballad: and I think it will also be found that he borrowed from the ballad some hints that were not suggested by the novel. (See above, pt. 2. ver. 25, &c. where, instead of that spirited description of "the whetted blade," &c. the prose narrative coldly says, "The Jew had prepared a razor, &c." See also some other passages in the same piece.) This however is spoken with diffidence, as I have at present before me only the abridgment of the novel which Mr. Johnson has given us at the end of his Commentary on Shakspeare's play. The translation of the Italian story at large is not easy to be met with, having I believe never been published, though it was printed some years ago with this title, "*The Novel, from which the Merchant of Venice written by Shakspeare is taken, translated from the Italian. To which is added a translation of a Novel from the Decamerone of Boccaccio.*" London, printed for M. Cooper, 1755, 8vo.

## XII. THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

This beautiful sonnet is quoted in "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," act iii. sc. i. and hath been usually ascribed (together with the Reply) to Shakspeare himself by the modern editors of his smaller poems. A copy of this madrigal, containing only four stanzas (the 4th and 6th being wanting), accompanied with the first stanza of the answer, being printed in "*The passionate Pilgrime, and Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musicke*, by Mr. William Shakspeare," Lond. printed for W. Jaggard, 1599. Thus was this sonnet, &c. published as Shakspeare's in his lifetime.

And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakspeare, but) Christopher Marlow wrote the song, and Sir Walter Raleigh the "*Nymph's Reply*:" for so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his "*Compleat*



Angler,"<sup>1</sup> under the character of "that smooth song, which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and . . . an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days . . . old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries; for in the old Poetical Miscellany, intitled "England's Helicon," it is printed with the name of Chr. Marlow subjoined to it; and the Reply is signed Ignoto, which is known to have been a signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. With the same signature Ignoto, in that collection, is an imitation of Marlow's beginning thus:

Come live with me, and be my dear,  
And we will revel all the year,  
In plains and groves, &c.

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to Marlow, and Raleigh; notwithstanding the authority of Shakspeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless what spurious things were fathered upon him. "Sir John Oldcastle," "The London Prodigal," and "The Yorkshire Tragedy," were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors Heminge and Condell, who were his intimate friends (as he mentions both in his will), and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside.<sup>2</sup>

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for, besides the imitation above mentioned, another is to be found among Donne's Poems, intitled "The Bait," beginning thus:

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove  
Of golden sands, &c.

As for Chr. Marlow, who was in high repute for his dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. See A. Wood, i. 138.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we wil all the pleasures prove  
That hils and vallies, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

<sup>1</sup> First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.

<sup>2</sup> Since the above was written, Mr. Malone, with his usual discernment, hath rejected the stanzas in question from the other sonnets, &c. of Shakspeare, in his correct edition of the "Passionate Pilgrim," &c. See his Shakspeare, vol. x. p. 340.

## The Shepherd to his Love 209

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lin'd choicely from the cold ;  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning :  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

### THE NYMPH'S REPLY

If that the World and Love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tounge,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yield :  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joyes no date, nor age no need ;  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

## XIII. TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject as the play of "Titus Andronicus," and it is probable that the one was borrowed from the other: but which of them was the original, it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the argument offered above in the preface to No. 11, Series I. Book ii. for the priority of the ballad of the "Jew of Venice" may be admitted, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian. Thus in the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of Titus afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off Lavinia: the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the emperor's son: in the play to his brother. In the tragedy only two of his sons fall into the pit, and the third being banished returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house: in the ballad all three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene the emperor kills Titus, and is in return stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let the reader weigh these circumstances and some others wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself. After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five-and-twenty or thirty years:" which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces:<sup>1</sup> and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt.<sup>2</sup>

The following is given from a copy in "The Golden Garland" intitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled, "The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus, &c. To the tune of Fortune." Printed for E. Wright. Unluckily none of these have any dates.

You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,  
That in defence of native country fights,  
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,  
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Malone thinks 1591 to be the æra when our author commenced a writer for the stage. See in his Shakspeare the ingenious "Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays of Shakspeare were written."

<sup>2</sup> Since the above was written, Shakspeare's memory has been fully vindicated from the charge of writing the above play by the best critics. See what has been urged by Steevens and Malone in their excellent editions of Shakspeare, &c.

## Titus Andronicus's Complaint 211

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,  
My name beloved was of all my peeres ;  
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,  
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,  
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent ;  
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre  
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine  
Before we did returne to Rome againe ;  
Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three  
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,  
And did present my prisoners to the king,  
The Queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a moore,  
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queen his wife,  
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife ;  
The moore, with her two sonnes, did growe soe proud,  
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,  
That she consented to him secretlye  
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,  
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,  
Consented with the moore of bloody minde  
Against my selfe, my kin, and all my friendes,  
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,  
Both care and grieve began then to increase :  
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter brighte,  
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight ;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than  
To Cesars sonne, a young and noble man :  
Who in a hunting by the emperours wife,  
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wise,  
Into a darksome den from light of skies :

## The Percy Reliques

The cruell moore did come that way as then  
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The moore then fetcht the emperour with speed,  
For to accuse them of that murderous deed ;  
And when my sonnes within the den were found,  
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold ! what wounded most my mind,  
The empresses two sonnes of savage kind  
My daughter ravished without remorse,  
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,  
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sowre,  
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell  
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,  
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write ;  
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe  
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,  
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,  
That trickled from her stumpes, and bloudlesse armes :  
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,  
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face :  
For my Lavinia I lamented more  
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,  
With grief mine aged heart began to breake ;  
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,  
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,  
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand :  
"The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse  
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,  
I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,  
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,  
In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame.

## Titus Andronicus's Complaint 213

The moore delighting still in villainy  
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free  
I should unto the king my right hand give,  
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,  
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,  
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,  
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,  
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,  
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,  
Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,  
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe :  
I shot my arrowes <sup>1</sup> towards heaven hie,  
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,  
Like Furies she and both her sonnes were clad,  
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)  
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines <sup>2</sup> a certaine space,  
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,  
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,  
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan  
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran ;  
And then I ground their bones to powder small,  
And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,  
And at a banquet served in stately wise :  
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat ;  
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,  
The empresse then I slew with bloody knife,  
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,  
And then myself : even soe did Titus die.

<sup>1</sup> If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that in the Psalms, "They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words." Ps. lxiv. 5.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours or fancies.

Then this revenge against the moore was found,  
 Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,  
 Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.  
 And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.

#### XIV. TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic <sup>1</sup> justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure," act iv. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," act v. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakspeare's smaller poems; but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him, their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakspeare's "Passionate Pilgrim," <sup>2</sup> &c.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworne;  
 And those eyes, the breake of day,  
 Lights, that do misleade the morne:  
 But my kisses bring againe,  
 Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,  
 Which thy frozen bosom beares,  
 On whose tops the pinkes that growe  
 Are of those that April wears:  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

#### XV. KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the subject of "King Lear," which, as a sensible female critic has well observed,<sup>3</sup> bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakspeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles <sup>4</sup> do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters. In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Warburton in his *Shaksp.*

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Malone, in his improved edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets, &c. hath substituted this instead of Marlow's Madrigal, printed above; for which he hath assigned reasons, which the reader may see in his vol. x. p. 340.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Lennox. *Shakspeare illustrated*, vol. iii. p. 302.

<sup>4</sup> See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingshed, &c. who relate Lear's History in many respects the same as the ballad.

## King Leir and his Daughters 215

coincide. The misfortune is, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within ; this the reader must weigh, and judge for himself.

It may be proper to observe, that Shakspeare was not the first of our dramatic poets who fitted the story of LEIR to the stage. His first 4to. edition is dated 1608 ; but three years before that had been printed a play entitled "The true Chronicle History of Leir and his three daughters Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted," 1605, 4to. This is a very poor and dull performance, but happily excited Shakspeare to undertake the subject, which he has given with very different incidents. It is remarkable, that neither the circumstances of Leir's madness, nor his retinue of a select number of knights, nor the affecting deaths of Cordelia and Leir, are found in that first dramatic piece : in all which Shakspeare concurs with this ballad.

But to form a true judgment of Shakspeare's merit, the curious reader should cast his eye over that previous sketch ; which he will find printed at the end of the "Twenty Plays" of Shakspeare, republished from the quarto impressions by George Steevens, Esq. with such elegance and exactness as led us to expect that fine edition of all the works of our great dramatic poet, which he hath since published.

The following ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland," black-letter, intitled, "A lamentable Song of the Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters. To the tune of When flying Fame."

KING LEIR once ruled in this land  
 With princely power and peace ;  
 And had all things with hearts content,  
 That might his joys increase.  
 Amongst those things that nature gave,  
 Three daughters fair had he,  
 So princely seeming beautiful,  
 As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king  
 A question thus to move,  
 Which of his daughters to his grace  
 Could shew the dearest love :  
 For to my age you bring content,  
 Quoth he, then let me hear,  
 Which of you three in plighted troth  
 The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began ;  
 Dear father, mind, quoth she,  
 Before your face, to do you good,  
 My blood shall render'd be :



## The Percy Reliques

And for your sake my bleeding heart  
Shall here be cut in twain,  
Ere that I see your reverend age  
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said ;  
Dear father, for your sake,  
The worst of all extremities  
I'll gently undertake :  
And serve your highness night and day  
With diligence and love ;  
That sweet content and quietness  
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,  
The aged king reply'd ;  
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,  
How is thy love ally'd ?  
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)  
Which to your grace I owe,  
Shall be the duty of a child,  
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,  
Than doth thy duty bind ?  
I well perceive thy love is small,  
When as no more I find.  
Henceforth I banish thee my court,  
Thou art no child of mine ;  
Nor any part of this my realm  
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more  
Then well I can demand,  
To whom I equally bestow  
My kingdome and my land,  
My pompal state and all my goods,  
That lovingly I may  
With those thy sisters be maintain'd  
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,  
By these two sisters here ;  
The third had causeless banishment,  
Yet was her love more dear :

## King Leir and his Daughters 217

For poor Cordelia patiently  
Went wandring up and down,  
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,  
Through many an English town :

Untill at last in famous France  
She gentler fortunes found ;  
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd  
The fairest on the ground :  
Where when the king her virtues heard,  
And this fair lady seen,  
With full consent of all his court  
He made his wife and queen.

Her father king Leir this while  
With his two daughters staid :  
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,  
Full soon the same decay'd ;  
And living in queen Ragan's court,  
The eldest of the twain,  
She took from him his chiefest means,  
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont  
To wait with bended knee :  
She gave allowance but to ten,  
And after scarce to three ;  
Nay, one she thought too much for him ;  
So took she all away,  
In hope that in her court, good king,  
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,  
In giving all I have  
Unto my children, and to beg  
For what I lately gave ?  
I'll go unto my Gonorell :  
My second child, I know,  
Will be more kind and pitiful,  
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court ;  
Where when she heard his moan  
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd  
That all his means were gone :

## The Percy Reliques

But no way could relieve his wants ;  
Yet if that he would stay  
Within her kitchen, he should have  
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,  
He made his answer then ;  
In what I did let me be made  
Example to all men.  
I will return again, quoth he,  
Unto my Ragan's court ;  
She will not use me thus, I hope,  
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command  
To drive him thence away :  
When he was well within her court  
(She said) he would not stay.  
Then back again to Gonorell  
The woeful king did hie,  
That in her kitchen he might have  
What scullion boy set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,  
Which she had promis'd late :  
For once refusing, he should not  
Come after to her gate.  
Thus twixt his daughters, for relief  
He wandred up and down ;  
Being glad to feed on beggars food,  
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then  
His youngest daughters words,  
That said the duty of a child  
Was all that love affords :  
But doubting to repair to her,  
Whom he had banish'd so,  
Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind  
He bore the wounds of woe :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,  
And tresses from his head,  
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,  
With age and honour spread.

## King Leir and his Daughters 219

To hills and woods and watry founts  
He made his hourly moan,  
Till hills and woods and senseless things,  
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess with discontents,  
He passed o're to France,  
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,  
To find some gentler chance ;  
Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard,  
Of this her father's grief,  
As duty bound, she quickly sent  
Him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers,  
In brave and gallant sort,  
She gave in charge he should be brought  
To Aganippus' court ;  
Whose royal king, with noble mind  
So freely gave consent,  
To muster up his knights at arms,  
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,  
To repossesse king Leir  
And drive his daughters from their thrones  
By his Cordelia dear.  
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,  
Was in the battel slain ;  
Yet he, good king, in his old days,  
Possess his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,  
Who died indeed for love  
Of her dear father, in whose cause  
She did this battle move ;  
He swooning fell upon her breast,  
From whence he never parted :  
But on her bosom left his life,  
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw  
The end of these events,  
The other sisters unto death  
They doomed by consents ;

## The Percy Reliques

And being dead, their crowns they left  
 Unto the next of kin :  
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,  
 And disobedient sin.

## XVI. YOUTH AND AGE

This is found in the little collection of Shakspeare's Sonnets, intituled "The Passionate Pilgrime,"<sup>1</sup> the greatest part of which seems to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written while he was composing his larger poem on that subject. The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of Good Will" it is reprinted, with the addition of four more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

CRABBED Age and Youth  
 Cannot live together ;  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
 Age is full of care :  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather,  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare :  
 Youth is full of sport,  
 Ages breath is short ;  
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame :  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold ;  
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee ;  
 O, my love, my love is young :  
 Age, I do defie thee ;  
 Oh sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stayst too long.

\*.\* See Malone's Shakesp. vol. x. p. 325.

<sup>1</sup> Mentioned above, No. xi. Series I. Book ii.

XVII. THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE  
TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE

The following ballad is upon the same subject as the Induction to Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew:" whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told<sup>1</sup> of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he awakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great Duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well tipled, and again fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. ii. sec. 2. memb. 4. 2d ed. 1624, fol.

This ballad is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, which is intituled as above. "To the tune of Fond Boy."

Now as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,  
One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome sport:  
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,  
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:  
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,  
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The Duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,  
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.  
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd  
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:  
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes and  
hose,  
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

<sup>1</sup> By Ludov. Vives in *Epist. and by Pont. Heuter. Rerum Burgund.* l. iv.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,  
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt :  
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,  
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.  
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,  
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,  
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait ;  
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,  
He desired to know what apparel he'd ware :  
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,  
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,  
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute ;  
With a star on his side, which the tinker offt ey'd,  
And it seem'd for to swell him ' no ' little with pride ;  
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife ?  
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace  
Did observe his behaviour in every case.  
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,  
Trumpets sounding before him : thought he, this is great :  
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,  
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,  
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,  
In a rich chair ' or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,  
With a rich golden canopy over his head :  
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,  
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,  
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.  
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,  
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul  
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,  
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,  
And restore him his old leather garments again :  
'T was a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,  
And they carry'd him strait, where they found him at first ;

Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;  
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory ' to him ' so pleasant did seem,  
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream ;  
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought  
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought ;  
But his highness he said, Thou 'rt a jolly bold blade,  
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,  
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joak ;  
Nay, and five-hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,  
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,  
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,  
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What ! must Joan my sweet bride  
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride ?  
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command ?  
Then I shall be a squire I well understand :  
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,  
I was never before in so happy a case.

## XVIII. THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY

Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale, which is here submitted to the reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

It was a friar of orders gray  
Walkt forth to tell his beades ;  
And he met with a lady faire,  
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,  
I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at yon holy shrine  
My true love thou didst see.



## The Percy Reliques

And how should I know your true love

From many another one ?

O by his cockle hat, and staff,

And by his sandal shoone.<sup>1</sup>

But chiefly by his face and mien,

That were so fair to view ;

His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,

And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone !

Lady, he's dead and gone !

And at his head a green grass turfe,

And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long

He languisht, and he dyed,

Lamenting of a ladyes love,

And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier

Six proper youths and tall,

And many a tear bedew'd his grave

Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !

And art thou dead and gone !

And didst thou die for love of me !

Break, cruel heart of stone !

O weep not, lady, weep not soe ;

Some ghostly comfort seek :

Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,

Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,

My sorrow now reprove ;

For I have lost the sweetest youth,

That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas ! for thy sad losse,

I'll evermore weep and sigh ;

For thee I only wisht to live,

For thee I wish to dye.

<sup>1</sup> These are the distinguishing marks of a pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. Warb. Shakspeare, vol. viii. p. 224.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
 Thy sorrowe is in vaine :  
 For violets pluckt the sweetest showers  
 Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,  
 Why then should sorrow last ?  
 Since grief but aggravates thy losse,  
 Grieve not for what is past.

O say not soe, thou holy friar ;  
 I pray thee, say not soe :  
 For since my true-love dyed for mee,  
 'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again ?  
 Will he ne'er come again ?  
 Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,  
 For ever to remain. •

His cheek was redder than the rose ;  
 The comliest youth was he !  
 But he is dead and laid in his grave :  
 Alas, and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceivers ever :  
 One foot on sea and one on land,  
 To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
 And left thee sad and heavy ;  
 For young men ever were fickle found,  
 Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
 I pray thee say not soe ;  
 My love he had the truest heart :  
 O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,  
 And didst thou dye for mee ?  
 Then farewell home ; for ever-more  
 A pilgrim I will bee.

But first upon my true-loves grave  
 My weary limbs I'll lay,  
 And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,  
 That wraps his breathless clay.

## The Percy Reliques

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile  
Beneath this cloyster wall :  
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,  
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;  
O stay me not, I pray ;  
No drizzly rain that falls on me,  
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears ;  
For see beneath this gown of gray  
Thy own true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought ;  
And here amid these lonely walls  
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace<sup>1</sup>  
Is not yet past away,  
Might I still hope to win thy love,  
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy  
Once more unto my heart ;  
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
We never more will part.

\* \* As the foregoing song has been thought to have suggested to our late excellent poet, Dr. Goldsmith, the plan of his beautiful ballad of "Edwin and Emma" (first printed in his "Vicar of Wakefield"), it is but justice to his memory to declare, that his poem was written first, and that if there is any imitation in the case, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad "Gentle Herdsman," &c. printed in Series II. Book i. No. 14., of this work, which the Doctor had much admired in manuscript, and has finely improved.

<sup>1</sup> The year of probation, or noviciate.

# SERIES THE FIRST

## BOOK III

### I. THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE

At the beginning of Series I. Book i. we gave the old original song of "Chevy Chace." The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine heroic ballad. It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has every where improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction; yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsoleteness of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever may appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy exprest in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect: See the stanza, which, in modern orthography, &c. would run thus:

For Witherington my heart is woe,  
That ever he slain should be:  
For when his legs were hewn in two,  
He knelt and fought on his knee.

So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy:

The dint it was both sad and sore,  
He on Montgomery set:  
The swan-feathers his arrow bore  
With his hearts blood were wet.

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long-bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset is to the following effect:—

"The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being over-ruled; the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy: but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who as soon as the English had discharged their first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length,

the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this: whereas, the modern copy, though in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. "Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the *bent*," evidently signifies, "Yet the earl Douglas abides in the *field*:" whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by bent, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject:<sup>1</sup>

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Douglas had the bent.

One may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field, without any reproachful reflection on either: though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England  
Went away but fifty and three;  
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,  
But even five and fifty.

He attributes *flight* to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to flee, some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed:

Of fifteen hundred Scottish speirs  
Went hame but fifty-three:  
Of twenty hundred Englishmen  
Scarce fifty-five did flee.

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 240 and 249. From that edition I have here reformed the Scottish names, which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so; for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Queen Elizabeth, I think may be made appear; nor yet does it seem to be older than the beginning of the last century.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the present edition, instead of the unmeaning lines here censured, an insertion is made of five stanzas modernized from the ancient copy.

<sup>2</sup> A late writer has started a notion that the modern copy "was written to be sung by a party of English, headed by a Douglas in the year 1524; which is the true reason why, at the same time that it gives the advantage to the English soldiers above the Scotch, it gives so lovely and so manifestly superior a character to the Scotch commander above the English." See Say's Essay on the Numbers of Paradise Lost, 4to. 1745, p. 167.

This appears to me a groundless conjecture: the language seems too modern for the date above mentioned; and, had it been printed even so early as Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think I should have met with some copy wherein the first line would have been,

God prosper long our noble queen,

as was the case with "The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green." See Series II. Book ii. No. x.

Sir Philip Sidney, when he complains of the antiquated phrase of Chevy Chace, could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time, appears from the phrase "doleful dumps;" which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable (see above, Book ii. Song 5. ver. 2.): yet, in about half a century after it was become burlesque. Vide *Hudibras*, Part I. c. iii. ver. 95.

This much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison.<sup>1</sup> With regard to its subject: it has already been considered. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the *Memoirs of Carey Earl of Monmouth*, 8vo. 1759, p. 165; whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their grey-hounds for deer:" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well armed: for, upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, tho' he had given especiall order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

The following text is given from the Editor's folio manuscript, compared with two or three others printed in black-letter. In the second volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies* may be found a translation of Chevy-Chace into Latin rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London; who thought it no derogation to his episcopal character, to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's *Latin songs*, 1685, 8vo.

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safetyes all;  
A woefull hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
Erle Percy took his way,  
The child may rue that is unborne,  
The hunting of that day.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Spectator*, No. 70. 74.

## The Percy Reliques

The stout Erle of Northumberland  
 A vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
 Three summers days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-chace  
 To kill and beare away.  
 These tydings to Erle Douglas came,  
 In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Erle Percy present word,  
 He wold prevent his sport.  
 The English erle, not fearing that,  
 Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold ;  
 All chosen men of might,  
 Who knew full well in time of neede  
 To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,  
 To chase the fallow deere :  
 On munday they began to hunt,  
 Ere day-light did appeare ;

And long before high noone they had  
 An hundred fat buckes slaine ;  
 Then having dined, the drovyers went  
 To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,  
 Well able to endure ;  
 Their backsides all, with speciall care,  
 That day were<sup>1</sup> guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
 The nimble deere to take,<sup>2</sup>  
 That with their cryes the hills and dales  
 An eccho shrill did make.

<sup>1</sup> "That they were." fol. MS.

<sup>2</sup> The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent wastes are at present void of deer, and almost stript of their woods : but formerly they had enough of both to justify the description attempted here and in the ancient ballad of "Chevy-Chace." Leyland, in the reign of Hen. VIII., thus describes this county : " In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chivet Hills ; where is much brushe-wood, and some okke ; grownde ovargrowne with linge, and some with mosse. I have harde say that Chivet-Hills stretcheth xx miles. There is greate plenté of redde-dere, and roo bukkes." Itin. vol. vii. p. 56. This passage, which did not occur when the ballad was printed off, confirms the accounts there given of the "stagge" and the "roe."

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughter'd deere ;  
Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised  
This day to meet me heere :

But if I thought he wold not come,  
Noe longer wold I stay.  
With that, a brave younge gentleman  
Thus to the Erle did say :

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright ;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres  
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,  
Fast by the river Tweede :  
O cease your sports, Erle Percy said,  
And take your bowes with speede :

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For there was never champion yett,  
In Scotland nor in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,  
Most like a baron bolde,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,  
That hunt soe boldly heere,  
That, without my consent, doe chase  
And kill my fallow-deere.

The first man that did answer make  
Was noble Percy hee ;  
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare,  
Nor shew whose men wee bee :



## The Percy Reliques

Yet wee will spend our deerest blood,  
 Thy cheefest harts to slay.  
 Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,  
 And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,  
 One of us two shall dye :  
 I know thee well, an erle thou art ;  
 Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,  
 And great offence to kill  
 Any of these our guiltlesse men,  
 For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,  
 And set our men aside.  
 Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,  
 By whome this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,  
 Witherington was his name,  
 Who said, I wold not have it told  
 To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,  
 And I stood looking on.  
 You be two erles, sayd Witherington,  
 And I a squier alone :

Ile doe the best that doe I may,  
 While I have power to stand :  
 While I have power to weeld my sword  
 Ile fight with hart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,  
 Their harts were good and trew ;  
 Att the first flight of arrowes sent,  
 Full four-score Scots they slew.

<sup>1</sup> [Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,  
 As Chieftain stout and good.  
 As valiant Captain, all unmov'd  
 The shock he firmly stood.

<sup>1</sup> The five stanzas here inclosed in brackets, which are borrowed chiefly from the ancient copy, are offered to the reader instead of the following lines, which occur in the editor's folio manuscript.

His host he parted had in three,  
As Leader ware and try'd,  
And soon his spearmen on their foes  
Bare down on every side.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
Douglas bade on the bent  
Two captaines moved with mickle might  
Their speres to shivers went.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound :  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground :

And throwing strait their bows away,  
They grasp'd their swords so bright :  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on every side,  
Noe slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grieve to see,  
And likewise for to heare,  
The cries of men lying in their gore,  
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,  
Like captaines of great might :  
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,  
And made a cruell fight :

They fought untill they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steele ;  
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,  
They tricklin downe did feelee.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd  
In faith I will thee bringe,  
Where thou shalt high advanced bee  
By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransome I will freely give,  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most couragious knight,  
That ever I did see.

## The Percy Reliques

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,  
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,  
Their husbands to bewayle ;  
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,  
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore,  
They bare with them away :  
They kist them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The news was brought to Eddenborrow,  
Where Scottlands king did raigne,  
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye  
Was with an arrow slaine :

O heavy newes, King James did say,  
Scotland may witnesse bee,  
I have not any captaine more  
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace :

Now God be with him, said our king,  
Sith it will noe better bee ;  
I trust I have, within my realme,  
Five hundred as good as hee :

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,  
But I will vengeance take :  
I'll be revenged on them all,  
For brave Erle Percyes sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd  
After, at Humbledowne ;  
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,  
With lords of great renowne :

And of the rest, of small acount,  
Did many thousands dye :  
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land  
 With plenty, joy, and peace;  
 And grant henceforth, that foule debate  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

\* \* Since the former impression of these volumes, hath been published a new edition of "Collins's Peerage," 1779, &c. nine vols. 8vo. which contains, in volume ii. p. 344, an historical passage, which may be thought to throw considerable light on the subject of the preceding ballad : viz.

"In this . . . year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the Battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland [2d Earl, son of Hotspur] and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the borders, rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy-Chace; which to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious." See Ridpath's Border Hist. 4to. p. 401.

The surnames in the foregoing ballad are altered, either by accident or design, from the old original copy, and in common editions extremely corrupted. They are here rectified, as much as they could be. Thus,

Ver. 202. "Egerton."] This name is restored (instead of Ogerton, com. ed.) from the Editor's folio manuscript. The pieces in that manuscript appear to have been collected, and many of them composed (among which might be this ballad), by an inhabitant of Cheshire: who was willing to pay a compliment here to one of his countrymen, of the eminent family *de* or *of* Egerton (so the name was first written) ancestors of the present Duke of Bridgewater; and this he could do with the more propriety, as the Percies had formerly great interest in that county: at the fatal battle of Shrewsbury all the flower of the Cheshire gentlemen lost their lives fighting in the cause of Hotspur.

Ver. 203. "Ratcliff."] This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland. Edw. Radcliffe, mil. was sheriff of that county in 17 of Henry VII, and others of the same surname afterwards. (See Fuller, p. 313.) Sir George Ratcliff, Knt. was one of the commissioners of inclosure in 1552. (See Nicholson, p. 330.) Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715. The Editor's folio manuscript, however, reads here, "Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William."

The Harcleys were an eminent family in Cumberland. (See Fuller, p. 224.) Whether this may be thought to be the same name, I do not determine.

Ver. 204. "Baron."] This is apparently altered (not to say corrupted) from Hearone.

Ver. 207. "Raby."] This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham. Yet it is

written Rebbye, in the fol. manuscript, and looks like a corruption of Rugby or Rokeby, an eminent family in Yorkshire. It will not be wondered that the Percies should be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themselves were originally seated, and had always such extensive property and influence.

Ver. 215. "Murray."] So the Scottish copy. In the com. edit. it is Carrel or Currel; and Morrell in the fol. manuscript.

Ver. 217. "Murray."] So the Scot. edit. The common copies read Murrel. The folio manuscript gives the line in the following peculiar manner,

Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe too.

Ver. 219. "Lamb."] The folio manuscript has

Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed.

This seems evidently corrupted from "Lwdale" or "Liddell," in the old copy of the ballad.

## II. DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song, in a play of James Shirley's, intitled, "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses:" no date, 8vo. Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I. but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened October 29, 1666, æt. 72.

This little poem was written long after many of those that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of Dirge to the foregoing piece. It is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against fate:  
Death lays his icy hands on kings:  
Scepter and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still.  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
 Upon death's purple altar now  
 See where the victor victim bleeds :  
     All heads must come  
     To the cold tomb,  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

### III. THE RISING IN THE NORTH

The subject of this ballad is the great northern insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569 ; which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character and firmly attached to the Protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the north. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her ; but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the Tower, and summonses were sent to the northern Earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely on the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person.<sup>1</sup> The earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession to the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner<sup>2</sup> (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ,) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq. of Norton-Conyers : who with his sons (among whom Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden,) distin-

<sup>1</sup> This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.

<sup>2</sup> Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

guished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c. and caused mass to be said there : they then marched on to Clifford moor near Wetherby, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded to York ; but, altering their minds, they fell upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money ; the Earl of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away, though Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsdon and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast, that for sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion : but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin ; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two manuscript copies, one of them in the Editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

LISTEN, lively lordings all,  
 Lithe and listen unto mee,  
 And I will sing of a noble earle,  
 The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,  
 And after him walkes his faire ladle ;<sup>1</sup>  
 I heard a bird sing in mine eare,  
 That I must either fight, or flee.

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,  
 That ever such harm should hap to thee :  
 But goe to London to the court,  
 And faire fall truth and honestie.

<sup>1</sup> This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

## The Rising in the North 241

Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,  
Alas ! thy counsell suits not mee ;  
Mine enemies prevail so fast,  
That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,  
And take thy gallant men with thee :  
If any dare to doe you wrong,  
Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,  
The court is full of subtiltie ;  
And if I goe to the court, ladye,  
Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,  
And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee :  
At court then for my dearest lord,  
His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare ;  
Far lever had I lose my life,  
Than leave among my cruell foes  
My love in jeopardy and strife.

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,  
Come thou hither unto mee,  
To Maister Norton thou must goe  
In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentleman,  
And beare this letter here fro mee ;  
And say that earnestly I praye,  
He will ryde in my companie.

One while the little foot-page went,  
And another while he ran ;  
Untill he came to his journeyes end,  
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,  
Down he kneeled on his knee ;  
And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,  
And lett the gentleman it see.



## The Percy Reliques

And when the letter it was redd  
 Affore that goodlye companye,  
 I wis, if you the truthe wold know,  
 There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,  
 A gallant youth thou seemest to bee ;  
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,  
 Now that good erle's in jeopardy ?

Father, my counselle's fair and free ;  
 That erle he is a noble lord,  
 And whatsoever to him you hight,  
 I wold not have you breake your word.

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,  
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,  
 And if we speed and scape with life,  
 Well advanced shalt thou bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,  
 Gallant men I trowe you bee :  
 How many of you, my children deare,  
 Will stand by that good erle and mee ?

Eight of them did answer make,  
 Eight of them spake hastilie,  
 O father, till the daye we dye  
 We'll stand by that good erle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,  
 You shoue yourselves right bold and brave ;  
 And whetherso'er I live or dye,  
 A fathers blessing you shall have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,  
 Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire :  
 Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast ;  
 Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

Father, you are an aged man,  
 Your head is white, your bearde is gray ;  
 It were a shame at these your yeares  
 For you to ryse in such a fray.

# The Rising in the North 243

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,  
 Thou never learnedst this of mee :  
 When thou wert yong and tender of age,  
 Why did I make soe much of thee ?

But, father, I will wend with you,  
 Unarm'd and naked will I bee ;  
 And he that strikes against the crowne,  
 Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,  
 And with him came a goodlye band  
 To join with the brave Erle Percy,  
 And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,  
 The Erle of Westmorland was hee :  
 At Wetherbye they mustred their host,  
 Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,  
 The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,  
 And three Dogs with golden collars  
 Were there sett out most royallye.<sup>1</sup>

Erle Percy there his ancyent spread,  
 The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire : <sup>2</sup>  
 The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,  
 And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

<sup>1</sup> "Dun Bull," &c.] The supporters of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collar'd Gold, armed Or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad, among the badges, &c. given by that house. This however is certain, that, among those of the Nevilles, Lords Abergavenny (who were of the same family), is a dun cow with a golden collar : and the Nevilles of Chytle in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland branch) gave for their crest, in 1513, a dog's (grey-hound's) head erased. So that it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above device on his banner. After all, our old minstrel's verses here may have undergone some corruption ; for in another ballad in the same folio manuscript, and apparently written by the same hand, containing the sequel of this Lord Westmoreland's history, his banner is thus described, more conformable to his known bearings :

Sett me up my faire dun bull,  
 With gilden hornes, hee beares all soe hye.

<sup>2</sup> "The Halfe-Moone," &c.] The Silver Crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the Crusades against the Saracens. In an ancient pedigree in verse, finely illuminated on a roll of vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in possession of the family), we have this fabulous account given of its original. The author begins with accounting for the name of *Gernon* or *Algernon*, often borne by the *Percies* ; who, he says, were

## The Percy Reliques

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,  
 After them some spoyle to make :  
 Those noble erles turn'd backe againe,  
 And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,  
 To Barnard castle then fled hee.  
 The uttermost walles were eathe to win,  
 The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke ;  
 But thoughe they won them soon anone,  
 Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,  
 For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leewe London came  
 In all the speede that ever might bee,  
 And word is brought to our royall queene  
 Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,  
 And like a royall queene shee swore,<sup>1</sup>  
 I will ordayne them such a breakfast,  
 As never was in the North before.

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,  
 With horse and harneis faire to see ;  
 She caused thirty thousand men be raised,  
 To take the earles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,  
 Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsdèn ;  
 Untill they to Yorke castle came  
 I wiss, they never stint ne blan.

Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,  
 Thy dun bull faine would we spye :  
 And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,  
 Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

. . . . . Gernons fyrst named Brutys bloude of Troy :  
 Which valliantly fyghtynge in the land of Persè [Persia]  
 At pointe terrible ayance the miscreants on nyght,  
 An hevynly mystery was schewyd hym, old bookys reherse ;  
 In hys scheld did schyne a *Mone* veryfying her lyght,  
 Which to all the ooste yave a perfytt fyght,  
 To vaynquys his enemys, and to deth them persue :  
 And therefore the Persès [Percies] the Cressant doth renew.

In the dark ages no family was deemed considerable that did not derive its descent from the Trojan Brutus ; or that was not distinguished by prodigies and miracles.

<sup>1</sup> This is quite in character : her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,  
 And the halfe moone vanished away :  
 The Erles, though they were brave and bold,  
 Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,  
 They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth !  
 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,  
 Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight  
 They cruellye bereav'd of life :  
 And many a childe made fatherlesse,  
 And widowed many a tender wife.

## IV. NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS

This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed : for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Loughleven, then belonging to William Douglas. All the writers of that time assure us, that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that "to take Hector's cloak," grew into a proverb to express a man who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Loughleven till the year 1572 ; when James Douglas Earl of Morton being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden at Berwick, and being carried to York suffered death. As Morton's party depended upon Elizabeth for protection, an elegant historian thinks "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom, during his exile in England, had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertson's Hist.

So far history coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some Northern bard soon after the event. The interposal of the witch-lady (v. 53.) is probably his own invention : yet, even this hath some countenance from history ; for, about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and

nearly related to Douglas of Loughleven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft ; who, it is presumed, is the witch-lady alluded to in verse 133.

The following is selected (like the former) from two copies, which contained great variations ; one of them in the Editor's folio manuscript. In the other copy some of the stanzas at the beginning of this ballad are nearly the same with what in that manuscript are made to begin another ballad on the escape of the Earl of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

How long shall fortune faile me nowe,  
And harrowe me with feare and dread ?  
How long shall I in bale abide,  
In misery my life to lead ?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while !  
It was my sore and heavye lott :  
And I must leave my native land,  
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,  
A Scot, he is much bound to mee :  
He dwelleth on the border side,  
To him I'll goe right priville.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,  
With a heavy heart and wel-away,  
When he with all his gallant men  
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,  
They delt with him all treacherously ;  
For they did strip that noble earle :  
And ever an ill death may they dye.

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,  
To shew him where his guest did hide :  
Who sent him to the Lough-levèn,  
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,  
He halched him right curteouslie :  
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,  
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been  
Many a month and many a day ;

To the regent <sup>1</sup> the lord warden <sup>2</sup> sent,  
That bannisht earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,  
And wrote a letter fair to see :  
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,  
And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper sate  
With many a goodly gentleman :  
The wylie Douglas then bespake,  
And thus to flyte with him began :

What makes you be so sad, my lord,  
And in your mind so sorrowfully ?  
To-morrow a shooting will be held  
Among the lords of the North countryè.

The butts are sett, the shooting's made,  
And there will be great royaltie :  
And I am sworne into my bille,  
Thither to bring my Lord Percyè.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,  
And here by my true faith, quoth hee,  
If thou wilt ryde to the worldes end,  
I will ryde in thy companye.

And then bespake a lady faire,  
Mary à Douglas was her name :  
You shall byde here, good English lord,  
My brother is a traiterous man.

He is a traitor stout and stronge,  
As I tell you in privitie :  
For he hath tane liverance of the earle,<sup>3</sup>  
Into England nowe to 'liver thee.

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,  
The regent is a noble lord :  
Ne for the gold in all Englànd  
The Douglas would not break his word.

<sup>1</sup> James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected Regent of Scotland, November 24,

<sup>2</sup> Of one of the English Marches. Lord Hunsden.

<sup>3</sup> Of the Earl of Morton, the Regent.

When the regent was a banisht man,  
With me he did faire welcome find ;  
And whether weal or woe betide,  
I still shall find him true and kind.

Betweene England and Scotland it wold breake truce,  
And friends againe they wold never bee,  
If they shold 'liver a banisht erle  
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas ! alas ! my lord, she sayes,  
Nowe mickle is their traitorie ;  
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes,  
And tell these English lords from thee,

How that you cannot with him ryde,  
Because you are in an ile of the sea,<sup>1</sup>  
Then ere my brother come againe  
To Edenborrow castle <sup>2</sup> Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,  
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,  
And he will lose both land and life,  
Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,  
When I thinke on my own countrie,  
When I thinke on the heavye happe  
My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,  
And sore those wars my minde distresse ;  
Where many a widow lost her mate,  
And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man  
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,  
To cause my faire and noble friends  
To be suspect of treacherie :

This rives my heart with double woe ;  
And lever had I dye this day,  
Than thinke a Douglas can be false,  
Or ever he will his guest betray.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.

<sup>2</sup> At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,  
Nor unto mee no credence yield;  
Yet step one moment here aside,  
Ile shoue you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft,  
Never dealt in privy wyle;  
But evermore held the high-waye  
Of truth and honour, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourselfe, my lorde,  
Yet send your chamberlaine with mee;  
Let me but speak three words with him,  
And he shall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,  
She showed him through the weme of her ring  
How many English lords there were  
Waiting for his master and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,  
So royallyè on yonder greene?  
O yonder is the Lord Hunsdèn:<sup>1</sup>  
Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,  
That walkes so proudly him beside?  
That is Sir William Drury,<sup>2</sup> shee sayd,  
A keene captaine hee is and tryde.

How many miles is itt, madàme,  
Betwixt yon English lords and mee?  
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,  
To saile to them upon the sea.

I never was on English ground,  
Ne never sawe it with mine eye,  
But as my book it sheweth mee,  
And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother shee was a witch ladye,  
And of her skille she learned mee:  
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven  
What they did in London cite.

<sup>1</sup> The Lord Warden of the East Marches.  
<sup>2</sup> Governor of Berwick.



But who is yond, thou lady faire,  
 That looketh with sic an austerne face?  
 Yonder is Sir John Foster,<sup>1</sup> quoth shee,  
 Alas ! he'll do ye sore disgrace.

He pulled his hatt down over his browe ;  
 He wept ; in his heart he was full of woe :  
 And he is gone to his noble Lord,  
 Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,  
 I may not believe that witch ladle :  
 The Douglasses were ever true,  
 And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been  
 The most part of these years three,  
 Yett have I never had noe outrake,  
 Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yon shooting wend,  
 As to the Douglas I have hight :  
 Betide me weale, betide me woe,  
 He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,  
 And gave itt to that gay ladle :  
 Sayes, It was all that I cold save,  
 In Harley woods where I cold bee.<sup>2</sup>

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,  
 Then farewell truth and honestie ;  
 And farewell heart and farewell hand ;  
 For never more I shall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,  
 And all the saylors were on borde ;  
 Then William Douglas took to his boat,  
 And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,  
 Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well !  
 That lady fett a sigh soe deep,  
 And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

<sup>1</sup> Warden of the Middle March.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* where I was. An ancient idiom.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,  
A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie ;  
If ought befall yond lady but good,  
Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes ;  
Come on, come on, and let her bee :  
There's ladies enow in Lough-leven  
For to cheere that gay ladie.

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,  
Let me goe with my chamberlaine ;  
We will but comfort that faire lady,  
And wee will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes,  
Come on, come on, and let her bee :  
My sister is craftye, and wold beguile  
A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled<sup>1</sup> fifty myle,  
Now fifty mile upon the sea ;  
Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas,  
When they shold that shooting see.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fooles faine,  
And that by thee and thy lord is seen :  
You may hap to thinke itt soone enough,  
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe,  
He thought his lord then was betray'd ;  
And he is to Erle Percy againe,  
To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

Hold upp thy head, man, quoth his lord ;  
Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle,  
He did it but to prove thy heart,  
To see if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty sayld,  
Other fifty mile upon the sea,  
Lord Percy called to Douglas himselfe,  
Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee ?

<sup>1</sup> There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea : but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand geography.

Looke that your brydle be wight, my lord,  
 And your horse goe swift as shipp att sea :  
 Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe,  
 That you may pricke her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas ? he sayth ;  
 What needest thou to flyte with mee ?  
 For I was counted a horseman good  
 Before that ever I mett with thee.

A false Hector hath my horse,  
 Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie :  
 A false Armstrong hath my spurres,  
 And all the geere belongs to mee.

When they had sayled other fifty mile,  
 Other fifty mile upon the sea ;  
 They landed low by Berwicke side,  
 A deputed 'laird'<sup>1</sup> landed Lord Percy.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,  
 It was, alas ! a sorrowfull sight :  
 Thus they betrayed that noble earle,  
 Who ever was a gallant wight.

## V. MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599, act i. sc. 1. where an impatient person says,

I am no such pil'd cynique to believe  
 That beggery is the onely happinesse,  
 Or, with a number of these patient fooles,  
 To sing, ' My minde to me a kingdome is,'  
 When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foodes.

It is here chiefly printed from a thin quarto music book, intituled "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into Musicke of five parts : &c. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Majesties honorable Chappell. Printed by Thomas East, &c." 4to. no date : but Ames in his Typog. has mentioned another edit. of the same book, dated 1588, which I take to have been later than this.

Some improvements and an additional stanza (sc. the 5th), were had, from two other ancient copies ; one of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed, "A sweet and pleasant sonet, intituled 'my

<sup>1</sup> The folio MS. reads "land," and has not the following stanza.

## My Mind to me a Kingdom is 253

Minde to me a Kingdom is.' To the tune of In Crete, &c." Some of the stanzas in this poem were printed by Byrd separate from the rest : they are here given in what seemed the most natural order.

My minde to me a kingdome is ;  
Such perfect joy therein I finde  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,  
That God or Nature hath assignde :  
Though much I want, that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
I seek no more than may suffice ;  
I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;  
Look what I lack my mind supplies.  
Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
And hastie clymbers soonest fall :  
I see that such as sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all :  
These get with toile, and keep with feare :  
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,  
No force to winne the victorie,  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to winne a lovers eye ;  
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,  
For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,  
I little have, yet seek no more :  
They are but poore, tho' much they have ;  
And I am rich with little store :  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at anothers losse,  
I grudge not at anothers gaine ;  
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,  
I brooke that is anothers bane :  
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse ;  
 I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw ;  
 For care, I care not what it is ;  
 I feare not fortunes fatall law :  
 My mind is such as may not move  
 For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;  
 I wander not to seeke for more ;  
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill ;  
 In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
 And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
 To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;  
 I feigne not love where most I hate ,  
 I breake no sleep to winne my will ;  
 I wayte not at the mighties gate ;  
 I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;  
 I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ;  
 Extreames are counted worst of all :  
 The golden meane betwixt them both  
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall :  
 This is my choyce, for why I finde,  
 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease ;  
 My conscience clere my chiefe defence :  
 I never seeke by brybes to please,  
 Nor by desert to give offence :  
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
 Would all did so as well as I !

## VI. THE PATIENT COUNTESS

The subject of this tale is taken from the entertaining Colloquy of Erasmus, intituled, "*Uxor Μεμφιγαμος, sive Conjugium :*" which has been agreeably modernized by the late Mr. Spence, in his little miscellaneous publication, intituled, "*Moralities, &c.* by Sir Harry Beaumont," 1753, 8vo. pag. 42.

The following stanzas are extracted from an ancient poem intituled "*Albion's England,*" written by W. Warner, a celebrated poet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in Series II. Book ii. No. 24.

The following stanzas are printed from the author's improved edition of his work, printed in 1602, 4to.; the third impression of which appeared so early as 1592, in black-letter, 4to. The edition in 1602 is in thirteen Books; and so it is reprinted in 1612, 4to.; yet in 1606 was published "A Continuance of Albion's England, by the first author, W. W. Lond. 4to.:" this contains Books xiv. xv. xvi. In Ames's Typography is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, intitled, "Warner's Poetry," printed in 1580, 12mo. and reprinted in 1602. There is also extant, under the name of Warner, "Syrinx, or seven fold Hist. pleasant, and profitable, comical, and tragical," 4to.

It is proper to premise that the following lines were not written by the author in stanzas, but in long Alexandrines of fourteen syllables: which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.

IMPATIENCE chaungeth smoke to flame,  
But jealousie is hell;  
Some wives by patience have reduc'd  
Ill husbands to live well:  
As did the ladie of an earle,  
Of whom I now shall tell.  
An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd;  
Was lov'd, and lived long  
Full true to his fayre countesse; yet  
At last he did her wrong.  
Once hunted he untill the chace,  
Long fasting, and the heat  
Did house him in a peakish graunge  
Within a forest great.  
Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place  
And persons might afforde)  
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke  
Were set him on the borde.  
A cushion made of lists, a stoole  
Half backed with a hoope  
Were brought him, and he sitteth down  
Beside a sorry coupe.  
The poore old couple wisht their bread  
Were wheat, their whig were perry,  
Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds  
Were creame, to make him merry.  
Mean while (in russet neatly clad,  
With linen white as swanne,  
Herselfe more white, save rosie where  
The ruddy colour ranne:

## The Percy Reliques

Whome naked nature, not the aydes  
Of arte made to excell)  
The good man's daughter sturres to see  
That all were feat and well ;  
The earle did marke her, and admire  
Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,  
And held him at a feast :  
But as his hunger slaked, so  
An amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past, and thanks,  
And welcome too ; he sayd  
Unto his host and hostesse, in  
The hearing of the mayd :

Ye know, quoth he, that I am lord  
Of this, and many townes ;  
I also know that you be poore,  
And I can spare you pownes.

Soe will I, so yee will consent,  
That yonder lasse and I  
May bargaine for her love ; at least,  
Doe give me leave to trye.  
Who needs to know it ? nay who dares  
Into my doings pry ?

First they mislike, yet at the length  
For lucre were misled ;  
And then the gamesome earle did wowe  
The damsell for his bed.

He took her in his armes, as yet  
So coyish to be kist,  
As mayds that know themselves belov'd,  
And yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large  
She lastly did consent ;  
With whom he lodged all that night,  
And early home he went.

He tooke occasion oftentimes  
In such a sort to hunt.  
Whom when his lady often mist,  
Contrary to his wont,

And lastly was informed of  
His amorous haunt elsewhere ;  
It greev'd her not a little, though  
She seem'd it well to beare.

And thus she reasons with herselfe,  
Some fault perhaps in me ;  
Somewhat is done, that soe he doth :  
Alas ! what may it be ?

How may I winne him to myself ?  
He is a man, and men  
Have imperfections ; it behooves  
Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke,<sup>1</sup>  
Although hee now were chaste :  
A man controuled of his wife,  
To her makes lesser haste.

If duty then, or daliance may  
Prevayle to alter him ;  
I will be dutifull, and make  
My selfe for daliance trim.

So was she, and so lovingly  
Did entertaine her lord,  
As fairer, or more faultles none  
Could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and  
Did still pursue that game,  
Suspecting nothing less, than that  
His lady knew the same :  
Wherefore to make him know she knew,  
She this devise did frame :

When long she had been wrong'd, and sought  
The foresayd meanes in vaine,  
She rideth to the simple graunge  
But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well,  
And then did looke about her :

<sup>1</sup> To *check* is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit : To *check* also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.



The guiltie houshold knowing her,  
Did wish themselves without her ;  
Yet, for she looked merily,  
The lesse they did misdoubt her.

When she had seen the beauteous wench  
(Then blushing fairnes fairer)  
Such beauty made the countesse hold  
Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait ?  
Thought she : and who (though loth)  
So poore a wench, but gold might tempt ?  
Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd  
Of proffer'd gold denied,  
Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,  
But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she : and she thus declares  
Her cause of coming thether ;  
My lord, oft hunting in these partes,  
Through travel, night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your house ;  
I thanke you for the same ;  
For why ? it doth him jolly ease  
To lie so neare his game.

But, for you have no furniture  
Beseeming such a guest,  
I bring his owne, and come myselfe  
To see his lodging drest.

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,  
In which were hangings brave,  
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,  
And al such turn should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd,  
She prayes them to have care  
That nothing hap in their default,  
That might his health impair :

And, Damsell, quoth shee, for it seemes  
This houshold is but three,

And for thy parents age, that this  
Shall chiefly rest on thee ;

Do me that good, else would to God  
He hither come no more.  
So tooke she horse, and ere she went  
Bestowed Gould good store.

Full little thought the countie that  
His countesse had done so ;  
Who now return'd from far affaires  
Did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within  
The late deformed cote,  
But that the formall change of things  
His wondring eies did note.

But when he knew those goods to be  
His proper goods ; though late,  
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes  
The matter to debate.

The countesse was a-bed, and he  
With her his lodging tooke ;  
Sir, welcome home (quoth shee) ; this night  
For you I did not looke.

Then did he question her of such  
His stuffe bestowed soe.  
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did  
Your love and lodging knowe :

Your love to be a proper wench,  
Your lodging nothing lesse ;  
I held it for your health, the house  
More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her,  
Your lordship loveth me ;  
And greater hope to hold you such  
By quite, then brawles, 'you' see.

Then for my duty, your delight,  
And to retaine your favour,  
All done I did, and patiently  
Expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought  
 His gentle teares to fall :  
 When (kissing her a score of times)  
 Amend, sweet wife, I shall :  
 He said, and did it ; 'so each wife  
 'Her husband may' recall.

## VII. DOWSABEL

The following stanzas were written by Michael Drayton, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I.<sup>1</sup> They are inserted in one of his Pastorals, the first edition of which bears this whimsical title. "Idea. The Shepheards Garland fashioned in nine Eglogs. Rowlands sacrifice to the nine Muses." Lond. 1593, 4to. They are inscribed with the author's name at length "To the noble and valerous gentleman master Robert Dudley, &c." It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio edit. of his works, 1619, he had given those eclogues so thorough a revisal, that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his shepherds :

Listen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,  
 And thou shalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,  
 A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,  
 My toothles grandame oft hath told to me.

The author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical romances, particularly that of "Sir Isenbras,"<sup>2</sup> (alluded to in v. 3.) as the reader may judge from the following specimen :

Lordynges, lysten, and you shal here, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye shall well heare of a knight,  
 That was in warre full wyght,  
 And doughtye of his dede :  
 His name was Syr Isenbras,  
 Man nobler than he was  
 Lyved none with breade.  
 He was lyvely, large, and longe,  
 With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,  
 That myghtie was to se :  
 He was a hardye man, and hye,  
 All men hym loved that hym se,  
 For a gentyll knight was he :  
 Harpers loved him in hall,  
 With other minstrells all,  
 For he gave them golde and fee, &c.

This ancient legend was printed in black-letter, 4to, by Wyllyam Copland ; no date. In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2.) is a manuscript copy of the same romance containing the greatest variations. They are probably two different translations of some French original.

<sup>1</sup> He was born in 1563, and died, 1631. Biog. Brit.

<sup>2</sup> As also Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas, ver. 6.

FARRE in the countrey of Arden,  
There won'd a knight, hight Cassemen,  
As bolde as Isenbras :  
Fell was he, and eger bent,  
In battell and in tournament,  
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,  
A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,  
A mayden fayre and free :  
And for she was her fathers heire,  
Full well she was y-cond the leyre  
Of mickle curtesie.

The silke well couth she twist and twine,  
And make the fine march pine,  
And with the needle werke :  
And she couth helpe the priest to say  
His mattins on a holy-day,  
And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,  
Might well beseeme a mayden queene,  
Which seemly was to see ;  
A hood to that so neat and fine,  
In colour like the colombine,  
Y-wrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,  
As is the grasse that growes by Dove ;  
And lyth as lasse of Kent.  
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,  
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,  
Or swanne that swims in Trent.

This mayden in a morne betime  
Went forth, when May was in her prime,  
To get sweete cetywall,  
The honey-suckle, the harlocke,  
The lilly and the lady-smocke,  
To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,  
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,  
She chanced to espie  
A shepheard sitting on a bancke,  
Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,  
And pip'd full merrilie.

## The Percy Reliques

He lear'd his sheepe as he him list,  
 When he would whistle in his fist,  
     To feede about him round ;  
 Whilst he full many a carroll sung,  
 Untill the fields and meadowes rung,  
     And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherds swayne  
 Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne,<sup>1</sup>  
     Which helde prowd kings in awe :  
 But meeke he was as lamb mought be ;  
 An innocent of ill as he<sup>2</sup>  
     Whom his lewd brother slaw.

The shepherd ware a sheepe-gray cloke,  
 Which was of the finest loke,  
     That could he cut with sheere :  
 His mittens were of bauzens skinne,  
 His cockers were of cordiwin,  
     His hood of meniveere.

His aule and lingell in a thong,  
 His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,  
     His breech of coyntrie blewe :  
 Full crispe and curled were his lockes,  
 His browes as white as Albion rocks :  
     So like a lover true,

And pyping still he spent the day,  
 So merry as the popingay ;  
     Which liked Dowsabel :  
 That would she ought, or would she nought,  
 This lad would never from her thought ;  
     She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frocke,  
 White as a lilly was her smocke,  
     She drew the shepherd nye ;  
 But then the shepherd pyp'd a good,  
 That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,  
     To heare his melodye.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to "Tamburlaine the great, or the Scythian Shepherd," 1590, 8vo., an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe.

<sup>2</sup> Sc. Abel.

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,  
That have a jolly shepherds swayne,

    The which can pipe so well :

Yea but, sayth he, their shepherd may,  
If pyping thus he pine away

    In love of Dowsabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe,  
Quoth she ; looke thou unto thy sheepe,

    Lest they should hap to stray.

Quoth he, So had I done full well,  
Had I not seen fayre Dowsabell

    Come forth to gather maye.

With that she gan to vaile her head,  
Her cheeks were like the roses red,

    But not a word she sayd :

With that the shepherd gan to frowne,  
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,

    And on the ground him layd.

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,  
And leave my summer-hall undight,

    And all for long of thee.

My coate, sayth he, nor yet my foulde  
Shall neither sheepe nor shepherd hould,

    Except thou favour mee.

Sayth she, Yet lever were I dead,  
Then I should lose my mayden-head,

    And all for love of men.

Sayth he, Yet are you too unkind,  
If in your heart you cannot finde

    To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde,  
As Colin was to Rosalinde,

    Of curtesie the flower.

Then will I be as true, quoth she,  
As ever mayden yet might be

    Unto her paramour.

With that she bent her snow-white knee,  
Down by the shepherd kneeled shee,

    And him she sweetely kist :

With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy,  
Quoth he, Ther's never shepherds boy

    That ever was so blist.

## VIII. THE FAREWELL TO LOVE

From Beaumont and Fletcher's play, entitled "The Lover's Progress," act iii. sc. i.

ADIEU, fond love, farewell you wanton powers ;  
 I am free again.  
 Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hours,  
 Betwitching pain,  
 Fly to fools, that sigh away their time :  
 My nobler love to heaven doth climb,  
 And there behold beauty still young,  
 That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy,  
 Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,  
 And honoured by eternity and joy :  
 There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire,  
 Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

## IX. ULYSSES AND THE SYREN

This affords a pretty poetical contest between pleasure and honour. It is found at the end of "Hymen's triumph : a pastoral tragicomédie," written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to. 1623.<sup>1</sup> Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619. Anne Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery (to whom Daniel had been tutor), has inserted a small portrait of him in a full length picture of herself, preserved at Appleby Castle, in Cumberland.

This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vols. 12mo. 1718.

## SYREN

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,  
 Possesse these shores with me,  
 The windes and seas are troublesome,  
 And here we may be free.  
 Here may we sit and view their toyle,  
 That travaile in the deepe,  
 Enjoy the day in mirth the while,  
 And spende the night in sleepe.

<sup>1</sup> In this edition it is collated with a copy printed at the end of his "Tragedie of Cleopatra." London, 1607, 12mo.

## ULYSSES

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were  
To be attain'd with ease,  
Then I would come and rest with thee,  
And leave such toiles as these :  
But here it dwels, and here must I  
With danger seek it forth ;  
To spend the time luxuriously  
Becomes not men of worth.

## SYREN

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd  
With that unrell name :  
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,  
And rests on others' fame.  
Begotten only to molest  
Our peace, and to beguile  
(The best thing of our life) our rest,  
And give us up to toyle !

## ULYSSES

Delicious nymph, suppose there were  
Nor honor, nor report,  
Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare  
The time in idle sport :  
For toyle doth give a better touch  
To make us feeles our joy ;  
And ease findes tediousnes, as much  
As labour yeelds annoy.

## SYREN

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,  
Whereto tendes all your toyle ;  
Which you forego to make it more,  
And perish oft the while.  
Who may disport them diversly,  
Find never tedious day ;  
And ease may have variety,  
As well as action may.

## ULYSSES

But natures of the noblest frame  
These toyles and dangers please ;  
And they take comfort in the same,  
As much as you in ease :



## The Percy Reliques

And with the thought of actions past  
 Are recreated still :  
 When pleasure leaves a touch at last  
 To shew that it was ill.

## SYREN

That doth opinion only cause,  
 That's out of custom bred ;  
 Which makes us many other laws  
 Than ever nature did.  
 No widdowes waile for our delights,  
 Our sports are without blood ;  
 The world we see by warlike wights  
 Receives more hurt than good.

## ULYSSES

But yet the state of things require  
 These motions of unrest,  
 And these great spirits of high desire  
 Seem borne to turne them best :  
 To purge the mischiefes, that increase  
 And all good order mar :  
 For oft we see a wicked peace  
 To be well chang'd for war.

## SYREN

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see  
 I shall not have thee here ;  
 And therefore I will come to thee,  
 And take my fortune there.  
 I must be wonne that cannot win,  
 Yet lost were I not wonne :  
 For beauty hath created bin  
 T' undoo or be undone.

## X. CUPID'S PASTIME

This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I. is printed from the fourth edition of Davison's Poems,<sup>1</sup> &c. 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, intituled, "*Le Prince d'Amour*," 1660, 8vo. Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Queen of Scots.

<sup>1</sup> See the full title in Series II. Book iii. No. 4.

These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found some pieces by Sir J. Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's *Miscellanies*, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq. ; but erroneously, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Davison's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born in 1610, and died in 1642-3. *Ath. Ox.* ii. 23.

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,  
That went to seek his straying sheep,  
Within a thicket on a plain  
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face ;  
Her careless arms abroad were cast ;  
Her quiver had her pillows place ;  
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;  
Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ;  
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,  
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,  
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see ;  
Behind her closely seeks to creep,  
Before her nap should ended bee.

There come, he steals her shafts away,  
And puts his own into their place ;  
Nor dares he any longer stay,  
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,  
And spies the shepherd standing by :  
Her bended bow in haste she takes,  
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,  
That to the ground he fell with pain :  
Yet up again forthwith he start,  
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,  
She shot, and shot, but all in vain :  
The more his wounds, the more his might,  
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,  
 She blames her hand, she blames her skill ;  
 The bluntness of her shafts she fears,  
 And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,  
 Each little touch will pierce thy heart :  
 Alas ! thou know'st not Cupids craft ;  
 Revenge is joy ; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare  
 Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand  
 Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,  
 That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd ; and through that breast  
 Love found an entry to her heart :  
 At feeling of this new-come guest,  
 Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start !

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;  
 Away she throws both shaft and bow :  
 She seeks for what she shunn'd before,  
 She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may :  
 What other lovers do, did they :  
 The god of love sate on a tree,  
 And laught that pleasant sight to see.

## XI. THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

This little moral poem was writ by Sir Henry Wotton, who died Provost of Eton in 1639. *Æt.* 72. It is printed from a little collection of his pieces, intituled, "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," 1651, 12mo.; compared with one or two other copies.

How happy is he born or taught,  
 That serveth not anothers will ;  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his highest skill :

Whose passions not his masters are ;  
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;  
 Not ty'd unto the world with care  
 Of princes ear, or vulgar breath :

## The Character of a Happy Life 269

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruine make oppressors great :

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,  
Or vice : who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
And entertaines the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

### XII. GILDEROY

Gilderoy was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highway-men, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority than the records of Grub-street : at least the Gilderoy, who is the hero of Scottish songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age ; for, in Thompson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, vol. ii. 1733, 8vo., is a copy of this ballad, which, though corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity : in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary Queen of Scots : *ex. gr.*

The Queen of Scots possessed nought,  
That my love let me want :  
For cow and ew to me he brought,  
And ein whan they were scant.

These lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that appears to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuriations that required the pruning-hook.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,  
Had roses tull his shoone,  
His stockings were of silken soy,  
Wi' garters hanging doune :

## The Percy Reliques

It was, I weene, a comelie sight,  
To see sae trim a boy ;  
He was my jo and hearts delight,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! sike twa charming een he had,  
A breath as sweet as rose,  
He never ware a Highland plaid,  
But costly silken clothes ;  
He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,  
Nane eir tull him was coy :  
Ah ! wae is mee ! I mourn the day  
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,  
Baith in one toun together,  
We scant were seven years befor,  
We gan to luvè each other ;  
Our dadies and our mammies thay  
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,  
To think upon the bridal day,  
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luvè of mine,  
Gude faith, I freely bought  
A wedding sark of holland fine,  
Wi' silken flowers wrought :  
And he gied me a wedding ring,  
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,  
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,  
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,  
Till we were baith sixteen,  
And aft we past the langsome time,  
Among the leaves sae green ;  
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,  
And sweetly kiss and toy,  
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! that he still had been content,  
Wi' me to lead his life ;  
But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent,  
To stir in feates of strife :

And he in many a venturous deed,  
His courage bauld wad try ;  
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,  
The tears they wat mine ee,  
I gave tull him a parting luik,  
“ My benison gang wi’ thee ;  
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,  
For gane is all my joy ;  
My heart is rent sith we maun part,  
My handsome Gilderoy.”

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,  
Was fear’d in every toun,  
And bauldly bare away the gear  
Of many a lawland loun :  
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,  
He was sae brave a boy ;  
At length wi’ numbers he was tane,  
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,  
To hang a man for gear,  
To ’reave of life for ox or ass,  
For sheep, or horse, or mare :  
Had not their laws been made sae strick,  
I neir had lost my joy,  
Wi’ sorrow neir had wat my cheek,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,  
He mought hae banisht been ;  
Ah ! what sair cruelty is this,  
To hang sike handsome men :  
To hang the flower o’ Scottish land,  
Sae sweet and fair a boy ;  
Nae lady had sae white a hand  
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,  
They bound him mickle strong,  
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,  
And on a gallows hung :

They hung him high aboon the rest,  
 He was sae trim a boy ;  
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,  
 I bare his corpse away,  
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,  
 I washt his comelye clay ;  
 And siker in a grave sae deep,  
 I laid the dear-lued boy,  
 And now for evir maun I weep,  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

### XIII. WINIFREDA

This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine Muses, was, I believe, first printed in a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems, by several hands, published by D. [David] Lewis," 1726, 8vo.

It is there said, how truly I know not, to be a translation "from the ancient British language."

AWAY ! let nought to love displeasing,  
 My Winifreda, move your care ;  
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors  
 With pompous titles grace our blood ;  
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,  
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
 Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke :  
 And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
 How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
 No mighty treasures we possess ;  
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season  
 Sufficient for our wishes give ;  
 For we will live a life of reason,  
 And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;  
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling  
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
 While round my knees they fondly clung ;  
 To see them look their mother's features,  
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

#### XIV. THE WITCH OF WOKEY

This ballad was published in a small collection of poems, intitled, "Euthemia, or the Power of Harmony," &c., 1756, written, in 1748, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington, of Bath, who never allowed them to be published, and withheld his name till it could no longer be concealed. The following copy was furnished by the late Mr. Shenstone, with some variations and corrections of his own, which he had taken the liberty to propose, and for which the Author's indulgence was entreated. In this edition it was intended to reprint the Author's own original copy ; but, as that may be seen correctly given in *Pearch's Collection*, vol. i., 1783, p. 161, it was thought the reader of taste would wish to have the variations preserved ; they are therefore still retained here, which it is hoped the worthy author will excuse with his wonted liberality.

Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybil's Cave, in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a very large vault the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock : many of these are evident petrifications ; which, on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

IN aunciente days tradition showes  
 A base and wicked elfe arose,  
 The Witch of Wokey light :  
 Oft have I heard the fearfull tale  
 From Sue, and Roger of the vale,  
 On some long winter's night.



Deep in the dreary dismall cell,  
Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,  
This blear-eyed hag did hide :  
Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne,  
She chose to form her guardian trayne,  
And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,  
While wolves its craggy sides possest,  
Night-howling thro' the rock :  
No wholesome herb could here be found ;  
She blasted every plant around,  
And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foul to see ;  
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee ;  
Her eyne of deadly leer,  
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill ;  
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,  
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets sung,  
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,  
E'er blest her longing armes ;  
And hence arose her spight to vex,  
And blast the youth of either sex,  
By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a lerned wight,  
Full bent to marr her fell dispight,  
And well he did, I weene :  
Sich mischief never had been known,  
And, since his mickle lerninge shown,  
Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,  
He crost the water, blest the brooke,  
Then—pater noster done,—  
The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er ;  
When lo ! where stood a hag before,  
Now stood a ghastly stone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale :  
Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,  
And doubtfull may appear,  
I'm bold to say, there's never a one,  
That has not seen the witch in stone,  
With all her household gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well ;  
With grieved heart, alas ! I tell,  
She left this curse behind :  
That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,  
Tho' sense and beauty both unite,  
Should find no leman kind.

For lo ! even as the fiend did say,  
The sex have found it to this day,  
That men are wonderous scant :  
Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,  
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,  
Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then such maids unpitied moane ?  
They might as well, like her, be stone,  
As thus forsaken dwell.  
Since Glaston now can boast no clerks ;  
Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,  
And, oh ! revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair ;  
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care ;  
I hear the gracious voice :  
Your sex shall soon be blest agen,  
We only wait to find such men,  
As best deserve your choice.

## XV. BRYAN AND PEREENE

### A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD

This piece is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of St. Christopher's about the middle of the last century. The Editor owes the following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. James Grainger,<sup>1</sup> who was an eminent physician in that island when this tragical accident happened, and died there much honoured and lamented in 1767. To this ingenious gentleman the public are indebted for the fine "Ode on Solitude," printed in the fourth volume of Dodsley's Miscel., p. 229, in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which were thus given by the author :

<sup>1</sup> Author of a poem on the Culture of the Sugar-Cane, &c., published by Messrs. Wood and Dawkins.

O Solitude, romantic maid,  
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,  
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,  
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,  
 Or climb the Andes' clifted side,  
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide,  
 Or starting from your half-year's sleep  
 From Hecla view the thawing deep,  
 Or at the purple dawn of day  
 Tadmor's marble wastes survey, &c.

alluding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day.<sup>1</sup>

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,  
 The ship was safely moor'd ;  
 Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,  
 And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,  
 His heart long held in thrall ;  
 And whoso his impatience blames,  
 I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day  
 He dwelt on English land,  
 Nor once in thought or deed would stray,  
 Tho' ladies sought his hand.

Nor Bryan he was tall and strong,  
 Right blythsome roll'd his een,  
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,  
 He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,  
 That grac'd his mistress true ?  
 Such charms the old world seldom saw,  
 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,  
 Like tendrils of the vine ;  
 Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,  
 Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,  
 She cast her weeds away,  
 And to the palmy shore she hied,  
 All in her best array.

<sup>1</sup> So in page 235. it should be, "Turn'd her magic ray."

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,  
She there impatient stood ;  
The crew with wonder saw the lad  
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,  
Which he at parting gave ;  
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,  
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions, one and all,  
Rejoicing crowd the strand ;  
For now her lover swam in call,  
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,  
To clasp her lovely swain ;  
When, ah ! a shark bit through his waist :  
His heart's blood dy'd the main !

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave,  
Streaming with purple gore,  
And soon he found a living grave,  
And ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,  
Fetch water from the spring :  
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,  
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,  
Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,  
So may your lovers scape his doom,  
Her hapless fate scape you.

## XVI. GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors, than most other nations; they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language "Romances," and have collected them into volumes under the titles of "El Romancero, El Cancionero,"<sup>1</sup> &c. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But, of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish "History of the Civil Wars of Granada," describing the dissensions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this history (or perhaps romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted, and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate those beautiful pieces.

The Spanish editor pretends (how truly I know not) that they are translations from the Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed, from the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of the language and sentiment, which runs through these poems, one would judge them to be composed soon after the conquest of Granada<sup>2</sup> above mentioned; as the prose narrative in which they were inserted was published about a century after. It should seem, at least, that they were written before the Castilians had formed themselves so generally, as they have done since, on the model of the Tuscan poets, or had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has for near two centuries past so much infected the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so frequently affected and obscure.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English bards and minstrels, the reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The metre is the same in all these old Spanish ballads: it is of the most simple construction, and is still used by the common people in their extemporaneous songs, as we learn from Baretti's Travels. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth line alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike, the consonants may be altogether different, as

<i>pone</i>	<i>casa</i>	<i>meten</i>	<i>arcos</i>
<i>noble</i>	<i>canas</i>	<i>muere</i>	<i>gamo.</i>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the ballad-singer.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. ii., p. 171, note.

Yet has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not displeasing to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the *Hist. de las civiles guerras de Granada*, Mad. 1694. One of them hath the rhymes ending in AA, the other in IA. It is the former of these that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line :

*Rio verde, rio verde.*<sup>1</sup>

which could not be translated faithfully :

*Verdant river, verdant river,*

would have given an affected stiffness to the verse ; the great merit of which is easy simplicity ; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "Green river, green river." "Rio Verde" is said to be the name of a river in Spain ; which ought to have been attended to by the translator had he known it.

## The Percy Reliques

Rio verde, rio verde,  
Quanto cuerpo en ti se bana  
De Christianos y de Moros  
Muertos por la dura espada !

Y tus ondas cristalinas  
De roxa sangre se esmaltan :  
Entre Moros y Christianos  
Muy gran batalla se trava.

Murieron Duques y Condes,  
Grandes senores de salva :  
Murio gente de valia  
De la nobleza de Espana.

En ti murio don Alonso,  
Que de Aguilar se llamaba ;  
El valeroso Urdiales,  
Con don Alonso acababa.

Por un ladera arriba  
El buen Sayavedra marcha ;  
Naturel es de Sevilla,  
De la gente mas granada.

Tras el iba un Renegado,  
Desta manera le habla ;  
Date, date, Sayavedra,  
No huyas de la batalla.

Yo te conozco muy bien,  
Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa ;  
Y en la Plaça de Sevilla  
Bien te vide jugar canas.

Conozco a tu padre y madre,  
Y a tu muger dona Clara ;  
Siete anos fui tu cautivo,  
Malamente me tratabas.

Y aora le seras mio,  
Si Mahoma me ayudara ;  
Y tambien te tratare,  
Como a mi me tratabas.

## Gentle River, Gentle River 281

GENTLE river, gentle river,  
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,  
Many a brave and noble captain  
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,  
All beside thy sands so bright,  
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors  
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes  
On thy fatal banks were slain :  
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter  
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,  
Full of wounds and glory died :  
There the fearless Urdiales  
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo ! where yonder Don Saavedra  
Thro' their squadrons slow retires ;  
Proud Seville, his native city,  
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado  
Loudly shouts with taunting cry ;  
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,  
Dost thou from the battle fly ?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,  
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ;  
Oft I've in the lists of glory  
Seven thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,  
Well thy blooming bride I know ;  
Seven years I was thy captive,  
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,  
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine :  
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,  
Which I drank when I was thine.



## The Percy Reliques

Sayavedra que lo oyera,  
Al Moro bolvio la cara ;  
Tirole el Moro una flecha,  
Pero nunca la acertaba.

Hiriole Sayavedra  
De una herida muy mala :  
Muerto cayo el Renegado  
Sin poder hablar palabra.

Sayavedra fue cercado  
De mucha Mora canalla,  
Y al cabo cayo alli muerto  
De una muy mala lançada.

Don Alonso en este tiempo  
Bravamente peleava,  
Y el cavallo le avian muerto,  
Y le tiene por muralla.

Mas cargaron tantos Moros  
Que mal le hieren y`tratan ;  
De la sangre, que perdia,  
Don Alonso se desmaya.

Al fin, al fin cayo muerto  
Al pie de un pena alta.—  
Muerto queda don Alonso,  
Eterna fama ganara.'

•   •   •   •   •   •

## Gentle River, Gentle River 283

Like a lion turns the warrior,  
Back he sends an angry glare :  
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,  
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury  
Sent a deep and mortal wound ;  
Instant sunk the Renegado,  
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,  
Brave Saavedra stands at bay :  
Wearied out but never daunted,  
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo  
Stout resists the Paynim bands ;  
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted  
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,  
Furious he repels their rage :  
Loss of blood at length enfeebles :  
Who can war with thousands wage !

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,  
Close beneath its foot retir'd,  
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,  
And without a groan expir'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.

"Renegado" properly signifies an Apostate ; but it is sometimes used to express an Infidel in general ; as it seems to do above in ver. 21, &c.

The image of the "Lion," &c. in ver. 37, is taken from the other Spanish copy, the rhymes of which end in *IA*, viz.

Saavedra, que lo oyera,  
Como un leon rebolbia.

## XVII. ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA

## A MOORISH TALE

## IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH

The foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the Civil Wars of Granada, f. 22, and begins with these lines :

Por la calle de su dama,  
Passeando se anda, &c.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,  
Softly fall the dews of night ;  
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,  
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,  
Whom he loves with flame so pure :  
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies ?  
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,  
Oft he paces to and fro ;  
Stopping now, now moving forwards,  
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,  
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care—  
See, fond youth, to yonder window  
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre  
To the lost benighted swain,  
When all silvery bright she rises,  
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory  
To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
When some horrid storm dispersing  
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely  
To her longing lover's sight  
Steals half seen the beauteous maiden  
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,  
 Whispering forth a gentle sigh :  
 Alla <sup>1</sup> keep thee, lovely lady ;  
 Tell me, am I doom'd to die ?

Is it true the dreadful story,  
 Which thy damsel tells my page,  
 That seduc'd by sordid riches  
 Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age ?

An old lord from Antiquera  
 Thy stern father brings along ;  
 But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,  
 Thus consent my love to wrong ?

If 'tis true now plainly tell me,  
 Nor thus trifle with my woes ;  
 Hide not then from me the secret,  
 Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,  
 While the pearly tears descend :  
 Ah ! my lord, too true the story ;  
 Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,  
 Well are known our mutual vows ;  
 All my friends are full of fury ;  
 Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me ;  
 My stern father breaks my heart :  
 Alla knows how dear it costs me,  
 Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury  
 Long have rent our house and thine ;  
 Why then did thy shining merit  
 Win this tender heart of mine ?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee  
 Spite of all their hateful pride,  
 Tho' I fear'd my haughty father  
 Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

<sup>1</sup> " Alla " is the Mahometan name of God.

## The Percy Reliques

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings  
Oft I've from my mother borne ;  
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee  
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them ;  
All to force my hand combine ;  
And to-morrow to thy rival  
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida  
Can survive so great a wrong ;  
Well my breaking heart assures me  
That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor !  
Farewell too my life with thee !  
Take this scarf, a parting token ;  
When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden  
Shall reward thy generous truth ;  
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida  
Died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him all amaz'd, confounded,  
Thus she did her woes impart :  
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd,—O Zaida !  
Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ?  
Canst thou hold my love so small ?  
No ! a thousand times I'll perish !—  
My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them ?  
O break forth, and fly to me !  
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,  
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,  
Spies surround me, bars secure :  
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,  
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming !  
Hark, I hear my mother chide !  
I must go : farewell for ever !  
Gracious Alla be thy guide !

## SERIES THE SECOND

### BOOK I

Though some make slight of Libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits : As, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

#### I. RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE

" A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264."

This piece affords a curious specimen of ancient satire, and shews that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes, which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans thirty thousand pounds to procure a peace upon such terms as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. The consequences of that battle are well known : the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies : while two great barons of the king's party, John Earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the first stanza the aforesaid sum of thirty thousand pounds is alluded to ; but, with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the second stanza, the reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of Wallingford and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia, daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243. Windsor castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners : a circumstance which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The third stanza alludes to a remarkable circumstance which happened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard King of the Romans took refuge in a windmill, which he barricadoed, and maintained for some time against the barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this in the *Chronicle of Mailros* ; Oxon. 1684. p. 229.

The fourth stanza is of obvious interpretation : Richard, who had been elected King of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom : upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.



Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chyn,  
 Hevede he nou here the Erl of Waryn,  
 Shuld he never more come to is yn,  
 Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn,

To help of Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simon de Montfort hath suore bi ys cop,  
 Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot :  
 Al he shulde grante here<sup>1</sup> twelfmoneth scot  
 Shulde he never more with his sot pot

To helpe Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Be the luef, be the loht, Sire Edward,<sup>2</sup>

Thou shalt ride sporteles o thy lyard

Al the ryhte way to Doevere-ward,

Shalt thou never more breke foreward ;

Ant that reweth sore

Edward, thou duest as a shreward,

Forsoke thyn emes lore

Richard, &c.

\* \* This ballad will rise in its importance with the reader, when he finds, that it is even believed to have occasioned a law in our Statute Book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people." (Westm. Primer, c. 34. anno 3. Edw. I.) That it had this effect, is the opinion of an eminent writer. See "Observations upon the Statutes, &c." 4to. 2d. edit. 1766, p. 71.

However, in the Harl. Collection may be found other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have their share in contributing to this first law against libels.

## II. ON THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD THE FIRST

We have here an early attempt at elegy. Edward I. died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government ; and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his cotemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the Holy Land ; but finding his

<sup>1</sup> "G'te here," MS. *i. e.* grant their. Vid. Gloss.

<sup>2</sup> This stanza was omitted in the former editions.



end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet), who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the King of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch, who succeeded, immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gavestone spent the money upon their pleasures. To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe, pouring forth his praises.

This antique elegy is extracted from the same manuscript volume as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and, though written at near the distance of half a century, contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 or 60 years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.

ALLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,  
 A stounde herkneth to my song  
 Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,  
 That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among;  
 Of a knyht, that wes so strong,  
 Of wham God hath don ys wille;  
 Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,  
 That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englund ahte for te knowe  
 Of wham that song is, that y synge;  
 Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,  
 Zent al this world is nome con springe:  
 Trewest mon of alle thinge,  
 Ant in werre war ant wys,  
 For him we ahte our honden wrynge,  
 Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,  
 He spek ase mon that wes in care,  
 "Clerkes, knyhtes, barons," he sayde,  
 "Y charge ou by oure sware,  
 That ye to Englonde be trewe.  
 Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;  
 Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,  
 For he is nest to buen y-core.

## Death of King Edward I. 291

"Ich biqueth myn herte arhyt,  
That hit be write at my devys,  
Over the see that Hue<sup>1</sup> be diht,  
With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,  
In werre that buen war ant wys,  
Azein the hethene for te fyhte,  
To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,  
Myself ycholde zef that y myhte."

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest 'sinne,'<sup>2</sup>  
That thou the counsail woldest fonde,  
To latte the wille of 'Edward kyng'<sup>3</sup>  
To wende to the holy londe :  
That oure kyng hede take on honde  
All Engeland to zeme ant wysse,  
To wenden in to the holy londe  
To wynnen us heveriche blisse.

The messenger to the pope com,  
And seyde that our kynge was ded :  
Ys<sup>4</sup> oune hond the lettre he nom,  
Ywis his herte was full gret :  
The Pope him self the lettre redde,  
And spec a word of gret honour.  
"Alas !" he seid, "is Edward ded ?  
Of Christendome he ber the flour."

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,  
For dol ne mihte he speke na more ;  
Ant after cardinals he sende,  
That muche couthen of Cristes lore,  
Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,  
Bed hem bothe rede ant synge :  
Gret deol me<sup>5</sup> myhte se thore,  
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse  
With full gret solempnetè,  
Ther me<sup>5</sup> con the soule blesse :  
"Kyng Edward honoured thou be :

<sup>1</sup> The name of the person who was to preside over this business.

<sup>2</sup> "Sunne." MS.

<sup>3</sup> "Kyng Edward." MS.

<sup>4</sup> "Ys" is probably a contraction of "in hys" or "yn his."

<sup>5</sup> "Me," i. e. Men ; so in Robert of Gloucester passim.

## The Percy Reliques

God love thi sone come after the,  
 Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,  
 The holy crois y-mad of tre,  
 So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

"Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore  
 The flour of al chivalrie  
 Now Kyng Edward liveth na more :  
 Alas ! that he zet shulde deye !  
 He wolde ha rered up ful heyze  
 Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde ;  
 Wel ! longe we mowe clepe and crie  
 Er we a such kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan  
 King of Engelond al aplyht,  
 God lete him ner be worse man  
 Then his fader, ne lasse of myht,  
 To holden is pore men to ryht,  
 And understonde good counsail,  
 Al Engelond for to wysse and dyht ;  
 Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,  
 Ant min herte yzote of bras,  
 The godness myht y never telle,  
 That with Kyng Edward was :  
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,  
 In uch bataille thou hadest prys ;  
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,  
 That ever wes, ant ever ys.

\*.\* Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as seemingly redundant, we choose to throw to the bottom of the page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,  
 Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse  
 Jesus us sende. Amen.

## III. AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient manuscript in the Pepysian Library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call

*Rondeau*, very naturally Englished by our honest countrymen *Round O*. Though so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their *wings* and *axes*: the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary *rondeau*. Geoffrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.

## I

## I

YOURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,  
I may the Beaute of them not sustene,  
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

## 2

And but your words will helen hastely  
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,  
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

## 3

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,  
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;  
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.  
    Youre two eyn, &c.

## II

## I

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chased  
Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn;  
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

## 2

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased;  
I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn:  
So hath your Beaute fro your herte chased.

## 3

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed  
So grete Beaute, that no man may atteyn  
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.  
    So hath youre Beaute, &c.

## III

## I

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,  
 I nere think to ben in his prison lene ;  
 Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

## 2

He may answere, and sey this and that,  
 I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene :  
 Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

## 3

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,  
 And he is strike out of my bokes clene :  
 For ever mo 'ther'<sup>1</sup> is non other mene.  
 Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

## IV. THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM

"OR, THE WOOING, WINNING, AND WEDDING OF TIBBE,  
 THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE"

It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of chivalry and romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see through the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his rhyme of Sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter ; and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers,<sup>2</sup> it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority : and the proclamations against tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, besides proclamations and censures ; he accordingly made

<sup>1</sup> "This." MS.

<sup>2</sup> See [Mr. Hurd's] *Letters on Chivalry*, 8vo. 1762. *Memoirs de la Chevalerie*, par M. de la Curne des Palais, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

use of the keen one of *ridicule*. With this view he has here introduced with admirable humour a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tourney. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize—and the magnificent feasting—with all the other solemn fopperies that usually attended the pompous Turnament. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of its ridicule.

"The Turnament of Tottenham" was first printed from an ancient manuscript in 1631, 4to., by the Rev. Wilhelm Bedwell,<sup>1</sup> rector of Tottenham, who was one of the translators of the Bible, and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, where he lived and died with the highest reputation of sanctity, in 1641. He tells us, it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece, intitled, "Passio Domini Jesu Christi." Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental and other languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers of his own; and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III. because Turnaments were prohibited in that reign. "I do verily believe," says he, "that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of King Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as our author sayth, 'It was no childrens game.' And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of jesting? Would he not, trow you, have been hang'd for it in earnest? yea, and have bene buried like a dogge?" It is, however, well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the first editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was reprinted here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was with the greatest pleasure that the Editor was informed of an ancient manuscript copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396.] which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of King Henry VI. about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhit, Esq. and he has chiefly followed that more authentic transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's book.

Or all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kynde;  
Of fele feyztyng folk ferly we fynde,  
The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde;  
It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde,

<sup>1</sup> In the former editions, this Wilhelm Bedwell was supposed to be the same with William Bedwell, afterwards bishop of Kilmore in Ireland: but this has since been discovered to be a mistake. They were very different persons, as may be seen by examining Ware's History of the Irish Bishops, translated and revised by Harris, vol. i. p. 232; 1764, folio.

In story as we rede  
 Of Hawkyn, of Herry,  
 Of Tomkyn, of Terry,  
 Of them that were dughty  
 And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Totenham on a dere day,  
 Ther was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way :  
 Theder com al the men of the contray,  
 Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay.  
 And all the swete swynkers.  
 Ther hopped Hawkyn,  
 Ther daunsed Dawkyn,  
 Ther trumped Tomkyn,  
 And all were trewe drynkers.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,  
 That thay schuld reckyn ther scot and ther conts<sup>1</sup> cast ;  
 Perkyn the pottter into the press past,  
 And sayd, Randol the refe, a dozter thou hast,  
 Tyb the dere :  
 Therfor faine wyt wold I,  
 Whych of all thys bachelery  
 Were best worthye  
 To wed hur to hys fere.

Upstyrst thos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,  
 And sayd, Randol the refe, lo ! thys lad raves ;  
 Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves ;  
 We er rycher men than he, and mor gode have  
 Of cattell and corn ;  
 Then sayd Perkyn, To Tybbe I have hyzt  
 That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,  
 If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt,  
 Or elles zet to morn.

Then sayd Randolfe the refe, Ever be he waryd,  
 That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd :  
 I wold not my dozter, that scho were miscaryd,  
 But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd ;  
 Therfor a Turnament schal begynne  
 Thys day sevenyzt,—  
 Wyth a flayl for to fyzt :  
 And 'he', that is most of myght  
 Schal brouke hur wyth wyne.

<sup>1</sup> It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be "conts" or "conter."\*

Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,  
 Hym schal be granted the gre be the comon assent,  
 For to wyinne my dozter<sup>1</sup> wyth 'dughtynesse' of dent,  
 And 'coppell'<sup>2</sup> my brode-henne 'that' was brozt out of  
 Kent:

And my dunnyd kowe  
 For no spens wyl I spare,  
 For no cattell wyl I care,  
 He schal have my gray mare,  
 And my spottyd sowe.

There was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede:  
 Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they zede;  
 And all the weke afterward graythed<sup>3</sup> ther wede,  
 Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede.

They armed ham in matts;  
 Thay set on ther nollys,  
 For to kepe ther pollys,  
 Gode blake bollys,  
 For batryng of bats.

Thay sowed tham in schepeskynnes, for thay schuld not  
 brest:

Ilk-on toke a blak hat, insted of a crest:  
 'A basket or a panyer before on ther brest,'<sup>4</sup>  
 And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght prest,  
 Furth gon thay fare:

Ther was kyd mekyl fors,  
 Who schuld best fend hys cors:  
 He that had no gode hors,  
 He gat hym<sup>5</sup> a mare.

Sych another gadryng have I not sene oft,  
 When all the gret company com rydand to the croft:

Tyb on a gray mare was set upon loft  
 On a sek ful of fedys<sup>6</sup> for scho schuld syt soft,  
 And led 'till the gap.'<sup>7</sup>

For cryeng of the men  
 Forther wold not Tyb then,  
 Tyl scho had hur brode hen  
 Set in hur Lap.

<sup>1</sup> "Dozty." MS.

<sup>2</sup> "Coppeld." We still use the phrase "a copple-crowned hen."

<sup>3</sup> "Gayed." PC.

<sup>4</sup> This line is wanting in MS. and is supplied from PC.

<sup>5</sup> "He borrowed him." PC.

<sup>6</sup> The MS. had once "sedys," i. e. seeds, which appears to have been altered to "fedys," or feathers. Bedwell's copy has "senvy," i. e. mustard-seed.

<sup>7</sup> "And led hur to cap." MS.



A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borrowed for the nonys,  
 And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde bonys,<sup>1</sup>  
 And a broche on hur brest ful of 'sapphyre' stonys,<sup>2</sup>  
 Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn<sup>3</sup> for the nonys ;

For no 'spendyngs' thay had spared.<sup>4</sup>  
 When joly Gyb saw hur thare,  
 He gyrd so hys gray mare,  
 'That scho lete a fowkyn' <sup>5</sup> fare  
 At the rereward.

I vow to God, quoth Herry, I schal not lefe behynde,  
 May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde,  
 Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,  
 For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,

I wot I schall hym greve.  
 Wele sayd, quoth Hawkyn.  
 And I vow, quoth Dawkyn,  
 May I mete wyth Tomkyn,  
 Hys flayle I schal hym reve.

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, son schal thou se,  
 Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' <sup>6</sup> is the gre :  
 I schal scomfet thaym all, for the love of the ;  
 In what place so I come thay schal have dout of me,  
 Myn armes ar so clere :

I bere a reddyl, and a rake,  
 Poudred wyth a brenand drake,  
 And three cantells of a cake  
 In ycha cornere.

I vow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' <sup>7</sup> have the gowt,  
 Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand' <sup>8</sup> here aboute,  
 Have I twyse or thryes redyn thurgh the route,  
 In ycha stede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have  
 doute,

When I begyn to play.  
 I make avowe that I ne schall,  
 But yf Tybbe wyl me call,  
 Or I be thryes don fall,  
 Ryzt onys com away.

<sup>1</sup> Bedwell's PC. has "rue!-bones."

<sup>2</sup> "Safer stones." MS.

<sup>3</sup> "Wrotyn," i. e. wrought. PC. reads "written."

<sup>4</sup> "No cattel [perhaps "chatel"] they had spared." MS.

<sup>5</sup> "Then . . . faucon." MS.

<sup>6</sup> "Grant." MS.

<sup>7</sup> "Yf he have." MS.

<sup>8</sup> The MS. literally has "th'. sand" here.

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys crede ;  
Saw thou never yong boy further hys body bede,  
For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar in drede,  
I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede :

I am armed at the full ;  
In myn armys I bere wele  
A doz trogh, and a pele,  
A sadyll wythout a panell,  
Wyth a fles of woll.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and swor be the stra,  
Whyls me ys left my 'mare,'<sup>1</sup> thou gets hurr not swa ;  
For scho ys wele schapen, and lizt as the rae,  
Ther is no capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga ;

Sche wul ne nozt begyle :  
Sche wyl me bere, I dar say,  
On a lang somerys day,  
Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,  
Nozt other half myle.

I make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thow speks of cold rost,  
I schal wyrch 'wyselyer' <sup>2</sup> withouten any bost :  
Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost,  
I wot I schal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my cost,  
And here I grant thaym Tybbe.

Wele boyes here ys he,  
That wyl fyzt, and not fle,  
For I am in my jolyte,  
Wyth so forth, Gybbe.

When thay had ther vowes made, furth can thay hie,  
Wyth flayles, and hornes,<sup>3</sup> and trumpes mad of tre :  
Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre ;  
Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymselves wold be :

Thayr baners were ful bryzt  
Of an old rotten fell ;  
The cheveron<sup>4</sup> of a plow-mell ;  
And the schadow of a bell,  
Poudred wyth the mone lyzt.

I wot yt 'was' <sup>5</sup> no chylder game, whan thay togedyr met,  
When icha freke in the feld on hys feloy bet,

<sup>1</sup> "Merth." MS.

<sup>3</sup> "Flailles, and harnisse" PC.

<sup>5</sup> "Yt ys." MS.

<sup>2</sup> "Swyseliour." MS.

<sup>4</sup> "The chiefe." PC.

And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold thay let,  
 And foght ferly fast, tyll ther horses swet,  
 And few wordys spoken.

Ther were flayles al to slatred,  
 Ther were scheldys al to flatred,  
 Bollys and dysches all to schatred,  
 And many hedys brokyn.

There was clynkyng of cart-sadelys, and clatterynge of  
 cannes ;

Of fele frekys in the feld brokyn were their fannes ;  
 Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the braynpannes,  
 And yll were thay besene, or thay went thanns

Wyth swyppynge of swepyls :

Thay were<sup>1</sup> so wery for-foght,  
 Thay myzt not fyzt mare oloft,  
 But creped about in the 'croft,'<sup>2</sup>  
 As thay were croked crepyls.

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute ;  
 Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte :  
 An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoute !  
 That I may lyztly come of my noye oute,  
 For no cost wyl I spare.

He styrt up as a snayle,  
 And hent a capul be the taylor,  
 And 'reft'<sup>3</sup> Dawkin hys flayle,  
 And wan there a mare.

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa :  
 Glad and blythe thay ware, that they had don sa ;  
 Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present hur with tha :  
 The Capulls were so wery, that thay myzt not ga,  
 But styl gon thay stond.<sup>4</sup>

Alas ! quoth Hudde, my joye I lese ;  
 Mee had lever then a ston of chese,  
 That dere Tyb had al these,  
 And wyst it were my sond.<sup>5</sup>

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang,<sup>6</sup>  
 Among thos wery boyes he wrest and he wrang ;  
 He threw tham down to the erth, and thrast tham amang,  
 When he saw Tyrry away with Tyb fang,

<sup>1</sup> "The boyes were." MS.

<sup>3</sup> "Rast." MS.

<sup>5</sup> "Sand." MS.

<sup>2</sup> "Creped then about in the croft." MS.

<sup>4</sup> "Stand." MS.

<sup>6</sup> The PC. reads "ilk throng."

And after hym ran ;  
 Off his horse he hym drogh,  
 And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh :  
 We te he ! quoth Tyb, and lugh,  
 Ye er a dughty man.

"Thus" <sup>1</sup> thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyzt :  
 All the wyves of Tottenham came to se that syzt  
 Wyth wyspes, and kexis, and ryschys there lyzt,  
 To fetch hom ther husbandes, that were tham trouth  
 plyzt ;  
 And sum brozt gret harwos,  
 Ther husbandes hom to fetch,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sum on dores, and sum on hech,  
 Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on crech,  
 And sum on whele-barows.

They gaderyd Perkyn about, 'on' <sup>3</sup> everych syde,  
 And grant hym ther 'the gre,' <sup>4</sup> the more was hys pryde :  
 Tyb and he wyth gret 'mirth,' <sup>5</sup> homward con thay ryde,  
 And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde ;  
 And thay 'to church went : ' <sup>6</sup>  
 So wele hys nedys he has sped,  
 That dere Tyb he 'hath' <sup>7</sup> wed ;  
 The prayse-folk, <sup>8</sup> that hur led,  
 Were of the Turnament.

To that ylk fest com many for the nones ;  
 Some come hyphalte, and sum trippand 'thither' <sup>9</sup> on the  
 stonys :  
 Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys ;  
 Of sum where the hedes broken, of some the schulder bonys ;  
 With sorrow came thay thedyr.  
 Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,  
 Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,  
 And so was all the bachelary,  
 When thay met togedyr.

<sup>10</sup> At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray,  
 Every fyve & fyve had a cokenay ;

<sup>1</sup> "Thys." MS.

<sup>3</sup> "About everych side." MS.

<sup>5</sup> "Mothe." MS.

<sup>7</sup> "Had wed." MS.

<sup>9</sup> "Trippand on." MS.

<sup>2</sup> "Hom for to fetch." MS.

<sup>4</sup> "The gre," is wanting in MS.

<sup>6</sup> "And thay ifere assent." MS.

<sup>8</sup> "The cheefemen." PC.

<sup>10</sup> In the former impressions, this concluding stanza was only given from Bedwell's printed edition ; but it is here copied from the old Manuscript, wherein it has been since found separated from the rest of the poem. by several pages of a money-account and other heterogeneous matter.

And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day ;  
 And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray :  
 Mekyl myrth was them among ;  
 In every corner of the hous  
 Was melody delycyous  
 For to here precyus  
 Of six meny song.<sup>1</sup>

## V. FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely Rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given merely as a curiosity, and is printed from a manuscript copy in the Pepys Collection, vol. i. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes.

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria !*

OWRE kynge went forth to Normandy,  
 With grace and myzt of chivalry ;  
 The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,  
 Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry

*Deo gratias :  
 Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,  
 To Harflue toune with ryal aray ;  
 That toune he wan, and made a fray,  
 That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.  
*Deo gratias, &c.*

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,  
 Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste ;  
 He spared 'for' for drede of leste, ne most,  
 Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

<sup>1</sup> "Six-men's song," i. e. a song for six voices. So Shakspeare uses "three-man song-men," in his "Winter's Tale," act iii. sc. 3, to denote men that could sing catches composed for three voices. Of this sort are Weelkes's Madrigals mentioned below, Book ii. Song 9. So again Shakspeare has "three-men beetle;" i. e. a beetle or rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. IV. a. i. sc. 3.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely  
In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,  
Thorow grace of God most myzty  
He had bothe the felde, and the victory :  
*Deo gratias, &c.*

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,  
Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,  
And some were ledde in to Lundone  
With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.  
*Deo gratias, &c.*

Now gracious God he save owre kyng,  
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,  
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,  
That we with merth mowe savely synge  
*Deo gratias :*  
*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

## VI. THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed, if it had no other merit than the having afforded the ground-work to Prior's "Henry and Emma," this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate editor of the "Prolusions," 8vo. 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book<sup>1</sup> preserved in the Public Library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the "Prolusions" will shew where they occur. In our ancient folio manuscript, described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage. See ver. 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem than to ascertain its date. The ballad of "The Nutbrowne Mayd" was first revived in "The Muses' Mercury for June, 1707," 4to. being prefaced with a little "Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry:" in which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior, who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned Wanley, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was

<sup>1</sup> This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first edition) is in folio; the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the song begins at folio 75. The poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq.; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus, 'Mr. W.'

referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum [Harl. MSS. No. 3777]. The editor of the *Prolusions* thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because, in Sir Thomas More's Tale of "The Serjeant," &c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even though this had been written long before; and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed, it is hardly probable that an antiquary like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least, he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the Editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio manuscript a poem on the victory of Flodden-field, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style, nearly resembling the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines:

Grant, gracious God, grant me this time,  
That I may 'say, or I cease, thy selven to please;  
And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;  
And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;  
I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,  
That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;  
Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the *Prolusions*: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among  
On women<sup>1</sup> do complayne;<sup>2</sup>  
Affyrmynge this, how that it is  
A labour spent in wayne,  
To love them wele; for never a dele  
They love a man agayne:  
For late a man do what he can,  
Theyr favour to attayne,  
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,  
Theyr first true lover than  
Laboureth for nought; for from her<sup>3</sup> thought  
He is a banyshed man.

<sup>1</sup> "Woman." *Prolusions*, and Mr. West's copy.

<sup>2</sup> My friend, Mr. Farmer, proposes to read the first lines thus as a Latinism:

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,  
On women to complayne.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* their.

I say nat nay, but that all day  
It is bothe writ and sayd  
That womens faith is, as who sayth,  
All utterly decayd ;  
But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse  
In this case might be layd,  
That they love true, and continuè  
Recorde the Not-browne Mayde :  
Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
To her to make his mone,  
Wolde nat depart ; for in her hart  
She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus  
What was all the manere  
Betwayne them two : we wyll also  
Tell all the payne, and fere,  
That she was in. Nowe I begyn,  
So that ye me answe're ;  
Wherfore, all ye, that present be,  
I pray you, gyve an ere.  
" I am the knyght : I come by nyght,  
As secret as I can ;  
Sayinge, Alas ! thus standeth the case,  
I am a banyshed man."

## SHE

And I your wyll for to fulfyll  
In this wyll nat refuse ;  
Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,  
That men have an yll use  
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,  
And causelesse them accuse ;  
Therfore to you I answere nowe,  
All women to excuse,—  
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere ?  
I pray you, tell anone ;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

## HE

It standeth so ; a dede is do  
Whereof grete harme shall growe :  
My destiny is for to dy  
A shamefull deth, I trowe ;



## The Percy Reliques

Or elles to fle : the one must be.  
 None other way I knowe,  
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe,  
 And take me to my bowe.  
 Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true !  
 None other rede I can :  
 For I must to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

## SHE

O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,  
 That changeth as the mone !  
 My somers <sup>1</sup> day in lusty May  
 Is derked before the none.  
 I here you say, farewell : Nay, nay  
 We dèpart nat so sone.  
 Why say ye so ? wheder wyll ye go ?  
 Alas ! what have ye done ?  
 All my welfàre to sorrowe and care  
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

## HE

I can beleve, it shall you greve,  
 And somewhat you dystayne :  
 But, aftyward, your paynes harde  
 Within a day or twayne  
 Shal sone aslake ; and ye shall take  
 Comfort to you agayne.  
 Why sholde ye ought ? for, to make thought,  
 Your labour were in vayne.  
 And thus I do ; and pray you to  
 As hartely, as I can ;  
 For I must to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

## SHE

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me  
 The secret of your mynde,  
 I shall be playne to you agayne,  
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde.

<sup>1</sup> "The somers." Prol.

Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,  
I wolle not leve behynde ;  
Shall never <sup>1</sup> be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd  
Was to her love unkynde :  
Make you redy, for so am I,  
Although <sup>2</sup> it were anone ;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE

Yet I you rede to take good hede  
What men wyll thynke, and say :  
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,  
That ye be gone away,  
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,  
In grene wode you to play ;  
And that ye myght from your delyght  
No lenger make delay.  
Rather than ye sholde thus for me  
Be called an yll womàn,  
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Though it be songe of old and yonge,  
That I sholde be to blame,  
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large  
In hurtyng of my name ;  
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love  
It is devoyd of shame ;  
In your dystresse, and hevynesse,  
To part with you, the same :  
And sure all <sup>3</sup> tho, that do not so,  
True lovers are they none ;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE

I counceyle you, remember howe,  
It is no maydens lawe,  
Nothyng to dout, but to renne out  
To wode with an outlàwe :

<sup>1</sup> "Shall it never." Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>2</sup> "Although." Mr. W.

<sup>3</sup> "To shewe all." Prol. and Mr. W.

## The Percy Reliques

For ye must there in your hand bere  
 A bowe, redy to drawe ;  
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,  
 Ever in drede and awe ;  
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe  
 Yet had I lever than,  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

## SHE

I thinke nat<sup>1</sup> nay, but as ye say,  
 It is no maydens lore :  
 But love may make me for your sake,  
 As I have sayd before,  
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote  
 To gete us mete in store ;<sup>2</sup>  
 For so that I your company  
 May have, I aske no more :  
 From which to part, it maketh my hart  
 As colde as ony stone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

## HE

For an outlawe this is the lawe,  
 That men hym take and bynde ;  
 Without pytè, hanged to be,  
 And waver with the wynde.  
 If I had nede, (as God forbede !)  
 What rescous<sup>3</sup> coude ye fynde ?  
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe  
 For fere wold drawe behynde :  
 And no mervayle ; for lytell avayle  
 Were in your counceyle than :  
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

## SHE

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be  
 But feble for to fyght ;  
 No womanhede it is indede  
 To be bolde as a knyght :

<sup>1</sup> "I say nat." Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>2</sup> "And store." Camb. Copy.

<sup>3</sup> "Socours." Prol. and Mr. W.

Yet, in such fere yf that ye were  
 With enemyes day or nyght,<sup>1</sup>  
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,  
 To greve them as I myght,<sup>2</sup>  
 And you to save ; as women have  
 From deth 'men' many one :  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede  
 That ye coude nat sustayne  
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,  
 Thè snowe, the frost, the rayne,<sup>3</sup>  
 The colde, the hete : for dry, or wete,  
 We must <sup>4</sup> lodge on the playne ;  
 And, us above, none other rofe  
 But a brake bush, or twayne :  
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ;  
 And ye wolde gladly than  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Syth I have here bene partynère  
 With you of joy and blysse,  
 I must also parte of your wo  
 Endure, as reson is :  
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre ;  
 And, shortely, it is this :  
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,  
 I coude nat fare amyssè.  
 Without more speche, I you beseche  
 That we were sone agone ;<sup>5</sup>  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,  
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,  
 There shall no mete be for you gete,  
 Nor drinke, bere,<sup>6</sup> ale, ne wyne.

<sup>1</sup> "And night." Camb. Copy.<sup>2</sup> "To helpe ye with my myght." Prol. and Mr. W.<sup>3</sup> "Frost and rayne." Mr. W.<sup>4</sup> "Ye must." Prol.<sup>5</sup> "Shortley gone." Prol. and Mr. W.<sup>6</sup> "Neyther bere." Prol. and Mr. W.

No shetés clene, to lye betwene,  
 Made of threde and twyne ;  
 None other house, but leves and bowes,  
 To cover your hed and myne,  
 O myne<sup>1</sup> harte swete, this evyll dyéte  
 Sholde make you pale and wan ;  
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère,  
 As men say that ye be,  
 Ne may nat fayle<sup>2</sup> of good vitayle,  
 Where is so grete plentè :  
 And water clere of the ryvére  
 Shall be full swete to me ;  
 With which in hele I shall ryght wele  
 Endure, as ye shall see ;  
 And, or we go, a bedde or two  
 I can provyde anone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,  
 Yf ye wyll go with me :  
 As cut your here up by your ere,<sup>3</sup>  
 Your kirtle by the kne ;<sup>4</sup>  
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande  
 Your enemyes, yf nede be :  
 And this same<sup>5</sup> nyght before day-lyght,  
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.  
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,  
 Do it shortely as ye can :  
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

I shall as powe do more for you  
 Than longeth to womanhede ;  
 To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,  
 To shote in tyme of nede.

<sup>1</sup> "Lo myn." Mr. W.

<sup>2</sup> "May ye nat fayle." Prol. "May nat fayle." Mr. W.

<sup>3</sup> "Above your ere." Prol.

<sup>4</sup> "Above the kne." Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>5</sup> "The same." Prol. and Mr. W.

O my swete mother, before all other  
 For you I have most drede :  
 But now, adue I must ensue,  
 Where fortune doth me lede.  
 All this make ye : Now let us fle ;  
 The day cometh fast upon ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE

Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall nat go,  
 And I shall tell ye why,—  
 Your appetyght is to be lyght  
 Of love, I wele espy :  
 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,  
 In lyke wyse hardely  
 Ye wolde answe're whosoever it were,  
 In way of company.  
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde ;  
 And so is a womàn.  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,<sup>1</sup>  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Yf ye take hede, it is<sup>2</sup> no nede  
 Such wordes to say by me ;  
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,  
 Or I you loved, pardè :  
 And though that I of auncestry  
 A barons daughter be,  
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved  
 A squyer of lowe degrè ;  
 And ever shall, whatso befall ;  
 To dy<sup>3</sup> therfore<sup>4</sup> anone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE

A barons chylde to be begylde !  
 It were a cursed dede,  
 To be felawe with an outlawe !  
 Almighty God forbede !

<sup>1</sup> "For I must to the grene wode go." Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>2</sup> "Yet is." Camb. Copy. Perhaps for "yt is."

<sup>3</sup> "Dy with him." Editor's MS.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* for this cause ; though I were to die for having loved you.

Yet beter were, the pore squyære  
 Alone to forest yede,  
 Than ye sholde say another day,  
 That, by my cursed dede,  
 Ye were betray'd : Wherefore, good mayd,  
 The best rede that I can,  
 Is, that I to the grene wode go  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Whatever befall, I never shall  
 Of this thyng you upbraid ;<sup>1</sup>  
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,  
 Than have ye me betrayd.  
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele ;  
 For, yf ye, as<sup>2</sup> ye sayd,  
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,<sup>3</sup>  
 Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,  
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy  
 Sone after ye be gone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent ;  
 For in the forest nowe  
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,  
 Whom I love more than you ;  
 Another fayrèrè, than ever ye were,  
 I dare it wele avowe ;  
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe  
 With other, as I trowe :  
 It were myne ese, to live in pese ;  
 So wyll I, yf I can ;  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Though in the wode I undyrstode  
 Ye had a paramour,  
 All this may nought remove my thought,  
 But that I wyll be your :

<sup>1</sup> "Outbrayd." Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>2</sup> "Ye be as." Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>3</sup> "Ye were unkynde to leave me behynde." Prol. and Mr. W.

And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde  
 And courteys every hour ;  
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll  
 Commaunde me to my power :  
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
 'Of them I wolde be one ;'<sup>1</sup>  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove  
 That ye be kynde, and true ;  
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all<sup>2</sup> my lyfe,  
 The best that ever I knewe.  
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,  
 The case is chaunged newe ;  
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,  
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe.  
 Be nat dismayed ; whatsoever I sayd  
 To you, whan I began ;  
 I wyall nat to the grene wode go,  
 I am no banyshed man.

SHE

These tydings be more gladd<sup>3</sup> to me,  
 Than to be made a quene,  
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure :  
 But it is often sene,  
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke  
 The wordés on the splene.  
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,  
 And stele from me, I wene :  
 Than were the case worse than it was,  
 And I more wo-begone :  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE

Ye shall nat nede further to drede ;  
 I wyll nat dysparàge  
 You, (God defend !) syth ye descend  
 Of so grete a lynàge.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,  
 "Yet wold I be that one."

<sup>2</sup> "Of all." Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>3</sup> "Gladder." Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>4</sup> "Grete lynyage." Prol. and Mr. W



Nowe undyrstande ; to Westmarlande,  
 Which is myne herytage,  
 I wyll you brynge ; and with a rynge,  
 By way of maryage  
 I wyll you take, and lady make,  
 As shortely as I can :  
 Thus have<sup>1</sup> you won an erlys son,  
 And not a banyshed<sup>2</sup> man.

## AUTHOR

Here may ye se, that women be  
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable :  
 Late never man reprove them than,  
 Or call them variable ;<sup>3</sup>  
 But, rather, pray God, that we may  
 To them be comfortable ;  
 Which sometyne proveth<sup>4</sup> such, as he loveth,  
 Yf they be charytable.  
 For syth<sup>5</sup> men wolde that women sholde  
 Be meke to them each one ;  
 Moche more ought they to God obey,  
 And serve but hym alone.

## VII. A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS

The amiable light in which the character of Anthony Widville, the gallant Earl Rivers, has been placed by the elegant author of the Catalogue of Noble Writers, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little sonnet will be pardoned, though it should not be found to have much poetic merit. It is the only original poem known of that nobleman's : his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

This ballad we owe to Rouse, a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied it from the Earl's own hand writing. "In tempore," says this writer, "incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum Balet in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis : *Sum wpat musyng*," &c. (Rossi Hist. 8vo. 2d edit. p. 213.) In Rouse the second stanza, &c. is imperfect, but the defects are here supplied from

<sup>1</sup> "Then have." Prol.

<sup>2</sup> "And no banyshed." Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>3</sup> This line is wanting in Prol. and Mr. W.

<sup>4</sup> "Proved—loved." Prol. and Mr. W. "As loveth." Camb.

<sup>5</sup> "Forsoth." Prol. and Mr. W.

a more perfect copy printed in "Ancient Songs, from the Time of King Henry III. to the Revolution," page 87.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721, p. 555, beginning thus :

Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,  
And sore sighyng, All desolate.  
My remembryng Of my livyng  
My death wishyng Bothe erly and late.  
Inf fortunate Is so my fate  
That wrote ye what, Out of mesure  
My life I hate ; Thus desperate  
In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c.

SUMWHAT musyng, And more mornyng,  
In remembring The unстыdfastnes ;  
This world being Of such whelyng,  
Me contrarieng, What may I gesse ?

I fere dowtles, Remediles,  
Is now to sese My wofull chaunce.  
[For unkyndness, Withouten less,  
And no redress, Me doth avaunce,

With displeasaunce, To my grevaunce,  
And no suraunce Of remedy.]  
Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,  
Such is my dawnce, Wylllyng to dye.

Me thynks truly, Bowndyn am I,  
And that gretly, To be content :  
Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry  
All contrary From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intent,  
Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune !<sup>1</sup>  
But I ne went<sup>2</sup> Thus to be shent,  
But sho hit ment ; Such is hur won.

## VIII. CUPID'S ASSAULT

BY LORD VAUX

The reader will think that infant poetry grew apace between the times of Rivers and Vaux, though nearly contemporaries ; if the following song is the composition of that Sir Nicholas (afterwards Lord) Vaux, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523.

<sup>1</sup> "That fortune." Rossi Hist.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. weened.

And yet to this Lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poesie," 1589. 4to. a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. "In this figure [Counterfait Action] the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. 'When Cupid scaled,' &c." p. 200. For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, Vol. i.

The following copy is printed from the first edition of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4to. See another song of Lord Vaux's, Series I. Book ii. No. 2.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,  
Wherein my hart lay wounded sore;  
The batry was of such a sort,  
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall,  
How he his banner did display:  
Alarme, alarme, he gan to call:  
And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,  
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,  
In silver and sable to declare  
The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

'There might you se his band all drest  
In colours like to white and blacke,  
With powder and with pelletes prest  
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,  
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,  
For spence of pouder he spared not  
Assault! assault! to crye aloude.

There might you heare the cannons rore;  
Eche pece discharged a lovers loke;  
Which had the power to rent, and tore  
In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trompettes sowne  
The scaling ladders were up set,  
And Beautie walked up and downe,  
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,  
And shrouded him under 'his ' <sup>1</sup> targe;  
As one the worthiest of them all,  
And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,  
And halberdes with handy strokes;  
The argabushe in fleshe it lightes,  
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And, as it is the souldiers use  
When shot and powder gins to want,  
I hanged up my flagge of truce,  
And pleaded up for my livès grant.

When Fansy thus had made her breche,  
And Beauty entred with her band,  
With bag and baggage, sely wretch,  
I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie bad to blow retrete,  
And every souldier to retire,  
And mercy wyll'd with spede to fet  
Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day  
Hath served you at all assayes,  
I yeld to you without delay  
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have ben the marke,  
At whom you shot at with your eye;  
Nedes must you with your handy warke,  
Or salve my sore, or let me die.

\* \* Since the foregoing song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord Vaux the poet was not the Lord Nicholas Vaux, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title. For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux, the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir Thomas Wyat and the Earl of Surrey, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham, in his "Art of English Poesie," 1589, in p. 48, having named Skelton, adds, "In the latter end of the same kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly makers [poets], of whom Sir Thomas Wyat th' elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian

poesie . . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie. . . . In the same time, or not long after was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings."<sup>1</sup> Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, ranges them in the following order, "The Earl of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow." And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in Series I. Book ii. No. 2. mentions Lord Vaux after Surrey. Again, the style and measure of Lord Vaux's pieces seem too refined and polished for the reign of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyatt, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes; but what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, "I lothe that I did love," (vid. ubi supra) with this title, "A dyttye or sonet made by the Lord Vaus, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death." Harl. MSS. No. 1703, § 25.

It is evident then that Lord Vaux the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry VII. but either his son, or grandson: and yet, according to Dugdale's *Baronage*, the former was named Thomas, and the latter William: but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the Christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux,<sup>2</sup> except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

Thomas Lord Vaux, of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son William was not summoned to parliament till the last year of that reign, in 1551. This lord died in 1595. (See Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 304.) Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord Thomas was the poet.

## IX. SIR ALDINGAR

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio manuscript with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story.

It has been suggested to the Editor that the author of this poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry.

OUR king he kept a false stewarde,  
Sir Aldingar they him call;  
A falser steward than he was one,  
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,  
Her deere worshippe to betraye:  
Our queene she was a good woman,  
And evermore said him naye.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* Compositions in English.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,  
With her hee was never content,  
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,  
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,  
A lazar both blinde and lame :  
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,  
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

"Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lvest,  
Looke thou goe not hence away ;  
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound  
In two howers of the day."<sup>1</sup>

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,  
And hyed him to our king :  
"If I might have grace, as I have space,  
Sad tydings I could bring."

Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,  
Saye on the soothe to mee.  
"Our queene hath chosen a new new love,  
And shee will have none of thee.

"If shee had chosen a right good knight,  
The lesse had beene her shame ;  
But she hath chose her a lazar man,  
A lazar both blinde and lame."

If this be true, thou Aldingar,  
The tyding thou tellest to me,  
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,  
Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,  
As God nowe grant it bee !  
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,  
Shall hang on the gallows tree.

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,  
And.opend to him the dore.  
A lodlye love, King Harry says,  
For our queene dame Elinore !

<sup>1</sup> He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of touching for the King's Evil.

If thou were a man, as thou art none,  
Here on my sword thoust dye ;  
But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,  
And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,  
And an angry man was hee ;  
And soone he found Queene Elinore,  
That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,  
And Christ you save and see ;  
Heere you have chosen a newe newe love,  
And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,  
The lesse had been your shame :  
But you have chose you a lazar man,  
A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therefore a fyer there shalt be built,  
And brent all shalt thou bee.—  
Now out alacke ! said our comly queene,  
Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene,  
My heart with grieve will brast.  
I had thought swevens had never been true ;  
I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,  
In my bed wheras I laye,  
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast  
Had carryed my crowne awaye ;

My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,  
And all my faire head-geere :  
And he wold worrye me with his tush  
And to his nest y-beare :

Saving there came a little 'gray'<sup>1</sup> hawke,  
A merlin him they call,  
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,  
That dead he downe did fall.

<sup>1</sup> See below, ver. 139.

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,  
 A battell wold I prove,  
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar,  
 Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing Ime able noe battell to make,  
 My liege, grant me a knight  
 To fight with that traitor Sir Aldingar,  
 To maintaine me in my right.

“ Now forty dayes I will give thee  
 To seeke thee a knight therin :  
 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes  
 Thy bodye it must brenn.”

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,  
 By north and south bedeene :  
 But never a champion colde she find,  
 Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,  
 Noe helpe there might be had ;  
 Many a teare shed our comelye queene  
 And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,  
 And knelt upon her knee,  
 “ Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,  
 I trust yet helpe may be :

And here I will make mine avowe,  
 And with the same me binde ;  
 That never will I return to thee,  
 Till I some helpe may finde.”

Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye  
 Oer hill and dale about :  
 But never a champion colde she finde,  
 Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,  
 When our good queene must dye ;  
 All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,  
 When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,  
 And the salt teares fell from her eye :  
 When lo ! as she rode by a rivers side,  
 She met with a tinye boye.



## The Percy Reliques

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,  
All clad in mantle of golde ;  
He seemed noe more in mans likenesse,  
Then a childe of four yeere old.

Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd,  
And what doth cause you moane ?  
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,  
But fast she pricked on.

Yet turne againe, thou faire damselle  
And greete thy queene from mee :  
When bale is att hiest, boote is nyest,  
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt  
In her bedd, wheras shee laye ;  
How when the grype and grimly beast  
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the little gray hawke,  
And saved her from his clawes :  
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,  
For heaven will fende her cause.

Back then rode that faire damselle,  
And her hart it lept for glee :  
And when she told her gracious dame  
A gladd woman then was shee :

But when the appointed day was come,  
No helpe appeared nye :  
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,  
And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood ;  
And a stake was made of tree ;  
And now Queene Elinor forth was led,  
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,  
And three times spake on hye :  
Giff any good knight will fende this dame,  
Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,  
No helpe appeared nye :  
And now the fyer was lighted up,  
Queen Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,  
As hot as hot might bee ;  
When riding upon a little white steed,  
The tynye boy they see.

“ Away with that stake, away with those brands,  
And loose our comelye queene :  
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,  
And prove him a traitor keene.”

Forthe then stood Sir Aldingar,  
But when he saw the chylde,  
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,  
And weened he had been beguylde.

“ Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,  
And eyther fighte or flee ;  
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,  
‘Thoughe I am so small to see.”

The boy pulld forth a well good sworde  
So gilt it dazzled the ee ;  
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar,  
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

“ Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,  
And fight upon thy feete,  
For and thou thrive, as thou begin’st,  
Of height wee shall be meete.”

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,  
While I am a man alive.

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,  
Me for to houzle and shrive.

I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,  
Bot shee wolde never consent ;  
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge  
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,  
A lazar both blind and lame :  
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,  
And on her bedd had him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,  
These tidings sore to tell.  
But ever alacke ! sayes Aldingar,  
Falsing never doth well.

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,  
 The short time I must live.  
 "Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,  
 As freely I forgive."

Here take thy queene, our king Harryè,  
 And love her as thy life,  
 For never had a king in Christentye,  
 A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,  
 And loosed her full sone :  
 Then turnd to look for the tinye boye ;  
 —The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,  
 And stroakt him with his hand :  
 The lazar under the gallows tree  
 All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallows tree  
 Was comelye, straight and tall ;  
 King Henrye made him his head stewarde  
 To wayte withinn his hall.

## X. THE GABERLUNZIE MAN

### A SCOTTISH BALLAD

Tradition informs us that the author of this song was King James V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise,<sup>1</sup> and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of "The Gaberlunzie Man ;" and in another intitled "The Jolly Beggar," beginning thus :

Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,  
 And he tuk up his quarters into a land'art toun.  
Fa, la, la, &c.

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,<sup>2</sup> where the ingenious writer remarks, That there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.

<sup>1</sup> Sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 203.

Bishop Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated ballad of Christ's Kirk on the Green, which is ascribed to King James I. in Bannatyne's manuscript written in 1561: and notwithstanding that authority, the Editor of this book is of opinion that Bishop Tanner was right.

King James V. died Dec. 13th, 1542, aged 33.

THE pauky auld Carle come ovir the lee  
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,  
Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,  
Will ze lodge a silly poor man?  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And down azont the ingle he sat;  
My dochtors shoulders he gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,  
As first when I saw this countrie,  
How blyth and merry wad I bee!  
And I wad nevir think lang.  
He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir slee twa together were say'n,  
When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,  
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,  
Tis I wad lay thee by my backe,  
And awa wi' me thou sould gang.  
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,  
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,  
Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,  
And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between them twa was made a plot;  
They raise a wee before the cock,  
And wyliely they shot the lock,  
And fast to the bent are they gane.  
Up the morn the auld wife<sup>1</sup> raise,  
And at her leisure put on her claiths,  
Syne to the servants bed she gaes  
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,  
The strae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her hands, cryd, Dulefu' day!  
For some of our geir will be gane.

<sup>1</sup> "The carline." Other copies.

Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
But nought was stown that could be mist.  
She dancid her lane, cryd, Praise be blest,  
I have lodgd a leal poor man.

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,  
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,  
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
And bid her come quickly ben.  
The servant gaed where the dochter lay,  
The sheets was cauld, she was away,  
And fast to her goodwife can say,  
Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And haste ze, find these traitors agen ;  
For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,  
The wearyfou gaberlunzie-man.  
Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit  
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit ;  
She could na gang, nor yet could sit,  
But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,  
For snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee  
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.  
The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,  
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.  
Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,  
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou,  
Illfardly wad she crook her mou,  
Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,  
Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.  
My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge ;  
And hae na learnt the beggars tonge,  
To follow me frae toun to toun,  
And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,  
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed  
The gaberlunzie to carrie—o.

Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout owre my ee,  
 A criples or blind they will cau me :  
 While we sall sing and be merrie—o.

## XI. ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining Popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the Tower, June 11, 1540, and that of his being beheaded, July 28 following. A short interval ! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities : his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary will of his master ; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intitled, "A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called 'Trolle on away.'" To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.  
 Synge heave and howe rombellowe trolle on away.

BOTH man and chylde is glad to here tell  
 Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,  
 Now that he is set to learne to spell.  
 Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,  
 Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace ;  
 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a pace,  
 Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst,  
 Thou lockydyst them vp where no man wyst,  
 Tyll in the kynges treasoure such things were myst.  
 Synge, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes,  
 Thy marchaundyse sayled over the sandes,  
 Therefore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.  
 Synge, &c.

Fyrste when Kynge Henry, God saue his grace !  
 Percyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face,  
 Then it was tyme to purchase the a place.  
 Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,  
 Mouyd with petye, and made the hys seruyture ;  
 But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure.  
 Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,  
 One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,  
 For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke.  
 Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre ;  
 But euer was full of iniquite :  
 Wherefore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.  
 Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke,  
 Agaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke ;  
 Wherefore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.  
 Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles  
 Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles ;  
 Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules.  
 Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,  
 Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.  
 Synge, &c.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,  
 But couetyd euer to clymme to hye,  
 And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.  
 Synge, &c.

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose ;  
 Wherefore all Englande doth hate the, as I suppose,  
 Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.  
 Synge, &c.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Cain, or Ishmael. See below, the Note, Book II. No. 3, stanza 3d.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to flocke  
Upon thy gresy fullers stocke ;<sup>1</sup>  
Wherefore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.  
Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,  
And for thy carcas care thou nought,  
Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought.  
Synge, &c.

God saue King Henry with all his power,  
And Prynce Edward that goodly flowre,  
With al hys lordes of great honoure.  
Synge trolle on awaye, synge trolle on away.  
Heve and how rombellowe trolle on awaye.

†† The foregoing piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight ballads written for and against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c. made in the reigns of King Henry VIII. King Edward VI. Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James I. &c.

## XII. HARPALUS

### AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the "Songs and Sonnettes" of the Earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by "uncertain auctours." These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII. : but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's Poems, 4to. fol. 19, 49.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the "Shepherd's Calendar,"<sup>2</sup> this will be found far superior to any of those eclogues, in natural unaffected simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,  
As fresh as any flowre ;  
Whom Harpalus the herdeman prayde  
To be his paramour.

<sup>1</sup> Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a blacksmith at Putney : but the author of this ballad would insinuate that either he himself or some of his ancestors were fullers by trade.

<sup>2</sup> First published in 1579.



Harpalus, and eke Corin,  
 Were herdmen both yfere :  
 And Phylida could twist and spinne,  
 And thereto sing full clere.

But Phylida was all tò coye,  
 For Harpalus to winne :  
 For Corin was her onely joye,  
 Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine ?  
 How often garlandes make  
 Of couslips and of colombine ?  
 And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,  
 And forced more the field :  
 Of lovers lawe he toke no cure ;  
 For once he was begilde.

Harpalus prevailed nought,  
 His labour all was lost ;  
 For he was fardest from her thought,  
 And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,  
 And dry as clot of clay :  
 His fleshe it was consumed cleane,  
 His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave ;  
 His heare hong all unkempt :  
 A man most fit even for the grave,  
 Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht ;'<sup>1</sup>  
 His face besprent with teares :  
 It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht,'  
 In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare ;  
 As one forlorne was he ;  
 Upon his head always he ware  
 A wreath of wyllow tree.

<sup>1</sup> The corrections are from ed. 1574.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,  
And he sate in the dale ;  
And thus with sighes and sorrowes shril,  
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus ! (thus would he say)  
Unhappiest under sunne !  
The cause of thine unhappy day,  
By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke  
A tigre to make tame,  
That settet not by thy love a leeke ;  
But makes thy grieve her game.

As easy it were for to convert  
The frost into 'a' flame ;  
As for to turne a frowarde hert,  
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

Corin he liveth carèlesse :  
He leapes among the leaves :  
He eates the frutes of thy redresse :  
Thou 'reapst,' he takes the sheaves.

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,  
And harke your herdmans sounde ;  
Whom spitefull love, alas ! hath slaine,  
Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastès wild,  
That here your pasture takes :  
I se that ye be not begilde  
Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde :  
The bucke harde by the do :  
The turtle-dove is not unkinde  
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme :  
The yong cow hath the bull :  
The calfe with many a lusty lambe  
Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-away ! that nature wrought  
The, Phylida, so faire :  
For I may say that I have bought  
Thy beauty all tð deare.

What reason is that crueltie  
 With beautie should have part?  
 Or els that such great tyranny  
 Should dwell in womans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death  
 She cruelly is prest;  
 To th' ende that I may want my breath:  
 My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,  
 And do not stoppe thine eares;  
 That she may feele within her brest  
 The paines of my dispaire:

Of Corin 'who' is carèlesse,  
 That she may crave her fee:  
 As I have done in great distresse,  
 That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shall die her slave;  
 Her slave, and eke her thrall:  
 Write you, my frendes, upon my grave  
 This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus  
 By cruell love now slaine:  
 Whom Phylida unjustly thus  
 Hath murdered with disdaine."

### XIII. ROBIN AND MAKYNE

#### AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply as it stands in the old editions; whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by Allan Ramsay, from whose "Ever-Green," vol. i. it is here chiefly printed. The curious reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among "Ancient Scottish poems, from the manuscript of George Bannatyne, 1568," Edinb. 1770, 12mo. Mr. Robert Henryson (to whom we are indebted for this poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is contained in the

following elege, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century :

In Dumferling, he [Death] bath tane Broun,  
With gude Mr. Robert Henryrson.

Indeed some little further insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum ; viz. "The morall Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister Robert Henrisoun, Scolmaister of Dumfermling," 1571. Harleian MSS. 3865. § 1.

In Ramsay's "Ever-Green," vol. i. whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryrson ; the one intitled "The Lyon and the Mouse ;" the other, "The Garment of gude Ladyis." Some other of his poems may be seen in "Ancient Scottish Poems printed from Bannatyne's manuscript" above referred to.

ROBIN sat on the gude grene hill,  
Keipand a flock of fie,  
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,  
"O Robin rew on me :  
I haif the luivt baith loud and still,  
Thir towmonds twa or thre ;  
My dule in dern bot giff thou dill,  
Doubtless but dreid Ill die."

Robin replied, Now by the rude,  
Naithing of luvè I knaw,  
But keip my sheip undir yon wod :  
Lo quhair they raik on raw.  
Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,  
Thou Makyne to me schaw ;  
Or quhat is luvè, or to be lude ?  
Fain wald I leir that law.

"The law of luvè gin thou wald leir,  
Tak thair an A, B, C ;  
Be heynd,<sup>1</sup> courtas, and fair of feir,  
Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,  
Sae that nae danger<sup>2</sup> do the deir,  
Quhat dule in dern thou drie ;  
Press ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,  
Be patient and privie."

Robin, he answert her againe,  
I wat not quhat is luvè ;  
But I haif marvel in certaine  
Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe.

<sup>1</sup> Bannatyne's MS. reads as above, "heynd," not "keynd," as in the Edinb. edit.  
<sup>2</sup> "So that no danger." Bannatyne's MS.

## The Percy Reliques

The wedder is fair, and I am fain ;  
 My sheep gais hail abuve ;  
 And sould we pley us on the plain,  
 They wald us baith reprove.

“ Robin, tak tent unto my tale,  
 And wirk all as I reid ;  
 And thou sall haif my heart all hale,  
 Eik and my maiden-heid :  
 Sen God, he sendis bute for bale,  
 And for murning remeid,  
 I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,  
 Doubtless I am but deid.”

Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,  
 Gif ye will meit me heir,  
 Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,  
 Quhyle we have liggd full neir ;  
 But maugre haif I, gif I byde,  
 Frae they begin to steir,  
 Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,  
 Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

“ Robin, thou reivs me of my rest ;  
 I luve bot thec alane.”  
 Makyne, adieu ! the sun goes west,  
 The day is neir-hand gane.  
 “ Robin, in dule I am so drest,  
 That luve will be my bane.”  
 Makyn, gae luve quhair-eir ye list,  
 For leman I luid nane.

“ Robin, I stand in sic a style,  
 I sich and that full sair.”  
 Makyne, I have bene here this quyle ;  
 At hame I wish I were.  
 “ Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,  
 Gif thou will do nae mair.”  
 Makyne, som other man beguyle,  
 For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,  
 As light as leif on tree ;  
 But Makyne murnt and made lament,  
 Scho trow'd him neir to see.

Robin he brayd attowre the bent :  
Then Makyne cried on hie,  
“Now may thou sing, for I am shent !  
Quhat ailis luvè at me ?”

Makyne went hame withouten fail,  
And weiryliè could weip ;  
Then Robin in a full fair dale  
Assemblit all his sheip.  
Be that some part of Makyne's ail,  
Out-throw his heart could creip ;  
Hir fast he followt to assail,  
And till her tuke gude keip.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,  
A word for ony thing ;  
For all my luvè, it sall be thyne,  
Withouten departing.  
All hale thy heart for till have myne,  
Is all my coveting ;  
My sheip to morn quhylye hours nyne,  
Will need of nae keeping.

“Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,  
In gests and storys auld,  
The man that will not when he may,  
Sall have nocht when he wald.  
I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,  
Be eiked their cares sae cauld,  
That presses first with thee to play  
Be forrest, firth, or fauld.”

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,  
The wether warm and fair,  
And the grene wod <sup>1</sup> richt neir-hand by,  
To walk attowre all where :  
There may nae janglers us espy,  
That is in luvè contrair ;  
Therin, Makyne, baith you and I  
Unseen may mak repair.

“Robin, that warld is now away,  
And quyt brocht till an end :  
And nevir again thereto, perfay,  
Sall it be as thou wend ;

<sup>1</sup> Bannatyne's MS. has “woid,” not “woud,” as in ed. 1770.

For of my pain thou made but play ;  
 I words in vain did spend :  
 As thou hast done, sae sall I say,  
 Murn on, I think to mend."

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,  
 My heart on thee is set ;  
 I'll evermair to thee be leil,  
 Quhyle I may live but lett,  
 Never to fail as uthers feill,<sup>1</sup>  
 Quhat grace so eir I get.  
 "Robin, with thee I will not deill ;  
 Adieu, for this we met."

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,  
 Outowre the holtis hair ;  
 Pure Robin murnd, and Makyne leugh ;  
 Scho sang, and he sicht sair :  
 And so left him bayth wo and wreuch,  
 In dolor and in care,  
 Keipand his herd under a heuch,  
 Amang the rushy gair.

#### XIV. GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME

##### DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous all over Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the "Virgo Parathalassia," in his colloquy, intitled "Peregrinatio Religionis ergo." He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present, to Our Lady of Walsingham.<sup>2</sup> At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners ; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio manuscript which had greatly suffered by the hand of time ; but vestiges of several

<sup>1</sup> Bannatyne's MS. reads as above "feill," not "faill," as in ed. 1770.

<sup>2</sup> See at the end of this ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by Italics.

GENTLE hearsdman, tell to me,  
Of curtesy I thee pray,  
Unto the towne of Walsingham  
Which is the right and ready way.

“Unto the towne of Walsingham  
The way is hard for to be gon ;  
And verry crooked are those pathes  
For you to find out all alone.”

Weere the miles doubled thrise,  
And the way never soe ill,  
Itt were not enough for mine offence ;  
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

“Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,  
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene ;  
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,  
For to committ so great a sinne.”

Yes, hearsdman, yes, soe wouldst thou say,  
If thou knewest soe much as I ;  
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,  
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,  
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr :  
I am a woman, woe is me !  
*Born* to greeffe and irksome care.

*For* my beloved, and well-beloved,  
*My wayward cruelty could kill :*  
*And though my teares will nought avail,*  
*Most dearly I bewail him still.*

*He was the flower of noble wights,*  
*None ever more sincere colde bee ;*  
*Of comely mien and shape hee was,*  
*And tenderlye hee loved mee.*

*When thus I saw he loved me well,*  
*I grewe so proud his paine to see,*  
*That I, who did not know myselfe,*  
*Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.*



<sup>1</sup> And grew soe coy and nice to please,  
 As women's lookes are often soe,  
 He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,  
 Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delays  
 To see I pittied not his greeffe,  
 He gott him to a secrett place,  
 And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,  
 And sacrifice my tender age ;  
 And every day Ile begg my bread,  
 To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,  
 And ever will doe till I dye ;  
 And gett me to some secrett place,  
 For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more  
 But keepe my secretts I thee pray ;  
 Unto the towne of Walsingham  
 Shew me the right and readye way.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before !  
 For he must ever guide thee still :  
 Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,  
 And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well !"

\* \* To shew what constant tribute was paid to Our Lady of Walsingham, I shall give a few extracts from the "Houshold-Book of Henry Algernon Percy, 5th Earl of Northumberland." Printed 1770, 8vo.

<sup>1</sup> Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. Goldsmith, in his charming ballad of "Edwin and Emma;" the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.

'And' still I try'd each fickle art,  
 Importunate and vain ;  
 And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
 I triumph'd in his pain.

Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
 He left me to my pride ;  
 And sought a solitude forlorn,  
 In secret, where he dy'd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
 And well my life shall pay ;  
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
 And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn despairing hid,  
 I'll lay me down and die :  
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
 And so for him will I.

Sect. XLIII. pag. 337, &amp;c.

ITEM, My Lorde usith yerly to send afor Michaelmas for his Lordship's Offerynge to Our Lady of Walsyngeham—*iiij* d.

ITEM, My Lorde usith ande accustomyth to sende yerely for the upholdyng of the light of wax which his Lordschip fyndith birnyng yerly befor our Lady of Walsyngham, contenyng *xj* lb. of wax in it after *vij* d. ob. for the fyndinge of every lb. redy wrought by a covenant maid with the Channon by great, for the hole yere, for the fyndinge of the said lyght byrning—*vi* s. *viiiij* d.

ITEM, My Lord useth and accustomith to syende yerely to the Channon that kepith the light before our Lady of Walsyngham, for his reward for the hole yere, for kepyng of the said light, lightyng of it at all service tymes dayly thorowt the yere—*xij* d.

ITEM, My Lord usith and accustomyth yerely to send to the Prest that kepith the light, lyghtyng of it at all service tymes daily thorowt the yere—*iiij* s. *iiij* d.

## XV. KING EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH

This was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the "Art of English Poesie," 1589, 4to. seems to speak of it as a real fact. Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called *acyron*, *i. e.* "When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;" he adds, "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to King Edward the fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certain rude repentance,

I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,

for (I feare me) I shall be hanged; whereat the king laughed a good,<sup>1</sup> not only to see the Tanner's vaine feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke. I am afraid," concludes this sagacious writer, "the poets of our times that speake more finely and correctedly, will come too short of such a reward," p. 214. The phrase here referred to, is not found in this ballad at present,<sup>2</sup> but occurs with some variation in another old poem, intitled "John the Reeve," described in the following volume (see the Preface to "The King and the Miller," viz.

Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,  
And Edward wer in this place,  
Hee shold not touch this tonne:  
He wold be wroth with John I hope,  
Therefore I beshrew the soupe,  
That in his mouth shold come.

Part ii. st. 24.

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Gloss.

<sup>2</sup> Nor in that of the "Barker" mentioned below.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black-letter. The one in the Bodleian Library, intitled, "A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene King Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed at London, by John Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy (though more recently printed), in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys Collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old ballad of "The King and the Barker," reprinted with other "Pieces of ancient popular Poetry from authentic Manuscripts, and old Printed Copies, &c." Lond. 1791, 8vo. As that very antique poem had never occurred to the editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original ballad.

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,  
And blossoms bedecke the tree,  
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,  
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,  
With horne, and eke with bowe;  
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,  
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe  
By eight of clocke in the day,  
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,  
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on  
Fast buttoned under his chin,  
And under him a good cow-hide,  
And a mare of four shilling.<sup>1</sup>

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,  
Under the grene wood spraye;  
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,  
To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.  
Thou art welcome, Sir, sayd hee.  
"The readiest waye to Drayton Basset  
I praye thee to shew to mee."

<sup>1</sup> In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, Lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A.D. 1466, among many other bequests, has this, "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s. 4d. to buy him an horse." (Vid. Harleian Catalog. 2176. 27.) Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,  
Fro the place where thou dost stand?  
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,  
Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,  
Thou doest but jest, I see;  
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,  
And I pray thee wend with mee.

Away with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:  
I hold thee out of thy witt:  
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,  
And I am fasting yett.

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,  
No daynties we will spare;  
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,  
And I will paye thy fare."

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,  
Thou payest no fare of mine:  
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,  
Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,  
And send them well to priefe.  
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,  
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,  
Of thee I am in great feare,  
For the clothes, thou wearest upon thy back,  
Might beseme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,  
I tell you, Sir, by the roode.  
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,  
And standest in midds of thy goode."<sup>1</sup>

What tydinges heare you, sayd the kynge,  
As you ryde farre and neare?  
"I heare no tydinges, Sir, by the masse,  
But that cowe-hides are deare."

<sup>1</sup> i. e. hast no other wealth, but what thou carriest about thee.

"Cow-hides ! cow-hides ! what things are those ?  
 I marvell what they bee ?"  
 What, art thou a foole ? the tanner reply'd ;  
 I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king,  
 I praye thee tell me trowe.  
 "I am a barker,<sup>1</sup> Sir, by my trade ;  
 Nowe tell me what art thou ?"

I am a poor courtier, Sir, quoth he,  
 That am forth of service worne ;  
 And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,  
 Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,  
 That thou my prentise were :  
 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne  
 By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,  
 If thou wilt not seeme strange :  
 Though my horse be better than thy mare,  
 Yet with thee I fain wold change.

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,  
 As change full well maye wee,  
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellðwe  
 I will have some boot of thee."

That were against reason, sayd the king,  
 I sweare, so mote I thee :  
 My horse is better than thy mare,  
 And that thou well mayst see.

"Yea, Sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,  
 And softly she will fare :  
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss ;  
 Aye skipping here and theare."

What boote wilt thou have ? our king reply'd ;  
 Now tell me in this stound.  
 "Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,  
 But a noble in gold so round.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* a dealer in bark.

"Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,  
Sith thou will have it of mee."

I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,  
Thou hadst not had one penniè.

But since we two have made a change,  
A change we must abide,  
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,  
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kynge,  
I sweare, so mought I thee ;  
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,  
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,  
That of the cow was hilt ;  
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,  
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,  
'Tis time that I were gone :  
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,  
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legge ;  
The tanner a f - - - lett fall.  
Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the king,  
Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadèlle,  
And his foote in the stirrup was ;  
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,  
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge,  
And eke the blacke cowe-horne ;  
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,  
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,  
And held by the pummil fast :  
At length the tanner came tumbling downe ;  
His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,  
With mee he shall not byde.

"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,  
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

## The Percy Reliques

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,  
As change full well may wee,  
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,  
I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have ? the tanner replyd,  
Nowe tell me in this stounde.  
" Noe pence nor halfpence, Sir, by my faye,  
But I will have twentye pound."

" Here's twentye groates out of my purse ;  
And twentye I have of thine :  
And I have one more, which we will spend  
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,  
And blewe both loude and shrille :  
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,  
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas ! the tanner he cryde,  
That ever I sawe this daye !  
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes  
Will beare my cove-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,  
I sweare, soe mote I thee :  
But they are the lords of the north countreÿ,  
Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,  
And knelt downe on the ground :  
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,  
He had lever than twentye pounce.

A collar, a collar, here : sayd the king,  
A collar he loud gan crye :  
Then woulde he lever than twentye pound,  
He had not beene so nighe.

A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,  
I trowe it will breed sorrowe :  
After a collar cometh a halter,  
I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe.

Be not afraid, tanner, said our king ;  
 I tell thee, so mought I thee,  
 Lo here I make thee the best esquire  
 That is in the North countrie.<sup>1</sup>

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,  
 With tenements faire beside :  
 'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,  
 To maintaine thy good cowe-hide.

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,  
 For the favour thou hast me showne ;  
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamwõrth,  
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

\* \*  
 \*

## XVI. AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND

### DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER

The scene of this song is the same as in No. 14. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys Collection, vol. i. p. 226, is a kind of interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

As I went to Walsingham,  
 To the shrine with speede,  
 Met I with a jolly palmer  
 In a pilgrimes weede.  
 Now God you save, you jolly palmer !  
 "Welcome, lady gay,  
 Oft have I sued to thee for love."  
 —Oft have I said you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This stanza is restored from a quotation of this ballad in Selden's "Titles of Honour," who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating Esquires at that time, was by the imposition of a Collar. His words are, "Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that wee may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires by giving Collars is expressed." (Sub Tit. Esquire ; & vide in Spelmanni Glossar. Armiger.) This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Serjeants at Arms, who are invested with a Collar (which they wear on Collar Days) by the King himself.

This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq. to whom the public is indebted for that curious work the "Curialia," 4to.

<sup>2</sup> Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his Visions of Pierce Plowman, fo. 1.

*Bermets on a beape, with boked staves,  
 Wenten to Walsingham, and ber\* wencches after.*

\* i. e. their.



The following ballad was once very popular ; it is quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the burning Pestle," act ii. sc. ult. and in another old play, called, "Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy, &c." 4to. 1618: act i. The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shennstone, as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza.

We have placed this, and "Gentle Herdsman," &c. thus early in the Series, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.

As ye came from the holy land  
Of blessed Walsingham,  
O met you not my true love  
As by the way ye came?

"How should I know your true love,  
That have met many a one,  
As I came from the holy land,  
That have both come, and gone?"

My love is neither white,<sup>1</sup> nor browne,  
But as the heavens faire ;  
There is none hath her form divine,  
Either in earth, or ayre.

"Such an one did I meet, good Sir,  
With an angelicke face ;  
Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard  
Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes : she hath cleane forsaken me,  
And left me all alone ;  
Who some time loved me as her life,  
And called me her owne.

"What is the cause she leaves thee thus,  
And a new way doth take,  
That some times loved thee as her life,  
And thee her joy did make?"

I that loved her all my youth,  
Growe olde, now as you see ;  
Love liketh not the falling fruite,  
Nor yet the withered tree.

<sup>1</sup> Sc. pale.

For love is like a carelessse childe,  
 Forgetting promise past :  
 He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list ;  
 His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,  
 And yieldes a trustlesse joye ;  
 Wonne with a world of toil and care  
 And lost ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankind,  
 Of Loves faire name abusde,  
 Beneathe which many vaine desires,  
 And follyes are excusde.

' But true love is a lasting fire,  
 Which viewless vestals<sup>1</sup> tend.  
 That burns for ever in the soule,  
 And knowes nor change, nor end.'

\* \*  
 \*

## XVII. HARDYKNUTE

### A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earlier pieces ; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pitferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Braddock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last, beginning with "There's nae light," &c. which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first edition, in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient ; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above-mentioned. Indeed he had been informed,

<sup>1</sup> Sc. Angels.

that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1733, 2 vols. 8vo. declared he had heard fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

The poem is here printed from the original edition, as it was prepared for the press with the additional improvements. See below, page 357.

## I

STATELY stept he east the wa',  
 And stately stept he west,  
 Full seventy years he now had seen,  
 Wi' scarce seven years of rest.  
 He liv'd when Britons breach of faith  
 Wrought Scotland mickle wae :  
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,  
 He was their deadlye fae.

## II

High on a hill his castle stood,  
 With ha's and tow'rs a height,  
 And goodly chambers fair to se,  
 Where he lodged mony a knight.  
 His dame sae peerless anes and fair,  
 For chaste and beauty deem'd,  
 Nae marrow had in all the land,  
 Save ELENOR the queen.

## III

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,  
 All men of valour stout :  
 In bloody fight with sword in hand  
 Nine lost their lives bot doubt :  
 Four yet remain, lang may they live  
 To stand by liege and land ;  
 High was their fame, high was their might,  
 And high was their command.

## IV

Great love they bare to FAIRLY fair,  
 Their sister saft and dear,  
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp,  
 And gowden glist her hair.  
 What waefu' wae her beauty bred ?  
 Waefu' to young and auld,  
 Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,  
 As story ever tauld.

## V

The king of Norse in summer tyde,  
Puff'd up with pow'r and might,  
Landed in fair Scotland the isle  
With mony a hardy knight.  
The tydings to our good Scots king  
Came, as he sat at dine,  
With noble chiefs in brave aray,  
Drinking the blood-red wine.

## VI

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege  
Your faes stand on the strand,  
Full twenty thousand glittering speares  
The king of Norse commands."  
Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,  
Our good king rose and cry'd,  
A trustier beast in a' the land  
A Scots king nevir try'd.

## VII

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,  
That lives on hill sae hie,  
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,  
And haste and follow me.  
The little page flew swift as dart,  
Flung by his master's arm,  
"Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute,  
And rid your king frae harm."

## VIII

Then red red grew his dark-brown cheeks,  
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;  
His looks grew keen, as they were wont  
In dangers great to do ;  
He's ta'en a horn as green as grass,  
And gi'en five sounds sae shill,  
That trees in green wood shook thereat,  
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

## IX

His sons in manly sport and glee,  
Had past that summer's morn,  
When lo down in the grassy dale,  
They heard their father's horn.

That horn, quo' they, ne'er sounds in peace  
We've other sport to bide.  
And soon they hy'd them up the hill,  
And soon were at his side.

## X

"Late late the yestreen I ween'd in peace  
To end my lengthened life,  
My age might well excuse my arm  
Frae manly feats of strife,  
But now that Norse do's proudly boast  
Fair Scotland to inthrall,  
It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,  
He fear'd to fight or fall.

## XI

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,  
Thy arrows shoot sae leel,  
That mony a comely countenance  
They've turned to deadly pale.  
Brade Thomas take you but your lance,  
You need nae weapons mair,  
If you fight wi't as you did anes  
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

## XII

"And Malcolm, light of foot as stag  
That runs in forest wild,  
Get me my thousands three of men  
Well bred to sword and shield :  
Bring me my horse and harnisine,  
My blade of mettal clear.  
If faes but ken'd the hand it bare,  
They soon had fled for fear.

## XIII

"Farewell my dame sae peerless good,  
(And took her by the hand),  
Fairer to me in age you seem,  
Than maids for beauty fam'd.  
My youngest son shall here remain  
To guard these stately towers,  
And shut the silver bolt that keeps  
Sae fast your painted bowers."

## XIV

And first she wet her comely cheiks,  
And then her boddice green,  
Her silken cords of twirtle twist,  
Well plett with silver sheen ;  
And apron set with mony a dice  
Of needle-wark sae rare,  
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,  
Save that of FAIRLY fair.

## XV

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,  
O'er hills and mony a glen,  
When he came to a wounded knight  
Making a heavy mane ;  
" Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,  
By treacherie's false guiles ;  
Witless I was that e'er ga faith  
To wicked woman's smiles."

## XVI

" Sir knight, gin you were in my bower,  
To lean on silken seat,  
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,  
Who ne'er knew deadly hate :  
Herself wou'd watch you a' the day,  
Her maids a dead of night ;  
And FAIRLY fair your heart wou'd chear,  
As she stands in your sight.

## XVII

" Arise young knight, and mount your stead,  
Full lowns the shynand day :  
Choose frae my menzie whom ye please  
To lead you on the way."  
With smileless look, and visage wan  
The wounded knight reply'd,  
" Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,  
For here I maun abyde.

## XVIII

To me nae after day nor night  
Can e're be sweet or fair,  
But soon beneath some draping tree,  
Cauld death shall end my care."

With him nae pleading might prevail ;  
 Brave Hardyknute to gain  
 With fairest words, and reason strong,  
 Strave courteously in vain.

## XIX

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er  
 Lord Chattan's land sae wide ;  
 That lord a worthy wight was ay,  
 When faes his courage sey'd :  
 Of Pictish race by mother's side,  
 When Picts rul'd Caledon,  
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,  
 When he sav'd Pictish crown.

## XX

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,  
 He reach'd a rising hight,  
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,  
 Norss menzie lay in sicht.  
 "Yonder my valiant sons snd feirs  
 Our raging revers wait  
 On the unconquert Scottish sward  
 To try with us their fate.

## XXI

Make orisons to him that sav'd  
 Our sauls upon the rude ;  
 Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd  
 With Caledonian blude."  
 Then forth he drew his trusty glave,  
 While thousands all around  
 Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun ;  
 And loud the bougles sound.

## XXII

To joyn his king adoun the hill  
 In hast his merch he made,  
 While, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit  
 Afore him stately strade.  
 "Thrice welcome valiant stoup of weir,  
 Thy nations shield and pride ;  
 Thy king nae reason has to fear  
 When thou art by his side."

## XXIII

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn ;  
For thrang scarce cou'd they flee ;  
The darts clove arrows as they met,  
The arrows dart the tree.  
Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,  
With little skaith to mon,  
But bloody bloody was the field,  
Ere that lang day was done.

## XXIV

The king of Scots, that sindle brook'd  
The war that look'd like play,  
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
Sin bows seem'd but delay.  
Quoth noble Rothsay, " Mine I'll keep,  
I wat it's bled a score."  
Haste up my merry men, cry'd the king,  
As he rode on before.

## XXV

The king of Norse he sought to find,  
With him to mense the faught,  
But on his forehead there did light  
A sharp unsonsie shaft ;  
As he his hand put up to feel  
The wound, and arrow keen,  
O waefu' chance ! there pinn'd his hand  
In midst between his een.

## XXVI

" Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's heir,  
Your mail-coat sha' na bide  
The strength and sharpness of my dart : "  
Then sent it through his side.  
Another arrow well he mark'd  
It pierc'd his neck in twa,  
His hands then quat the silver reins,  
He low as earth did fa'.

## XXVII

" Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleeds ! "  
Again wi' might he drew  
And gesture dread his sturdy bow,  
Fast the braid arrow flew :



Wae to the knight he ettled at ;  
 Lament now Queen Elgreed ;  
 High dames too wail your darling's fall,  
 His youth and comely meed.

## xxviii

"Take aff, take aff his costly jube  
 (Of gold well was it twin'd,  
 Knit like the fowler's net, through quhillk,  
 His steelly harness shin'd)  
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid  
 Him venge the blood it bears ;  
 Say, if he face my bended bow,  
 He sure nae weapon fears."

## xxix

Proud Norse with giant body tall,  
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,  
 Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd,  
 And fear'd at Britain's throne :  
 Tho' Briton's tremble at his name,  
 I soon shall make him wail,  
 That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,  
 Sae saft his coat of mail."

## xxx

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,  
 It lent him youthfu' micht :  
 "I'm Hardyknute ; this day," he cry'd,  
 "To Scotland's king I heght  
 To lay thee low, as horses hoof ;  
 My word I mean to keep."  
 Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,  
 He garr'd his body bleed.

## xxxI

Norss' een like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,  
 He sigh'd wi' shame and spite ;  
 "Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm  
 That left thee power to strike :"  
 Then ga' his head a blow sae fell,  
 It made him down to stoup,  
 As laigh as he to ladies us'd  
 In courtly guise to lout.

## XXXII

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,  
His bow he marvell'd sair,  
Sin blows till then on him but darr'd  
As touch of FAIRLY fair :  
Norse marvell'd too as sair as he  
To see his stately look ;  
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,  
Sae soon his life he took.

## XXXIII

Where like a fire to heather set,  
Bauld Thomas did advance  
Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd  
Up toward him did prance ;  
He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks  
The hardy youth to quell,  
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach  
His fury to repell.

## XXXIV

" That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd,  
Looks like poor Scotlands gear,  
But dreadfull seems the rusty point !"  
And loud he leugh in jear.  
" Oft Britons blood was dimm'd it's shine ;  
This point cut short their vaunt : "  
Syne pierc'd the boasters bearded cheek ;  
Nae time he took to taunt.

## XXXV

Short while he in his saddle swang,  
His stirrup was nae stay,  
Sae feeble hang his unbent knee  
Sure taiken he was fey :  
Swith on the harden't clay he fell,  
Right far was heard the thud :  
But Thomas look't nae as he lay  
All waltering in his blud :

## XXXVI

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,  
On rode he north the plain ;  
His seem in throng of fiercest strife,  
When winner ay the same :

## The Percy Reliques

Not yet his heart dames dimplet cheek  
 Could mease soft love to bruik,  
 Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,  
 Then languid grew his luik.

## XXXVII

In thraws of death, with walowit cheik  
 All panting on the plain,  
 The fainting corps of warriors lay  
 Ne're to arise again ;  
 Ne're to return to native land,  
 Nae mair with blithsome sounds  
 To boast the glories of the day,  
 And shaw their shining wounds.

## XXXVIII

On Norways coast the widowit dame  
 May wash the rocks with tears,  
 May lang luik ow'r the shipless seas  
 Befor her mate appears.  
 Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain ;  
 Thy lord lyes in the clay ;  
 The valiant Scots nae revers thole  
 To carry life away.

## XXXIX

Here on a lee, where stands a cross  
 Set up for monument,  
 Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day  
 Fill'd keen war's black intent.  
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
 Let Norse the name ay dread,  
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,  
 Shall latest ages read.

## XL

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin winds,  
 Sair beat the heavy shower,  
 Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute  
 Wan near his stately tower.  
 His tower that us'd wi' torches blaze  
 To shine sae far at night,  
 Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,  
 Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

## XLI

"There's nae light in my lady's bower,  
 There's nae light in my ha';  
 Nae blink shines round my FAIRLY fair,  
 Nor ward stands on my wa'.  
 "What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;"—  
 Nae answer fitts their dread.  
 "Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide?"  
 But by they past with speed.

## XLII

"As fast I've sped owre Scotlands faes"—  
 There ceas'd his brag of weir,  
 Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,  
 And maiden FAIRLY fair.  
 Black fear he felt, but what to fear  
 He wist nae yet; wi' dread  
 Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,  
 And a' the warrior fled.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* In an elegant publication, intitled "Scottish Tragic Ballads, printed by and for J. Nichols, 1781, 8vo." may be seen a continuation of the ballad of Hardyknute, by the addition of a Second Part, which hath since been acknowledged to be his own composition, by the ingenious editor, to whom the late Sir D. Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account drawn up above in p. 347.) extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer of the fragment of Hardyknute to have been Sir John Bruce himself. His words are, "To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dumferline. It is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is not legible." He then gives the whole fragment as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old manuscript. Hence it appears that Sir John was the author of Hardyknute, but afterwards used Mrs. Wardlaw to be the midwife of his poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault; as is well observed by the editor of the Tragic Ballads, and of Maitland's Scot. Poets, vol. i. p. cxxvii.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of the copy, whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as the same was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M.D. of Edinburgh, an intimate companion of Lord President Forbes.

The title of the first edition was, "Hardyknute, a Fragment." Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, &c. 1719. folio, 12 pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition are, Nos. 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42.

In the present impression the orthography of Dr. Clerk's copy has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed, except in a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared preferable: viz. He had in ver. 20. "but."—v. 56. "of harm."—v. 64. "every."—v. 67. "lo down."—v. 83. "That" omitted.—v. 89. "And" omitted.—v. 143. "With argument but vainly strave lang."—v. 148. "say'd."—v. 155. "incampit on the plain."—v. 156. "Norse squadrons."—v. 158. "regand revers."—v. 170. "his strides he bent."—v. 171. "minstrals play and pibrochs fine."—v. 172. "stately went."—v. 182. "mon."—v. 196. "sharp and fatal."—v. 219. "which."—v. 241. "stood wyld."—Stanza 39 preceded stanza 38.—v. 305. "There."—v. 313. "blew wrestling."—v. 336. hath originally been, "He fear'd a' cou'd be fear'd."

The Editor was also informed, on the authority of Dr. David Clerk, M.D. of Edinburgh (son of the aforesaid Dr. John Clerk), that between the present stanzas 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on maturer consideration omitted, and do not now appear among the manuscript additions:

Now darts flew wavering through slaw speed,  
Scarce could they reach their aim;  
Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,  
'Twas all but shot in vain:  
Right strengthly arms forfeebled grew,  
Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils:  
E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,  
And curs'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,  
Swords clash'd and harness rang;  
But saftly sae ilk blaster blew  
The hills and dales frae mang.  
Nae echo heard in double dints,  
Nor the lang-winding horn,  
Nae mair she blew out brade as she  
Did eir that summers morn.

END OF VOL. I.















